THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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Samuel G. Blythe—Philip Gibbs—Isaac F. Marcosson—Oma Almona Davies
Norval Richardson—Bertram Atkey—George Pattullo—Harrison Grey Fiske

Diet for infants from 12 to 18 months

—advised by a prominent baby specialist

6 a. m. 8 oz. or more of boiled or pasteurized whole milk
One-half slice toast

9 a. m. 1 to 2 oz. of orange juice in an equal amount of water

10 a. m. Cereal—Cream of Wheat

2 p. m. Broth with cereal
Vegetable, minced fine (spinach, peas, carrots, beets, green beans, tomato)

6 p. m. Cereal—Cream of Wheat
Fruit—2 to 4 tablespoonfuls of scraped apple, apple sauce, baked apple or prune pulp

A baby specialist's advice about the first solid food

THE biggest crop and the hardest to raise—babies! No other is beset by so many dangers.

One of these dangers is the second year, which mothers always dread. Yet baby specialists agree that its woes are caused largely by an unwise diet.

For in the second year, babies require more than milk. They must have other foods which furnish essentials for growth and health.

The first solid food a baby takes is most important. It must contribute definite elements and must be extremely simple and easy to digest.

Why baby specialists use Cream of Wheat

Dr. L. W. Sauer, noted baby specialist of Chicago, and many other baby specialists use Cream of Wheat as one of the first solid foods. They suggest its regular use as a cereal from the tenth month on.

These specialists choose Cream of Wheat because of its rich energy and its digestibility.

Who is busier than a baby? He has a very large strange world to explore, which calls for exhaustless energy.

This, Cream of Wheat supplies generously. For it is made of the heart of the best hard wheat

How to prepare Cream of Wheat for the baby

Pour two tablespoons Cream of Wheat into one cup of rapidly boiling salted water, stirring constantly. Cook in a double boiler one hour at least. Give with whole milk or cream

—the part richest in the energy-giving elements which scientists call carbohydrates.

And an unusual advantage here is that Cream of Wheat offers this vital energy in such simple, easily digested form. A baby's stomach is a delicate thing; solid food is a totally new experience which is not always happy.

But Cream of Wheat imposes no tax. Digestion is quick and easy; in fact, unlike many foods, digestion of Cream of Wheat *begins in the mouth.*

Energy for grownups, too

The need for energy is a permanent one, at any age. Grownups may learn from babies the richest sources of energy, supplied most quickly and at lowest cost to the stomach.

So—energy for all the family in Cream of Wheat! Try it tomorrow morning; not just with cream, but with chopped dates, figs, nuts; with jam or maple syrup. A *new* dish every morning but the same old energy, quickly available!

We have an illustrated recipe booklet suggesting many new interesting ways to serve Cream of Wheat. We shall be glad to send it to you free, if you will fill out the coupon and mail to us.

Cream of Wheat Company, Minneapolis, Minn.

Please send me, FREE, your recipe booklet, "Thirty Ways of Serving Cream of Wheat."

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

S. E. P. Oct. 20

Cream of Wheat

Cream of Wheat Company, Minneapolis, Minnesota
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CLOTHES
THEY KEEP YOU LOOKING YOUR BEST

The McBedwin Finish

Style and comfort are combined in this new overcoat with its straight-hanging front. The long line of the back is broken by a half-belt. You'll like the low-set patch pockets. The inverted pleat provides plenty of leg room. The collar snugs up around the throat on cold days. You'll find this model in overplaids and other beautiful "overcoaty" materials.

The Adler Collegian dealer in your community has the above and other stylish and popular models in suits and overcoats at moderate prices. Smart styles for every man of 17 to 70

The *canvas* is important

Canvas is the foundation of any coat or overcoat. Practically the whole duty of holding the lapels and chest in place and in shape depends on the canvas. And if the lapels and chest are not held in shape, there's no fit to the coat.

There are two kinds of canvas—cotton canvas and linen canvas. Cotton canvas costs about 11c a yard. Linen canvas costs more than three times as much. But there is even more difference than that in the way the two kinds of canvas *act* in your coat.

Cotton canvas hasn't enough "body." It sags, bags, and pulls. It will not stand up under weather or wear. Coats so made look old and shabby after only a few weeks of use.

Then there is the imported, all-linen canvas, cold water shrunk, used in Adler Collegian Clothes. It holds its shape *for years*. It costs us more—but it's worth more to you because it helps to keep you looking your best.

At more than fifty other points, materials and workmanship can be varied to turn out a good suit, like an Adler Collegian, or one sold on price alone.

There is the thin, compact felt, which we use—and there is loose, coarse, thick felt which we *won't* use.

There is fine, close-woven silesia which we use—and there is inexpensive, easy ripping silesia which we *won't* use.

So it goes . . . . in fifty particulars.

All clothing looks good on dummies in store windows. *It's the weeks of wear that tell.*

When you pay the moderate price asked for one of our suits or overcoats, you know that you are getting good clothes—clothes worth what they cost—clothes that will *keep* you looking your best.

Well, we certainly ought to know how to make good clothes. We have been making them for seventy-four years.

If there's no Adler Collegian dealer in your town, we shall be glad to send the name of one near you.

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Milwaukee, Wisconsin

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The overcoat for you / fine fabrics make it stylish, warm, long wearing, economical

HART SCHAFFNER & MARX

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THE NEW PRESIDENT

By Samuel G. Blythe

CALVIN COOLIDGE, then Vice President, was talking with a friend, discussing certain governmental, political and economic phases of the United States. Summing up the situation as he viewed it, the Vice President said, "What this country needs is someone to say 'No!' to it."

He didn't say that as Vice President. He didn't say it with any presidential perspective in view. He said it as an American who had exceptional opportunities for understanding our national conditions and our national tendencies.

Of course the governmental, economic and political needs of a country of 110,000,000 people that spreads vastly across a continent, more than three thousand miles from coast to coast, cannot be either dismissed or defined in an epigram. Ever since Mr. Coolidge has been President he has been bombarded with the obvious question: "What in your opinion, Mr. Coolidge, is the great outstanding need of the United States?"

That is the trite and obvious opening for those who seek information as to the trend of the presidential mind. He is a man of sententious habit of speech, and it would be easy for him to make a terse generalization that would pass into the communications of the people as a White House definition. If he set himself to it, undoubtedly the President could be laconically oracular on the extensive ramifications of the question.

Still, the President has not chosen to make his epigram, because he has had proved to him by actual contact what he knew by observation before, that the country has so many needs, of such various, sectional, differing characters, that it would take a book of epigrams to cover the situation thus, and when the work was done there would be nothing to it but rhetoric.

We Americans are the greatest myth makers in the world, and we nationally invest those of us who rise to the heights above the herd with inventions that embody in their imaginative details characteristics the people would like to consider as real whether they have a basis of reality or not. These myths persist after the facts are forgotten. All our dead great men, and many of our lesser, are now mere fables in the popular mind. And likewise many of our living leaders are fabulous, both as to their virtues and their vices. We make myths for the living as well as for the dead.

Thus we find already that the populace has pinned a myth on President Coolidge—the myth of a preternatural taciturnity, because, unlike many of our public men—most of them, in fact—he does not talk until he has something to say. Now it is quite true that in his ordinary dealings with his fellows Calvin Coolidge is a man of uncommunicative habit, and that his communications, when made and in commonplace course, are brief, not to say terse, in character; but that does not mean that the President is either unable or unwilling to speak when occasion for extended utterance arises. This will be discovered as time wears on. It is no doubt true that he will waste no words in his public utterances, but it also will be true that he will discard none that can profitably be engaged in the clear expression of his thought. In short, the President is laconic, but he is no bigot about his brevities. He can expand conversationally and oratorically, and even with the medium of pen and ink. And he does. And will.

Coming back to the greatest need of the country at the moment, there is a certain fixity in the mind of the President about that need, first set forth some ten years ago, and hardened rather than softened, set rather than disturbed, by his experience of public life since that time. Mr. Coolidge, when he was elected as presiding officer of the Massachusetts Senate, in 1914, said in his speech of acceptance:

"The people cannot look to legislation generally for success. Industry, thrift, character are not conferred by act or resolve. Government cannot relieve from toil. It can provide no substitute for the rewards of service. It can, of course, care for the defective, and recognize distinguished merit. The normal must care for themselves. Self-government means self-support."

If you, Mister American, are looking for a true index to the thought of the President of the United States; if you desire to know what is his basic idea about what will best conserve the character, solidarity, prosperity and advance of the American people, there you have it. It is as applicable this minute, with

Weather Forecast—Fair and Coolidge

Calvin Coolidge as thirtieth President of the United States, as it was in 1914 with Calvin Coolidge, presiding officer of the Massachusetts Senate. And the interpretation of it is this:

Less lawmaking by our legislators; fewer efforts to remedy economic, moral, social, personal, political and governmental conditions by floods of half-baked, ill-digested, theoretical, politically expedient and reformer-induced remedies wherein our legislators resolve and enact that these conditions are herewith remedied by the putting of countless reams of senseless laws on our statute books; a cessation of the overwhelming doses of restricting, paralyzing, business-stagnating, liberty-stopping acts of Congress and legislatures, and a national resort to the old-fashioned but efficient remedy of self-help. In fine: Less official statutory government, and more self-government.

We Americans have been engulfed for years in an enormous flood of laws directing and prescribing our every contact with life, from the age at which a young man may legally smoke a cigarette, the length of sheets the hotels shall use on their beds, and the size of a tip that shall be given to a waiter in a restaurant, to the manner in which we may invest our own money, and the prices at which we must sell our own labor and products. There has been a vast, unformed, shapeless but persistent spread to the doctrine of both state and national paternalism which has increased in complexity our already complex government, and is working to the enormous disadvantage and stifling of that initiative and intelligent self-interest that built this country from a handful of thinly populated, undeveloped states to the great nation it is.

No one sees that more clearly than President Coolidge. No one has a keener perception of ultimate national disaster from it, and of the difficulties it already has entailed. And no one is more firmly resolved to try to bring about a stop to it all and return, so far as possible, to the doctrine that legislation is not a panacea, a cure or, except rarely, even a palliative. Fortunately, President Coolidge is in a position where his efforts can be of considerable avail. As Chief Executive of the United States, with Congress not in session, he has it in his power to declare a recess in politics, in the the expansion of government, in the harrying up of policies, and the advancement of issues and all the whiffle-whaffle that goes with officialdom.

A Political Recess

THAT, so far as he is able, is exactly what he intends to do. That is why up to the time of writing he has said little, and no doubt to the time when it is necessary for him to speak to the assembled Congress in December, he will say little, and urge nothing save the matters of pressing concern. He believes in a recess in politics, a recess in all this hullabaloo about things that can only be subjects of discussion from the nature of them, and cannot be more than speculative in any event. He thinks that what this country needs is to quit running around in circles and howling for a change, and settle down to work. He is entirely out of sympathy with agitators of every sort, from international protagonists to domestic fomenters. He has no use for the vast proportion of our population who think action consists in waving the arms and beseeching somebody—anybody—to do something—anything—the God's-sakers.

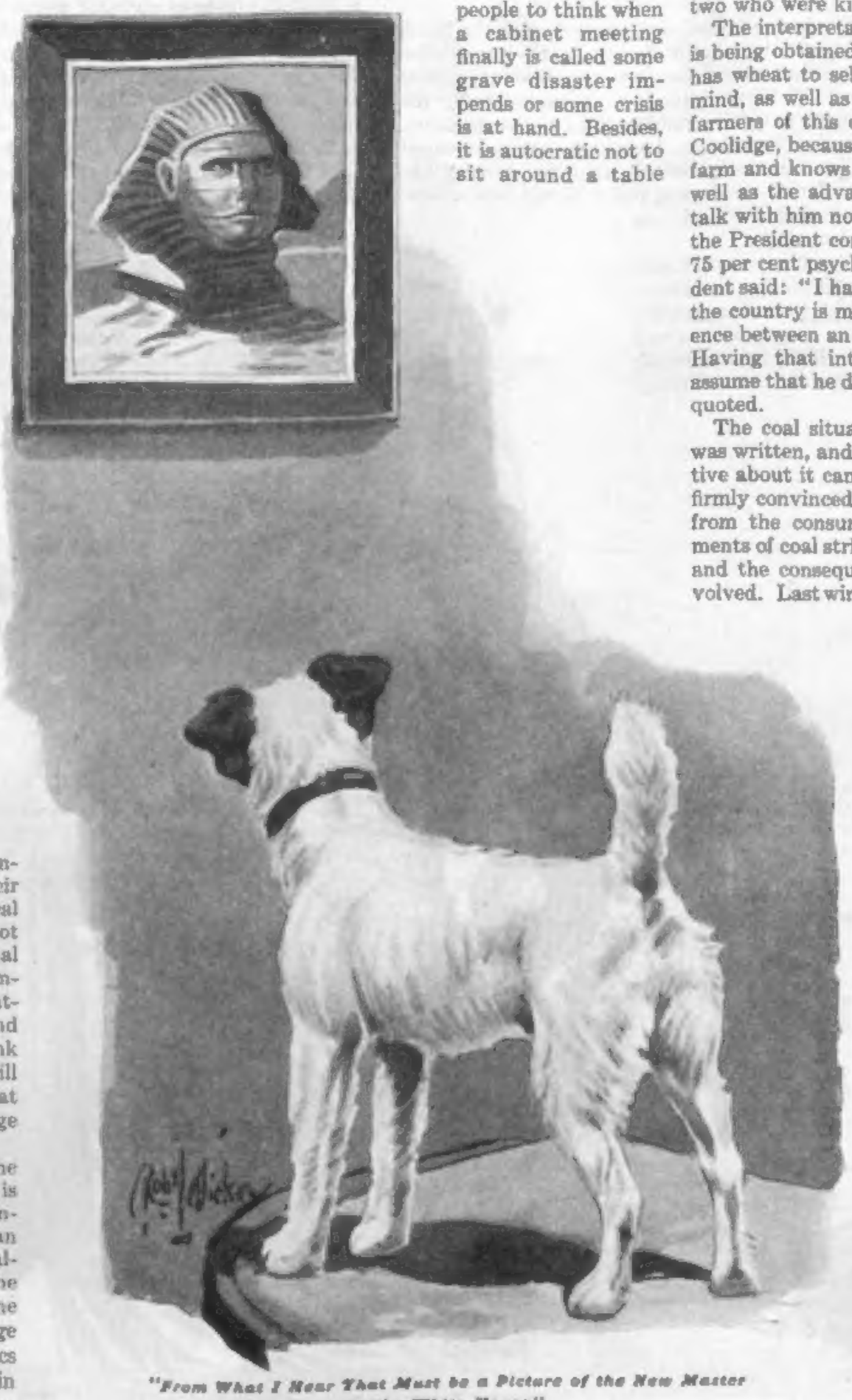
A program that contemplates the cessation, so far as possible, of these various political and elocutionary activities, though it will appeal to the great bulk of the American people, will have two reactions. One will come from that body of our citizens who think that vociferation is action and who chase the millennium of political and governmental remedy for all existing ills, especially for their own ills; and the other will come from the political opposition. The President will undoubtedly get a lot of pounding from our alarmists, theorists, professional politicians, reformers, and our almost illimitable congeries of sentimentalists, cranks, millennialists, fanatics, one-idea proponents, panacea inventors and solution purveyors—all the vast contingent who think a program seeking for more law or amended law will work the magic of the cure of existing evils, and that discussion of that program is the preliminary dosage required.

The professional politician cannot exist without the excuse of politics, and the fountainhead of politics is the White House. Therefore, if for a time that fountainhead shuts off the flow, the professional politician is without visible means of support. His view is always the party view, and as the President is the head of the party, the President, regardless of the needs of the people, should act always to advantage the party. The professional politicians want politics all the time. The legislating politicians, the men in the Senate and the House, act on the same impulse. Nothing is so important to them as some party policy they can make a law about, or a law they want to make a party policy of and talk about interminably in terms calculated to do the talkers the greatest political good. And, of course, the moment there is a let-down in hullabaloo about so-called public issues the solution purveyors shriek that this silence means eternal destruction and damnation to the people.

A policy of a recess, an interim, in all this enormous yammer that has been going on for years strikes consternation into these persons because it deprives them of their forum. It leaves the politician inoperative. It sets the statesmen silent too. It puts the muffler on the solution purveyors and the panacea inventors. Further, it gives the opposition party ammunition, because it leaves them free to shout—which they will shout—that the President is either neglectful of these pressing problems to the detriment of the body politic, or incapable of understanding the importance of them. The President has discounted all that. He knows he will be sharply criticized if he confines his efforts to the matters strictly of moment, rather than scattering about over all the things that are in the processes of formation or adjustment. He is prepared to take the pounding and the criticism, confident that the nonpolitical and nonsalvationist masses will applaud and approve.

He knows that presently they will begin to shout "Autocrat!" at him, and he is prepared for that also. So early as September first he had a taste of it. In his view, the usual semiweekly meetings of the cabinet at that time were not necessary. Save coal and agriculture there were no pressing problems, and the cabinet as a body could do little about those. He decided that he would dispense with cabinet meetings and confer with individual cabinet members on the matters within their several provinces. Immediately from all parts of the country came the solemn editorial warning that this policy spells disaster, because as the people are used to cabinet meetings the suspension of them will cause the people to think when a cabinet meeting finally is called some grave disaster impends or some crisis is at hand. Besides, it is autocratic not to sit around a table twice a week with all ten of his advisers in general discussion instead of summoning the Secretary of Agriculture, for example, to talk about the subject solely within his purview and on which he has expert knowledge, rather than to give the Secretary of the Navy or the Secretary of War a chance to air his views on the wheat situation.

This view of the President that some matters may as well rest until they become imminent does not mean that he is indifferent to the pressing problems. Take the state of agriculture, for example, on September first. The President was keenly and actively interested then, not only in the matter of relief for the moment for the distressed farmers but also in the provision of means for stabilizing the industry, getting a fair return for its products, and in general bringing the farmer out of his slough of despond. He was in daily conference, consultation and debate with experts in all agrarian lines, governmental and otherwise, seeking for the means whereby the situation might be relieved. And he was entirely in sympathy with the agricultural classes, earnestly engaged in their behalf, and confident that some relief was possible. If possible, he intended to make it practical.



"From What I Hear That Must be a Picture of the New Master in the White House"

Two Pressing Problems

HE WAS not at all in accord with the argument that in as much as some of the farm products, such as corn, cattle and hogs, were bringing fair prices, it was inexpedient to allow the low price of wheat to dominate the situation as the sure index of the distress of the farmer. He placed wheat at its proper perspective in the agrarian scheme, but he did not think that because wheat is only one of a multitude of farm products wheat growers should be told that their proportion of the agricultural whole did not entitle them to especial consideration.

As he put it: "If a company of a hundred men go out to battle and only two of the hundred are killed, the safety of the ninety-eight remaining is of small moment to the two who were killed. Those two are dead."

The interpretation, of course, is that even if a fair price is being obtained for corn, that doesn't help the man who has wheat to sell. The President has the wheat man in mind, as well as the others, and it will be found that the farmers of this country have a staunch friend in Calvin Coolidge, because he was born on a farm, has worked on a farm and knows all about the darker side of farm life, as well as the advantages of it. Someone went out from a talk with him not long after he became President and said the President considered the agricultural situations about 75 per cent psychological, and the rest actual. The President said: "I have been a farmer myself, and no farmer in the country is more keenly aware than I am of the difference between an empty pocketbook and a state of mind." Having that intimate personal knowledge, it is fair to assume that he did not make the psychological comparison quoted.

The coal situation was under active discussion as this was written, and in so fluid a state that nothing authoritative about it can be set down save this: The President is firmly convinced that some means must be found to divert from the consumer—the public—these constant harassments of coal strikes, coal shortages, exorbitant coal prices, and the consequent discomfort, distress and expense involved. Last winter every person living in the United States north of the Ohio River and east of the Mississippi River, and some even farther west, experienced, in one way or another, the pinch of a coal shortage. To have this situation again impending, as it was on September first, is, in the view of the President, intolerable and unendurable. The people must not rest under this threat every year as winter approaches, and must not be subjected to these inconveniences and worse. Therefore, whatever the outcome of the negotiations in progress on September first, some way must be found to remedy this situation, to provide not only reasonable wages to the miners and reasonable profits to the operators, but, first and most important of all, to warrant and secure to the people a sufficient supply of fuel at a just price.

The coal strike that loomed so large on September first was a symptom of a disease that must be eradicated, and though the immediate treatment was, of necessity, local, there was not, and will not be, any cessation of the determination to provide a cure that shall be specific, and to do away with such fuel disturbances in the future. There will be no recess on that. It is a matter that will be under continuous consideration until the relief is found.

(Continued on Page 158)

Winnie O'Wynn and the Vultures

By BERTRAM ATKEY

ILLUSTRATED BY LESLIE L. BENSON

FROM one success to another!" sighed little Miss Winnie O'Wynn, took a large chocolate from the box close at hand, smiled wistfully, ate it wistfully, took another—wistfully—and reread the last paragraph of the letter from her agent, Mr. George H. Jay:

In these circumstances I hope for the privilege of your favorable instructions, though I feel an apology should be forthcoming for making a request which to you, accustomed as you are to flit from one success to another, must look about as attractive as a toadstool looks to a honeybee in a garden full of flowers.

"I don't think that dear Mr. Jay knows quite what a lot of failures I have had," she said softly. "It is not so easy to flit from one success to another as it is to look as if one does so. I know that there are lots and lots of people who look as if they do; but daddy used to say it was nearly always these people who used to borrow his money—when he had any, poor daddy."

She shook her graceful little head and continued her solo on the box of chocolates.

The child was telling herself neither more nor less than the stark-naked truth. To flit from one success to another in the present period of the world's history—the period in which the practice of wearing buttons strongly sewed upon the pockets has become universal—is a process which calls for a very fine flitter indeed. Winnie was all that, but even she flitted on fairy wings into more blind alleys than El Doradoes. But this she rarely announced, even to her dear friend, Lady Fasterton, or to her agent, the gentle Jay. Winnie was not invincible or infallible, but assuredly she was too discreet to advertise her failures.

To select and place upon record the mispounces of any sweet young fairy-winged flitter's career is to embark on an ungrateful, tedious and gloomful enterprise. Were it otherwise, much might be written about the curious little affair of the bag of reconstructed emeralds; or that of the private league of misunderstood race-horse owners; or, again, of the intriguing little affair of the missing marriage settlement of Maud, Countess Cannaley—to indicate faintly but a few of the small matters at which Winnie had glanced demurely, glanced again less demurely, and in her gentle little way had followed up, alas, in vain. So very much in vain that once she was left in the perfectly shocking position of having to pay her own out-of-pocket expenses, a process which never failed to intensify the wistful look in those big dangerous blue eyes.

Yes, Winnie had had her failures; though, judging from his letter, Mr. Jay seemed serenely unaware of it. As it befell, the little one was resting when Mr. Jay wrote the letter she was now studying. That is to say, she had contrived a gap in the round of visits which that restless lady, May Fasterton, had planned for them both, which gap she was spending in quiet rest and, probably, meditation in her own little flat in town. She intended enjoying a few dreamy days of tranquil idleness, made interesting with shopping; and this being so, she had laid aside her little pick, shovel and pan, for she was no longer on auriferous ground. This was holiday time, for even the loveliest of gold diggers must sometimes rest her weary brains awhile. But it was characteristic of Winnie that she kept her tools within easy reach; and it was equally characteristic that by the time she had finished her second reading of the letter—she always read George H. Jay's letters twice; the first time for what he had written, the second time for what he had not written, but which nevertheless Winnie still was able to peruse between the lines—she reached, so to speak, gently but firmly for the needle-pointed pick which had so often turned up the welcome gleam of color for her.

Mr. Jay's Eyebrows Went So High That They Nearly Escaped Into the Sparse Undergrowth of His Hair. "Maracon's!"

But it was not thus, in gold-digging terms, that Winnie thought; for she had been taking a little Tennyson with her chocolates just prior to the arrival of Mr. Jay's note, and her wide eyes wandered to the volume of poetry on the couch beside her as she put the letter down.

"Spanish ships of war at sea,
We have sighted fifty-three!"

she murmured, absently playful.

"Spanish ships of war!" Probably with treasure—pieces of eight, doubloons, ducats, and so forth—aboard.

She smiled across at dear little Miss Mirage in the looking-glass.

"It is only three o'clock and it has stopped raining and I think you ought to have a nice brisk walk," she said; "as far as Mr. Jay's office would be just far enough. And then you won't need to be curious any longer. I think, somehow, that there really are Spanish ships of war at sea, even today."

She laughed a little all to herself, like a tiny lone bird piping a sudden sweet outburst of joyousness, and went to apparel herself suitably for the scouting expedition against the figurative Spanish ships of war which had so audaciously sailed up over the horizon.

Perhaps an hour later Winnie was sitting in the office of the genial cash hound of Finch Court.

"It was so lucky that your letter arrived just at the very moment when I had decided to go for a little walk, wasn't it, dear Mr. Jay?" she said, smiling. "But, you know, please, I did not understand the letter very well—I mean that part about the toadstool and the bee and the garden of flowers."

Mr. Jay's laugh was loud and hearty, but maybe just a mite sheepish.

"That, Miss Winnie—oh, that was a—a bit of a flourish, merely; a—well, a sort of literary way of putting an awkward point. Poetic license, don't they call it? But I'll own I've not taken out any license to be poetic—ha-ha—and perhaps I am too heavy in the hand to start that sort of thing. Must be more matter o' fact another time. Nothing is more fatal in the agency business than to be suspected of poetic tastes and fancies. It—poetry, I mean, Miss Winnie—ain't usually looked on as a necessary item in the equipment of a perfect agent; no, indeed—ha-ha! Still, it was a queer thing to get explained tactfully in few words—difficult, yes." Mr. Jay's large face grew graver, and his eyes played over his star client's perfect face very searchingly. "The fact is that I have a proposal to put to you, Miss Winnie, which may not appeal to you at all; and I am uncertain as to how you will take it."

He fiddled with some papers on his desk, his rather glassy eyes very intent.

"It's a curious thing to ask of a little lady like you, who—if you will allow your old agent, staunchly devoted to your best interests, to say it—are essentially, past circumstances notwithstanding, one of the most innocent and simple—in spirit, I mean, of course—little ladies I have ever met."

His eyes caught the surprise which Winnie permitted faintly to darken her own.

"Let me explain that better, Miss Winnie," he said hastily, and thought for a moment.

"In the past we have been associated together in a number of legitimate transactions—using the word 'legitimate' in its broad and generous sense—in which the part you have been compelled by circumstances to play may, to a narrow-minded, unworldly person, have seemed—er—sharp; that is, uninnocent. Viewed from the wrong angle it might be so; but, thank goodness, Miss Winnie, your true friends are people of steady balance, and, like myself, are not prone to view things from the wrong angle—nuh, nuh!"

Winnie nodded.

"I understand, dear Mr. Jay," she encouraged him.

"And it is because I know of this—er—um—this essential inherent innocence that I am inclined to question whether you would care to entertain the proposal I want to make, Miss Winnie."

The blue eyes widened. It was perfectly clear that the breezy George H. was in need of a little help out, a little gentle leading by the hand.

"Please don't hesitate to make the proposal, provided that it is quite honorable," cooed Winnie.

"Well, it is perfectly honorable—in the long run," said Mr. Jay. "What I mean to say, the purpose is honorable; but the means may look—to a mere superficial observer—a trifle shady."

"But, please, can't we claim to be above that, Mr. Jay—to be too proud to mind what superficial people say if we know in our hearts that we are running in a good race, as daddy used to say?" Mr. Jay looked rather relieved.

"Yes, we can, Miss Winnie—we can, and we will. You've put it in a nutshell. We are above all that sort of thing. Good work! You have a great gift for crystallizing things, Miss Winnie. I'll say right away that the object I have in view is to save a very unlucky man from something very like undeserved ruin, and a rather impulsive girl from lifelong unhappiness. They look at present like becoming the victims of a very unscrupulous man."

Winnie for a moment was really bewildered, though she did not show it.

"But, please, there is nothing shady—that was the word you used, shady—about that, dear Mr. Jay?"

"Certainly not, Miss Winnie; certainly there is not. The object is good. I said it. But I was afraid the only means of accomplishing it might look queer to you—on account, as I said, of your natural delicacy, your inborn refinement and your basic innocence. You see, it would be necessary for you deliberately to set out to vamp this unscrupulous scoundrel into a thoroughly reckless condition."

"Vamp?" said Winnie, in accents of sheer, blank noncomprehension. "Please?"

Mr. Jay's face fell.

"There, you see! You don't know the meaning of the word, although you are the finest little vamp that ever looked under her lashes out of the corner of her eyes. Unconscious, innocent—that's it. You vamp folks without knowing it. Why, Miss Winnie, the very first time we met you vamped me—me, George Hardshell Jay—clean off the map and didn't know you'd done it! I'll take the liberty, Miss Winnie, of describing you as an inadvertent vamp. I mean it as a great compliment."

Winnie smiled a little wistfully.

"I don't think I see very clearly exactly what you mean, dear Mr. Jay; but I know you mean well, and thank you so much for that. I—I suppose vamp means unconsciously to influence a person."

Mr. Jay nodded.

"Yes, indeed—ha-ha—that's it. To influence 'em funny, into a state where they will do anything, even to give their money away." He waved a large white hand. "Wholly unconscious and inadvertent in your case, Miss Winnie. I always knew it, always said so—hitherto. But if you decided to help these poor people it would have to be, I'm afraid, deliberate; and it mayn't be quite in your line, Miss Winnie. There's a difference between deliberately vamping a man and unconsciously fascinating him."

Winnie's big eyes grew very thoughtful.

"Oh, yes, I see that so clearly, now you have explained it, dear Mr. Jay," she smiled. "And perhaps I shall fail to be able to—to vamp this unscrupulous man if I try consciously. But I am prepared to try hard for the sake of those poor people; though I don't think, please, I shall be very happy to be a—a vamp, a conscious vamp. Has the unscrupulous man any money, dear Mr. Jay?" she added naïvely.

For a moment dear Mr. Jay blinked rapidly, then pulled himself together.

"Hah! That's the spirit! You've got it, Miss Winnie, first shot!" he cried.

But Winnie was distressed.

"Oh, no, no, please! I didn't mean it like that; it was only just to know if he is powerful. Rich unscrupulous men are always so much more formidable than poor unscrupulous men. I—I only wondered just how formidable he is. Daddy always used to say, 'Remember, child, never attack a position without first sending out a scout patrol. Sometimes the easiest-looking position is the hardest to take, and vice versa. It's an old soldier telling you this, little one.'"

"Yes, yes, and very true too," agreed George H. "Trust an old soldier. Well, I question if he is a rich man. But I'll give you the facts. The man we want to va—to influence is a good-looking young scoundrel named Lomond—Derek Lomond. His followers call him Dick, mostly. He's an educated man, and he's a sort of free-lance labor agitator, labor exploiter, and for some years he has made a very good thing out of it. There are plenty of people who, talking quietly in an office, with proper accounts before them and a real capable accountant to consult, can prove that Lomond is a pirate, a hawk, a free-lance vulture. But that's a different matter from proving that he is a sharp, a man of prey, to a crowd of excited workmen. He's got a persuasive way with him, and he seems to specialize in spellbinding the employes of fair-sized firms. The very big, powerful companies he leaves strictly alone. Their jaws are too big, they keep their fangs too polished, and their employes usually have too much sense for Master Dick-Derek. He gets a grip on the workpeople and uses it against the employer. I'll say this, Miss Winnie: It doesn't often come to an actual strike, for he's too clever. The employer can usually buy him off, and in these hard times he usually does do that. But it's all wrong. Jail is where Lomond ought to be. However, you'll see more of his methods later"—George H. glanced inquiringly at her—"if you decide to consider the matter, of course, Miss Winnie."

Winnie smiled encouragingly.

"I don't think that it would be a very wicked thing to—to vampire such a dangerous man as Mr. Lomond," she said.

"No, indeed. . . . Well, at present this—this plague spot is preying upon an old manufacturer not so far out of London—Mr. John Forrester. He's a manufacturer of agricultural machinery; and I want to tell you, Miss Winnie, that manufacturing agricultural machinery in England is no picnic. I don't see how it can be done much longer, myself. We've got to face facts, Miss Winnie; and the American agricultural implement maker has boiled his job down to such a science that I shouldn't like to take any solemn oaths that he hasn't put the extinguisher on English-made machinery. However, why should you care about trade puzzles, Miss Winnie? It's the personal side I want to interest you in. This man Lomond has got the employes of Mr. Forrester pretty well where he wants them—about three hundred of them, mainly non-trade-unionists. Worse than that, he's got Forrester's only daughter—both sons were killed in the war—Miss Blanche Forrester, where he wants her too. She's just crazy about him, and he seems to feel the same way about her.

"It Would Break My Heart to Hurt Daddy or Mother, But I Must Have Dick"

"But old Forrester, who knows a good deal about this Lomond wolf, naturally turned him down at once—more credit to him. Lomond's answer is that unless the old man agrees to their marriage and gives the girl a half share in the business as a wedding present—dowry, you understand—he'll call a strike. And he can, I'm afraid, Miss Winnie. And if he does, Forrester & Sons, Agricultural Implement Makers—established 1815—goes up into the air without a kick. He's had a lot of bad luck—Forrester; health trouble during the war mainly; and the old man did not get his share of the war money that was so plentiful. That and other things, Miss Winnie. However, when the matter was put to me confidentially, it occurred to me that if anyone could get the young lady disillusioned with Lomond it would strengthen Mr. Forrester's hand for the matter of facing the strike. But there's only one effective way to do that." The gentle George H. leaned forward.

"A lady in love is not usually shooed out of love easily, Miss Winnie; and often the bigger the blackguard she loves the harder she is to convince that he's not fit for her. I puzzled that out, and naturally I thought of you."

"Of me, dear Mr. Jay!"

"Yes. If you could be persuaded to visit the Forresters and concentrate the whole battery of your—um—beauty and charm on this Lomond lad, I believe you'd take him away from Miss Blanche Forrester and leave her bitter against him as easily as—as eating ice cream, practically speaking. Hey, Miss Winnie, what do you think of it?"

Mr. Jay's voice rose a little excitedly.

"She is no dowd, I'll say that for Miss Blanche—striking, bright, lively, with a fine face, a way of carrying herself and worthwhile hair; but against you, my dear Miss Winnie—against you, why it wouldn't be a fair match. She's got beauty, but you've got the beauty and the brains. You could eat her alive for her own good!"

But Winnie fluttered.

"Oh, please, how unkind!" she protested. "I don't think I want to—to eat her alive, please—to be unkind. She sounds so nice, and somehow, please, it seems such a shame; even if I could do it; and, after all, everybody may not share your opinion about my—my charm, you see."

Mr. Jay looked very solemn.

"Yes, yes, Miss Winnie, I understand how you feel. It's your kind heart speaking, your natural delicacy, your generous disposition. But I'm asking you, as a little lady gifted above the average little lady, to save Miss Blanche Forrester from herself, and her father from what might be—er—blue ruin." He spoke earnestly. "I'll own—yes, I'll confess freely, Miss Winnie, that there's a sentimental aspect to this. Sentiment's out of place in an agent's office, I know; but I'm sorry for this girl and I'm sorry for old Mr. Forrester. An agent's duty to himself is to keep his sympathy under control, and as a rule I can just manage to do that. But this is a sad case, very sad, and it has—er—corroded my custom. The way I am feeling about this case, Miss Winnie, drives me to ask you to help out as a personal favor—to the Forresters, to me and—um—as a tribute to your—um—higher self, so to put it. I'll say at once that there doesn't appear to be a whole lot of money in it, Miss Winnie; but, after all, money isn't everything. Expenses, yes, naturally. Out of pockets, of course. Maybe something better could be arranged. We could deal with the money end of it—er—according to circumstances, Miss Winnie—ha-ha! I know that you prefer to deal with money details according to circumstances, and I consider that you're right, as usual. Will you come to the rescue, Miss Winnie?"

She rose, flushing faintly, her eyes like misty stars.

"Oh, yes, I will try to do my very best for everybody," she declared softly. "For Miss Forrester and her father and for you, too, dear Mr. Jay."

"And let me add to that, for yourself, Miss Winnie," stated the gentle one firmly.

But Winnie only sighed, soft as a baby breeze playing through a rosebush.

"Oh, please, never mind about me. I like to help people, for helping's sake, I think."

Mr. Jay laughed his brassy laugh.

"Sure, sure, Miss Winnie!" he cried heartily. "That is like yourself. Always for self-effacement, modesty, and, in a way, self-sacrifice. And me too. I'm proud to follow in your footsteps, Miss Winnie, and I care not who hears me say it," he added, unconsciously dropping his voice as he made the courageous declaration.

Then they went more closely into details.

II

THE gentle George H. Jay actually was at times what he claimed to be always, a quick man; and Winnie also knew when to refrain from untimely dalliance; so that two evenings later she and Miss Blanche were holding a little kimono séance in Winnie's bedroom at Hill Crest, the Forrester residence.

The sprightly Blanche had instantly succumbed to Winnie's charm and the contents of her trunks, which quite obviously were of a quality and character to half hypnotize a girl not yet very familiar with the productions of some of the most expensive and able modern gown makers, frock wizards and costume sharps.

Blanche was a nice child, Winnie discovered at once; and, as the gentle George H. Jay had said, she was no dowd.

A pretty and extremely mercurial, slim, lively quarter brunette, gifted with an extraordinary trick of graceful movement, she at once accepted her mother's introduction of Winnie as the daughter of an old school friend, and was meshed so swiftly in the sweet, intangible net which Winnie threw about her that she quite forgot to ask awkward questions concerning the rather sudden discovery of mother's hitherto unheard-of school friend.

What Mr. Jay had said to old John Forrester and his wife about Winnie she never learned during her visit, though later she discovered that Mr. Forrester was a friend of one Sir Henry Furlong, whom she had once befriended—a mouse-and-lion befriending, very profitable to Winnie—and it had been on the advice of Sir Henry that Mr. Forrester had consulted George H.

Winnie and Blanche's parents had held council on the evening of her arrival, and the wide-eyed little witch had not only won them but, touched by their clearly apparent worry and anxiety, she had very firmly made up her mind to achieve something for them. They were plain, kindly, homely people, who had had rather more than their share of the awkward edge of things. Mr. Forrester was a quiet man, more than a little worn by ill health, but with a

fighter's eye and jaw. Mrs. Forrester, quiet, too, capable in her sphere, kind, uncomplaining and tactful, Winnie liked at once.

It was evident that they both adored Blanche, but frankly deplored in her a fault that in himself John Forrester regarded not merely as a virtue but a God-sent asset to a man who had to deal with present-day labor in its postwar mood. This was the vein of bleak obstinacy that occasionally, when he felt it called for, would leap into being within him like a white-hot bar of steel, and if opposed would set into a cold, hard, unbending rod of black metal that might be fractured—fracturing the man with it—but never bent. Blanche had inherited a touch of this obstinacy, though until the man Lomond had appeared she had not shown it seriously since her nursery days.

That was what Winnie wanted to inspect—Blanche's obstinacy. It was not difficult to discover it; two or three gentle questions and it flashed into evidence at once.

"So mother told you about Dick Lomond," said Blanche. "You know, they are very prejudiced against him; but he is not so black as he is painted. All the workpeople love him—except a few of the old-fashioned crabby ones—and if hundreds of people love a man he can't be so very bad, do you think?"

Winnie smiled, nodding her pretty head.

"No, indeed," she said.

Blanche's restless mercury shot up ten degrees.

"Oh, but you are a dear!" she cried. "You are in sympathy with us—with Dick and me?"

But Winnie looked dubious.

"Oh, please, I mustn't say quite all that; but, Blanche, I am ever so much in sympathy with love and with lovers who are really true and sincere. You are quite, quite, quite sure that Mr. Lomond loves you?"

"Oh, Dick adores me," said Blanche simply.

"I think he is very sensible," smiled Winnie. "Only why does he threaten your father if he loves you?"

Blanche grew a little paler.

"Father doesn't like him; he hates him; and when father hates a man he is never fair to him. You know, Winnie, it is awful to love a man whom the other people you love just hate."

She went whiter and her oval chin came forward.

"But I don't care. Daddy has a stubborn streak and so have I, and I can't help it. It's daddy's streak really, not mine. I love Dick and Dick loves me, and I am quite ready to pull the pillars of the temple down on all our heads if they won't be kind. It would break my heart to hurt daddy or mother, but I must have Dick."

The girl's dark eyes sparkled behind ready tears. The mercury had made a dizzy slide down.

"I would set the world on fire for Derek Lomond," she rapped out, and stared at Winnie, her nostrils pinched in, very pale, breathing quickly, her white hand at her breast.

Winnie thought her the most graceful thing she had ever seen—like a swallow or a deer. Excluding the mirage lady who lived like some strange, sweet, graceful little spirit in her many mirrors, Winnie had never known anyone possessing that wonderful, unconscious knack of gracefulness so naturally or perfectly. Yet hard on the heels of the genuine surge of affectionate admiration, there followed through Winnie's mind the practical thought that was true:

"But it is only naughtiness after all. You poor, pretty, graceful, charming child, what you need is to be soundly whipped and sent to bed without your supper; but who in all the world would ever have the heart to do it?"

Who, indeed? But this was only a thought.

What Winnie said, slipping her arm round the rebel and kissing her, was "Poor little Blanche! It is so sad. I think there must be some way out of the difficulty."

Naturally, the kind word unlocked the dam. There were tears, floods of them, Niobe moving behind the cascade with a fairy grace that would have melted a heart of carborundum. "Have you ever loved anyone before, darling?" whispered Winnie.

"Ye-es; only not very many," sobbed Blanche naïvely. "There—there was Charlie Smith-Warner—he was in the flying corps; and Hugh Goring—Hugh was so nice; and—Ray Lyndon, who became an actor. But I never loved them so much as I love Dick."

Winnie kissed her again, because when you are crying sometimes it is possible between one hot tear and another to catch the twitch of a lip; but you cannot see lips twitch if they are kissing you. Which is one of the most merciful dispensations of an all-wise Providence, as every husband knows and many wives suspect.

"If—I were not—a dutiful child—I should have—run away—with Dick long ago," sobbed Blanche; "and Dick would have—persuaded the men to have a—a little strike—and—and then where would daddy have been, Winnie?"

"Where, indeed?" Winnie echoed, for she knew that the only raft that was keeping Forrester's head above the dark and chilly waters of insolvency was a big Australian contract, with a time limit and a penalty for failure, upon which practically the whole works was subsisting.

"Yes, yes, I know, darling. It is very hard—oh, I know so well," sighed Winnie. "When do you see Mr. Lomond again?"

Blanche started up, checking her tears as easily as she had started them, and flew to the mirror.

"Tonight, Winnie," she said softly. "I promised to slip out for a few minutes."

Winnie glanced at the clock. It was half past eleven. The big blue eyes widened a little.

"Yes, I think it was time that somebody tried to do something. Blanche is naughty, but I don't think she knows that she is being dangerously naughty," confided Winnie to herself.

"I look dreadful," wailed Blanche; "all hot and flushed and teary. Why can't I look cool and sweet like you? . . . Oh, we must hurry! You, too, Winnie—you'll come, won't you? I do so want you to meet Dick. I'm just going to slip on something—do hurry, won't you? Anything will do in the moonlight," and she was gone, floating out of the room with the ease and grace of a practiced dancer, except that hers were unconscious.

Winnie wasted no time. She was going to meet the vulture quicker than she expected. Her fingers flew. She hoped that Mr. Lomond could see well in the moonlight.

Ten minutes later two little satin-slippered figures, soundless as fays, went across the moonlit lawn towards a wooden bridge spanning the trout stream that rippled, chuckling and gurgling to itself, past the belt of silver birches girdling the grounds of Hill Crest. A man was waiting in the shadow of the trees.

"Ah, little one ——"

He came forward, whispering, with open arms. But the embrace was brief. Blanche was too excited to linger long before introducing her lovely new friend and their secret supporter to Lomond.

"This is Winnie, Dick—Miss Winnie O'Wynn. She loves lovers, Dick, and she is going to help us and"—she pulled him down to whisper, but it was as an excited child's whisper and every word was audible—"and Dick, she is immensely rich and has enormous influence everywhere."

That last had been a fiction usefully advised by Winnie, instantly pounced upon by George H. Jay, explained to Mr. and Mrs. Forrester and implicitly believed by Blanche.

Mr. Lomond's softish, well-shaped hand seemed to linger in Winnie's, and he spoke in a smooth, perfectly controlled, rather musical voice.

"To find someone like Miss O'Wynn ready to sympathize and help us, Blanche, is like winning a first glimpse of the silver lining to our cloud," he said, his perfect teeth glimmering white in the brilliant moonlight.

"Yes, isn't it? And I've told her everything, haven't I, Winnie?" outpoured Blanche.

Winnie knew that the man was staring steadily at her.

"Oh, yes, indeed you have, darling," she said softly. "And I think it is such a pity that everything should be so complicated. But perhaps if we all try ——"

A window slid up with a rushing sound in the house behind them and a light flashed up. Blanche turned quickly.

"Oh, I must go! That means that daddy has had another of his headaches; they come and go all at once like that. He likes to have me help sometimes when they are very bad—and mother might come along to my room. Don't go, Dick; talk to Winnie. Of course, it may be nothing, only I must see. I will be back soon."

She was gone.

Winnie watched the slim, gliding figure till it disappeared through the open French window of the morning room, then turned to Lomond. Unconsciously, as it seemed, her hand was already touching the sleeve of the man.

(Continued on Page 44)

The Embrace Was Brief. Blanche Was Too Excited to Linger Long Before Introducing Her Lovely New Friend

KEMAL PASHA—By Isaac F. Marcosson

THERE was a time when Angora was famous solely for cats and goats. Today the shambling, time-worn town far up in the Anatolian hills has another, and world-wide significance. It is not only the capital of the reconstructed Turkish Government and the seat therefore of the most picturesque of all contemporary experiments in democracy, but is likewise the home of Ghazi Mustapha Kemal Pasha—to give him his full title—who is distinct among the few vital personalities revealed by the bitter backwash of the World War.

Only Lenine and Mussolini vie with him for the center of that narrowing stage of compelling leadership. Each of these three remarkable men has achieved a definite result in a manner all his own. Lenine imposed an autocracy through force and blood. Mussolini created a personal and political dictatorship in which he dramatized himself. Kemal not only led a beaten nation to victory and dictated terms to the one-time conqueror, but set up a new and unique system of administration.

Lenine and Mussolini have almost been done to death by human or, in the case of the soviet overlord, inhuman interest historians. Kemal Pasha is still invested with an element of mystery and aloofness largely begot of the physical inaccessibility of his position. To the average American he is merely a Turkish name vaguely associated with some kind of military achievement. The British Dardanelles Expedition know it much better, for he frustrated the fruits of that immense heroism written in blood and agony on the shores of Gallipoli. The Greeks have an even costlier knowledge, because he was the organizer of the victory that literally drove them into the sea in one of the most complete debacles of modern times.

At Angora I talked with this man in a critical hour of the war-born Turkish Government. The Lausanne Conference was at the breaking point. War or peace still hung in the balance. Only the day before, Rauf Bey, the Prime Minister, had said to me: "If they [the Allies] want war they can have it." The air was charged with tension and uncertainty. Over the troubled scene brooded the unrelenting presence of the chieftain I had traveled so far to see. Events, like the government itself, revolved about him.

In difficulty of approach and in the grim and dramatic quality of the setting, Anatolia was strongly reminiscent of my journey a year ago to the Southern Chinese front to see Sun Yat-sen. Between him and Kemal exists a certain similarity. Each is a sort of inspired leader. Each has his kindling ideal of a self-determination that is the by-product of fallen empire. Here the parallel ends. Kemal is the man of blood and iron—an orientalized Bismarck, as it were—dogged, ruthless, invincible; while Sun Yat-sen is the dreamer and visionary, eternal pawn of chance, and with as many political existences—and I might add, governments—as the proverbial cat has lives.

Kemal Pasha as Field Marshal of the Turkish Army. The Autograph Reads: "Ghazi Mustapha Kemal Pasha, Angora, July 13th"

Turkey for the Turks

AS WITH men, so with the peoples behind them. You have another striking contrast. While China flounders in well-nigh incredible political chaos, due to incessant conflict of selfish purpose and lack of leadership, Turkey has emerged as a homogeneous nation for the first time in its long and bloody history, with defined frontiers, a real homeland, and a nationalistic aim that may shape the destiny of the Mohammedan world, and incidentally affect American commercial aspirations in the Near East. "Turkey for the Turks" is the new slogan. The instrument and inspiration of the whole astonishing evolution—it is little less than a miracle when you realize that in 1919 Turkey was as prostrate as defeat and bankruptcy could bring her—has been Kemal Pasha.

He was the real objective of my trip to Turkey. Constantinople with its gleaming mosques and minarets, and still a queen among cities despite its dingy magnificence, had its lure, but from the hour of my arrival on the shores of the Golden Horn my interest was centered on Angora.

I had chosen a difficult time for the realization of this ambition. The Lausanne Conference was apparently mired, and the long-awaited peace seemed more distant than ever. A state of war still existed. The army of occupation gave the streets martial tone and color, while a vast Allied fleet rode at anchor in the Bosporus or boomed at target practice in the Sea of Marmora. The capital in the Anatolian hills had become even more inaccessible.

Every barrier based on suspicion, aloofness and general resentment of the foreigner—the usual Turkish trilogy—all tied up with endless red tape, worked overtime. It was a combination disastrous to swift American action. My subsequent experiences emphasized the truth of the well-known Kipling story which dealt with the fate of an energetic Yankee in the Orient whose epitaph read: "Here lies a fool who tried to hustle the East."

To add to all this handicap begot of temperament and otherwise, the Turks had begun to realize, not without irritation, that the consummation of the Chester Concession was not so easy as it looked on paper. The last civilian who successfully applied for permission to go to Angora had been compelled to linger at Constantinople seven weeks before he got his *vesica*—as a visa is called in Turkish. Two or three others had departed for home in disgust after four weeks of watchful and fruitless waiting. The prospect was not promising.

When I paid my respects to Rear Admiral Mark L. Bristol, the American High Commissioner, on my first day in Constantinople, I invoked his aid in getting to Angora. He promptly gave me a letter of introduction to Dr. Adnan Bey, then the principal representative of Angora in Constantinople, through whom all permits had to pass.

I went to see him at the famous Sublime Porte, the Foreign Office and the scene of so much sinister Turkish history. Here the sordid tools of Abdul-Hamid, the Red Sultan, and others no less unscrupulous, lived their day. I expected to find the structure almost as imposing as its richer mate in history, the Mosque of St. Sophia. It proved to be a dirty, rambling, yellow building without the slightest semblance of architectural beauty, and strongly in need of disinfecting.

In Adnan Bey I found my first Turkish ally. Moreover, I discovered him to be a man of the world with a broad and generous outlook. An early aid of Kemal in the precarious days of the nationalist movement, he became the first vice president of the Angora Government. Moreover, he had another claim to fame, for he is the husband of the renowned Halide Hanum, the foremost woman reformer of Turkey, whom I was later to meet in interesting circumstances at Munich, and whose story will be disclosed in a subsequent article. Adnan Bey, however, is not what we would call a professional husband in America. Long before he rallied to the Kemalist cause he was widely known as one of the ablest physicians in Turkey.

He at once sent a telegram to Angora asking for my permission to go. This permission is concretely embodied in a pass—the aforesaid *vesica*—which is issued by the Constantinople prefect of police. Back in the days of the Great War it was a difficult procedure to get the so-called white pass which enabled the holder to go to the front. Compared with the coveted permission to visit Angora, that pass was about as inaccessible as a public handbill, as I was now to discover.

Adnan Bey told me that he would have an answer from Angora in about three days. I found that three days was like the Russian word *scichas* which technically means "immediately" but when employed in action or rather lack of action on its own ground, usually spells "next month."

Red-Tape Entanglements

AFTER a week passed the American Embassy inquired of the Sublime Porte if they had heard about my application, but no word had come. A few days later Turkish officialdom went mad. An order was promulgated that no alien except of British, French or Italian nationality could enter or leave Constantinople without the consent of Angora. People who had left Paris or London, and they included various Americans, with existing credentials, were held up at the Turkish frontier, despite the fact that the order had been issued after they had started. Thanks to Admiral Bristol's prompt and persistent endeavors, the frontier ban was lifted from Americans. Angora became swamped overnight with telegraphic protests and requests, and I felt that mine was completely lost in the new and growing shuffle.

Meanwhile I had acquired a fine upstanding young Turk, Reschad Bey by name, who spoke English, French and German fluently, as dragoman, which means courier and interpreter. No alien can go to Angora without such an aid, because, save in a few isolated spots, the only language spoken in Anatolia is Turkish. Reschad Bey was really an inheritance from Robert Imbrie, who had just retired after a year as American consul at Angora. Reschad Bey had been his interpreter. Much contact with Imbrie had acquainted him with American ways and he thoroughly sympathized with my impatience over the delay. He had a strong pull at Angora himself and sent some telegrams to friends in my behalf.

At the expiration of the second week Admiral Bristol made a personal appeal to Adnan Bey to expedite my permission, and a second strong telegram went from the Sublime Porte to Angora. Other Turkish and American individuals whom I had met added their requests by wire. Of course I was occupied with other work, but I had only a limited amount of time at my disposal and when all was said and done, Kemal was the principal prize of the trip and I was determined to land him. Early in July therefore I sent Reschad Bey to Angora to find out just what the situation was. He departed on the morning of the Fourth. When I returned to my hotel from attending the Independence Day celebration at the embassy I found a telegram from Angora addressed to Reschad Bey in my care from one of his friends in the government, saying that my permission to go to Angora had been wired nine days before! Yet on the previous morning the Sublime Porte had declared that Angora was still silent on my request.

Upon investigation I found that in the tangle of red tape at the prefecture of police the coveted telegram had been shoved under a pile of papers and no one knew anything about it until a long search, instigated at my request, had disclosed the anxiously awaited message. It was a typically Turkish procedure, and just the kind of thing that might have happened at an official bureau anywhere in China. Before Reschad Bey reported to me after his return I had the *vesica* in my possession and was getting ready to start.

Difficult as was this first step, it was matched in various handicaps by nearly every stage of the actual journey. Again I was to run afoul of Turkish official decree.

In ordinary circumstances, if I had been a Turk I could have boarded a train at Haidar Pasha, which is just across the Bosporus by ferry from Constantinople and the beginning of the Anatolian section of the much-discussed Berlin-to-Bagdad Railway, and gone without change to Angora in approximately twenty-seven hours. It happened, however, that the whole Turkish Army of considerably more than 250,000 men was mobilized beyond Ismid and along the railroad right of way. No alien was permitted to make this journey. Instead of the comparatively easy trip by rail—I say "comparatively" advisedly—he was compelled to go by boat to Mudania, then by rail to Brusa, and subsequently by motor all day across the Anatolian plain to Kara Keuy, where he would pick up the train from Haidar Pasha. Instead of twenty-seven hours, this trip—and it was the one I had to make took exactly fifty-five hours

Going to Angora these days is like making an expedition to the heart of China or Africa. In the first place you must carry your own food. There are other preliminaries. One of the most essential, even if it is not the most æsthetic, is to secure half a dozen tins of insect powder. The moment you leave Constantinople—and for that matter even while you are within the storied precincts of the great city—you make the acquaintance of endless little visitors of every conceivable kind and bite. Apparently the average Turk has become more or less inured to the inroads of vermin, but even long experience with trench warfare does not cure the European of aversion to it.

It was on a brilliant sunlight Monday morning that I left Constantinople for Angora. Admiral Bristol had placed a submarine chaser in command of Captain T. H. Robbins at my disposal and we were therefore able to dispense with the crowded and none too clean Turkish boat. Accompanied by Lewis Heck, who had been the first American High Commissioner to Turkey after the Armistice, and who now had a business mission at Angora, and the faithful Reschad Bey, I made the journey to Mudania across the Sea of Marmora in four hours, arriving at noon. Until November, 1922, Mudania was merely a spot on the Turkish map. After the Greek debacle, and when the British and Turkish armies had come within a few feet of actual collision at Chanak, and war between the two powers seemed inevitable, General Sir Charles Harington, commander of the British forces in Turkey, and Ismet Pasha—the same Ismet who led the Allied delegates such a merry diplomatic chase at Lausanne—met here and arranged the famous truce that was the prelude to the first Lausanne Conference.

Madame Brotte and Her Hotel

OVERNIGHT the village became famous. The small stone house near the quay where the conference was held is now occupied by a Turkish family and is overrun with children.

Instead of making the forty-mile journey to Brusa in the toy train that runs twice a day, we traveled in a brand-new

Kemal With His Puppies

Madame Kemal

American flivver just acquired by a Brusa dealer, which had been ordered by telegraph and which awaited us at the dock. The hillsides were dark with a mass of olive trees, while in the valleys tobacco and corn grew in abundance. The Anatolian peasant is a thrifty and industrious soul and apparently had got back on the job of reconstruction even while the Greek transports were fading out of sight.

Long before the muezzins sounded from the minarets their musical calls to sunset prayer we arrived in Brusa, the ancient capital of Turkey, and still a place of commercial importance. Here we stopped the night at the Hôtel d'Anatolie, where I bade farewell to anything like comfort and convenience until my return there on my way back to Constantinople.

This hotel is one of the famous institutions of Anatolia. It is owned by Madame Brotte, who is no less distinguished than her hostelry. Out in her pleasant garden, where we could listen to the musical flow of a tiny cataract, this quaint old lady, still wearing the white cap of the French peasant, told me her story. She had been born in Lyons, in France, eighty-four years ago, and came to Anatolia with her father, a silk expert, when she was twenty-one. Brusa is the center of the Turkish silk industry, which was founded and is still largely operated by the French. Madame had married the proprietor of the hotel shortly after her advent, and on his death took over the operation. Wars, retreats and devastations beat about her, but she maintained her serene way. She had lived in Turkey so long that she mixed Turkish words with her French. Listening to her patter in that fragrant environment, and with the memory of the excellent French dinner she had served, made it difficult for me to realize that I was in Anatolia and not in France.

Anatolia, let me add, is bone-dry so far as alcohol is concerned. The one regret that madame expressed was that the Turks sealed up her wine cellar, and only heaven and Angora knew when those seals would be lifted. It is worth mentioning that during the eight days I spent in Anatolia I never saw a drop of liquor. It is about the only place in the world where prohibition seems to prohibit. Constantinople is a different, and later, story.

In Madame Brotte I got another evidence of a curious formula of colonial expansion. When you knock about the world, and especially the outlying places, you discover that certain races follow definite rules when they are implanted in foreign soil. The first thing that the English do is to start a bank. The Spanish invariably build a church, while the French set up a café. So it was in Anatolia.

It was with a certain regret that I bade farewell the next morning to the dear old French dame. In the same flivver that brought us up from Mudania we started on the all-day run to Kara Keuy. At the outskirts of Brusa I saw the first tangible signs of the Greek disaster. Ditched along the roadside were hundreds of motor trucks—unwilling gifts from the Greeks—which the Turks had not even taken the trouble to remove or salvage. As we swung into the open country ruined farmhouses met the gaze on every side Whole villages had been wiped out when the Greeks had pressed on for what they had fondly believed to be the capture of Angora. They came back much faster than they advanced.

Travel by Oxcart

WE WERE in the real Anatolia. This mellifluous name, rivaled in beauty of sound only by Mesopotamia, means "the place where the sun rises." It had long shone on people and events bound up in the narrative of all human and spiritual progress, for we now skirted what might be called the rim of the cradle of mankind. Across these plains had stalked the stately and immortal figures of Biblical days. Here the armies of Alexander and Pompey had camped, and the famous Gordian knot was cut. Here, too, passed the mailed crusaders on the road to Jerusalem, and amid the green hills that rose to the left and right the civilization of the Near East was born.

The Kemal Home at Angora

I now had my first contact with what has been well called the Anatolian oxcart symphony. It is the weirdest perhaps of all sounds, and is emitted from the ungreased wood-wheeled carts drawn by oxen or water buffalo, which provide the only available vehicle for the Turkish farmer. There has been no change in its noise or construction since the days of Saul of Tarsus. It is a violation of etiquette for the driver of one of these carts—the roads are alive with them—to be awake in transit, incredible as this seems when you have heard the frightful noise. He awakes only when the screech stops. Silence is his alarm clock. These carts do about fifteen miles a day. When the Greeks had the important Southern Turkish ports bottled up, all of Kemal's supplies were hauled in these carts for over two hundred miles to Angora.

The farther we traveled the more did the country take on the aspect of Northern France after the war. Hollyhocks were growing in the shell holes, and there were always the gaunt, stark ruins of a house or village sentineling the landscape. We passed through the village of In Onu, where the Greeks and the Turks had met in bloody battle, and just as the sun was setting we drew up at Kara Keuy, which is merely a railway station flanked by a few of the coffeehouses that you find everywhere in Turkey. A contingent of Turkish troops was encamped near by. Before we could get coffee we had to submit our papers for examination by the police.

An hour later the train that had left Haidar Pasha that morning pulled in. We bagged a first-class compartment and started on the final lap to Angora. Midnight found us at Eski-Shehr, once a considerable town, where the Greeks and the Turks were at death grips for months. After the Turkish retirement in 1921 the town was burnt by the Greeks. No sooner was I on the train and trying

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FEED AND CHICKEN FEED

By OMA ALMONA DAVIES

ILLUSTRATED BY TONY SARG

Sheriff Ofendahl Discovered It as He Ambled Along on Horseback

THE small, limp, black creature in the corner of Adlai Kutz's pasture did not look like a golden calf. Sheriff Ofendahl, who discovered it as he ambled along on horseback, did not suspect that it was; nor, certainly, did Adlai Kutz, to whom Ofendahl hastily conveyed the news of the animal's demise.

Though temperamentally indisposed to rapid action, the sheriff upon this occasion fairly scuttled up the clamshell-bordered path which led to Adlai's house. Seen from either front or rear, he bore an unmistakable resemblance to a grasshopper in joyous flight, his greenish coat tails billowing in the spring breeze, his powerful mandibles champing, his shallow eyes wide-fixed in pleasureful anticipation.

Never forgetful of his official position, he betook himself to the ceremonial front door and rapped. There was no response. He rapped again. The nails of his incurving fingers rasped his palms in impatience. He scrambled down the steps and went toward the rear.

But he did not knock upon the screen door of the kitchen. Before he reached it he became aware that a storm was in progress within. He hastily sheltered himself behind the honeysuckle which screened one side of the porch, and listened. The floods were descending in soprano crescendos and were beating upon a figure in the middle of the kitchen whom Ofendahl could descry through the loose foliage. It was evident that Adlai Kutz, dejectedly twisting this way and that, was maintaining his footing with difficulty.

"To the Near-Easters ten dollars you would give it! To such furriners, once! And me, I could slave the meat from off my bones, and what does it make? Are them Near-Easters a-sendin' ten dollars fur me to go on a pleasure picnic? I should guess anyhow not! Not a picnic with a basket do I go on this year a'ready. If them furriners would get out from their beds behind sunup and set their hens still and stir the sots in fur to make their bread like what I ——"

"There's where you hit the heads on the nail!" a harassed voice interposed. "Them folks ain't got no bread nor no hens; no, nor not even no beds! You heard how preacher put it out. Me, I ain't fur seein' no kids starve, so good fixed as what I am. I ain't natured that way."

"Good fixed! Yi, yi, yi! It fixes us plenty good fur to fork over ten dollars to folks we ain't ever seen a'ready. But I put it plain now. I will take my own head a little. If I have got myself married to such a dopple that he will throw to such shif'less furriners, I ain't anyways got to stay by him, that there's the truth once. I kin take the two hunert dollars where pop inherited to me and go to town over fur to hire out. That there will give you a shamed face in front of the neighbors, I should guess anyhow."

The sheriff here recklessly parted the branches. The drowning man was going under for the third time, there was no doubt of that; he was throwing out one foot after the other as one striving for a last hold. Also, there was the feebleness of defeat in his tones.

"Well, hire then! Two hunert times I hear of them two hunert dollars since we was married a'ready. I will have glad when it is spent all. But—listen on me once agin now, Tippie. This here is how I make my thoughts. It ain't costing us nothing, not fur really. Two twin hommies that black cow went and borned fur us when we wasn't lookin' to only but one still. Ain't that Prowidence, I ast you? Ten dollars exter off the butcher it should fetch. Can't you see it don't make moral fur to go hoggin' down when folks is starvin' a'ready?"

No better entrance cue was ever afforded heavy villain. Sheriff Ofendahl stepped hastily upon the porch.

"Two twin hommies did I hear you say, Brother Kutz? Well, mebbe. I don't know right if a hommie is a hommie while it can't draw its breath no longer." He swung open the screen door the better to pleasure his eyes upon the two smitten motionless before him. "It's a layin'," he amplified, with a swing of his arm toward the pasture.

Adlai Kutz slowly brushed a disordered lock from before his dazed eyes.

"You mean—somepun's upt and died fur me?"

Tippora Kutz stood tense. Her brown eyes flamed upon the visitor as though lighted from the red flare in her cheeks. She suddenly flung toward her husband; a hairpin whirred from her thick black hair and clicked against the wall.

"Prowidence!" she shrilled, and began to laugh.

And yet the calf was not a total loss. That same afternoon Henry Kreider, the poultryman, drove into Adlai's yard. He had come to buy the calf for chicken feed.

"It wonders me now how it come Ofendahl recommended youse to my hommie," mused Adlai as he lifted the small body into the tail of the Kreider express.

"Yes, ain't?" agreed Kreider. "It wonders me, too, considering of everything."

Both, upon unconscious impulse, turned and gazed at the handsome figure of Tippora Kutz as she bent from them to deposit the three dollars for the calf in her petticoat pocket. The rivalry, fifteen years before, of Kutz and Ofendahl for the hand of the sprightly Tippora was still the romantic classic of the community.

Kreider, who was lame, leaned back against the fence and sketched reminiscently in the gravel with the tip of his crutch.

"Well, mebbe bygones is now bygones with him. And, anyways, I wouldn't just to say he recommended nothing. He come by my place and he told about this here calf o' yourn. And then he said how was my hens doin'. And I said back, 'Middlin',' just like that; 'they're middlin'.' And he says, 'Give them meat once or so often. That there is what stirs them.' And I give him right on it, but I says, 'Meat costs now so dear.' And then he upt and says, 'Live meat. Yes, ain't so? And, 'course, there ain't so much dead meat a-layin' anywheres.' And then he said he got to git to town ower. Just like that, 'Well, I got to git to town ower.' And he give me good-by." Kreider passed a puzzled hand over his soft, fair hair. "So I guess you wouldn't just to say he recommended nothing, would you? He didn't git down from off his horse, even. He just kep' a settin'. And I guess I just got onto the hint of this here chicken feed some way."

"Yes, he just kep' a settin'!" struck in Tippora. "I would bet he just kep' a settin'. With no prisoners at the jail—since pro'bition—here he can ride at his horse from daylights till dark still. It would, now, fetch a laugh fur me if Ofendahl had to stay by the jail once and earn a'ready where we spend at him in the taxes."

Kreider laughed.

"Mebbe, then, I would better turn bootlegger or some such, fur to keep sheriff by his job."

Kutz stared over his toil-bent shoulder toward his fields, palpitating already in presage of a hot summer, and smiled.

"Yes, he can set while we sweat a'ready. But it don't kreistle me none," he added generously. "I am glad there is some folks where can take a vacation once in so often."

Adlai Kutz's blue eyes were mild both in shade and expression, but they had a way of gazing long and persistently, which made them seem more intense than they really were.

Several times Sheriff Ofendahl flinched from them as he and Adlai made a memorable trip to town in the official buckboard some two weeks later. Several times as he felt those questioning, panic-stricken orbs focusing silently upon him he had cleared his throat in loud nonchalance or whistled between his teeth.

And yet it was the hour of his greatest triumph. He had arrested Adlai Kutz, the richest farmer in the township, his old-time rival and his all-time enemy.

He had had the rare satisfaction of explaining to the incredulous Adlai that he was a malefactor, a criminal, a violator of the law of this, our state, namely and to wit, Act 2568 a Stats. 1905, P. 317: Prevention of Spread of Contagious Diseases Among Animals. Further and to wit, Section III: No such animal shall be sold, used or permitted to be used for the food of human beings, or sold, used or permitted to be used for the feed of any domestic animal or fowl. Still further and to wit—extremely witty in fact—Section IV: Penalty of Violation of Statute: Fifty to five hundred dollars fine, or imprisonment not exceeding one hundred and eighty days, or both.

The sheriff had enunciated with peculiar explosive force that word "both" in expatiating upon the enormity of Adlai's crime.

"It ain't anyways reasonable to conceit that the judge will let you off with just either the fine or either the jail. Five hunert you would mebbe got to give it, and a hunert eighty days in my jail. And

"Well, if it Ain't Missus!"

"I Ain't fur Opposing Nothing," Said Adlai Mildly

today, still, in this here where we call the preliminary, if he leaves you loose on the bail, you would mebbe got to give it ten thousand fur your liberty, or some such."

Whether the arch criminal had been crushed by the descent of these enormous figures upon his confessedly guilty head, or whether he was by nature a silent man, he dumbly suffered himself to be bound to the chariot wheel of his captor, and dumbly he traversed the three miles to his preliminary arraignment before the justice of the peace.

Sheriff Ofendahl made one final attempt to extract a cry of pain. With his hand in official grip upon his captive's arm, he remarked loudly as they passed through a group of amazed onlookers upon the courthouse porch, "I pass it as my opinion, Brother Kutz, that you shouldn't oppose yourself against the judge now, if he refuses bail and puts you to my jail till such time as you're tried a'ready."

"I ain't fur opposing nothing," said Adlai mildly.

And, indeed, it seemed he had nothing to oppose. The judge heard the charge, recognized with a kindly smile the flushing Adlai, released him upon his own recognizance and set the case for trial ten days later. The sheriff chestily waved him to the buckboard.

"I give you my thanks," said Adlai with his disconcerting stare; "but I feel fur walking."

But his shoulder flinched as he passed the jail. He averted his eyes and hurried as though something might reach forth and clutch him.

If Adlai were more silent than usual during the ten pangful days that ensued, Tippora was not. She ran the gamut of all the agonizing emotions and she vented them all through her tongue.

"Och, my souls!" she would burst out. "Such a disgrace you have brang onto me! To go to work and git arrested oncet! Och, elend! I wisht still if I could up and die and git buried a'ready!"

And again: "It was in your place to have knew the law at your hommies. Then that sneaky sheriff wouldn't have up and ketched you. Such nitwits as what the men is anyways! They ain't a man of the male sect livin' or dead on this here earth yet that I would give ten dollars fur." Which was broad in its scope but narrow in its application, emphasized, as it was, by a penetrating stare at her husband.

Between the distraught Tippora and the visitors, curious or sympathetic, or both, who thronged his farm, Adlai led a hunted life. From four to a dozen conveyances drove into his barnyard daily; on the two Sundays before the trial the number doubled. He was not allowed to forget his sale of unlawful chicken feed for a moment.

"Maybe, now, mister will get a setback in the meeting," he would hear Tippora speculating. "Do you think, oncet? I guess, anyways, preacher would take him off the deacons. I couldn't blame him none, neither; it wouldn't look just so good fur the church to have its deacon in a cell a-settin'. It wouldn't look according."

That Adlai was not destined for the melancholy rôle of jailbird, however, was ascertained by young Kreider. Appalled over his share in the catastrophe, he summoned desperate courage to approach the judge and to interview him as to Adlai's probable fate. Upon his return he hopped like a broken-winged bird up the kitchen steps and elatedly swung his crutch in the air.

"He sayed where he wouldn't even to think of putting such a good citizen as what Brother Kutz is to the jail! But he did say he would got to make it some such fine while Adlai didn't have no lawyer fur to argy at."

"Lawyer!" jeered Tippora. "I guess we have got trouble plenty, let alone gittin' the rest part of our money sharpered off us! And, anyways, we ain't fur sneaking nothing. Mister he went and sold the hommie where died off the glanders, ain't he? Well then, we ain't fur hirin' one of them lawyers to squirm out of it fur us. But the fine! My souls, the hard! How much do you conceit he will do us? Them three what you give fur the hommie? Or would he, mebbe, got the cheek fur to charge us five?"

Kreider steadied himself upon his crutch. He passed his hand awkwardly over his hair.

"Yes, that fine now. This here is how I make my thoughts." He avoided Adlai's eyes. "Me, I was in the bottom of this here trouble. So I have got the right to pay anyways half."

Tippora's hand made a clawing motion.

"Yes! I give you right ——"

"Och, you talk dumb!" interrupted Adlai quickly. His own eyes veered from Kreider's in embarrassed emotion and his voice husked, "Git along to your chores, Henry. It makes dark soon."

A casual visitor to the court room on the eighth day of June might have surmised that he had wandered into the Evangelical Church. Every inch of space was preempted by the worshipers of that congregation. The day was sultry; palm-leaf fans added to the soft susurrus of whispers and sighs.

Some of the more pious, after looking their fill upon the leading figures in the drama, solemnly inclined prayerful foreheads behind raised palms.

Tippora Kutz sat in the front row, rigid, beside her husband. A new black sailor pitched forward from her abundant coil of hair; above its crown two stiffly wired antennæ of black ribbon vibrated belligerently. Adlai sat in his usual attitude, arms folded, eyes downcast. Sheriff Ofendahl was throned on a side seat near the judge's desk, his shallow eyes raking the room continuously, his mandibles champing, his breath noisy. Once he caused a horrified start through the room by clinking a pair of handcuffs from one pocket to the other, so disposing them that the aperture for a problematical wrist dangled in full view.

"People versus Adlai Kutz."

People strained forward. Adlai rose. The palm leaves paused motionless, like pallid, upstrained ears. The charge was read.

"Guilty or not guilty?"

"Guilty."

A collective Evangelical moan shivered the palm leaves.

"Sixty dollars or sixty days."

The court grasped a fly swatter and tidily murdered. Adlai swayed a little, as though the swatter had caught him too. His Adam's apple began to work like a hoist pump, and each hoist seemed to pry his eyes open wider. The judge looked up inquiringly.

"I speak to my wife," gasped Adlai.

He sat down and leaned toward her. But, as usual, it was Tippora who first found voice.

"Six dollars!" The antennæ struck belligerently toward the judge. "Twicet times over what we got off the hommie! Six dollars did I hear you, judge?"

"It ain't like his hens went and died off my hommie," Adlai pleaded miserably.

A crutch in the rear clattered eagerly.

"No, that it ain't too! My hens ain't died of nothing!"

"Now you hear the evidences!" cried Tippora. "None of his hens ain't died from nothing. False pretenses, or what you call it, that there is what fetched us into this here scrape. And I could name off the feller where ——"

"Order in the court!" bellowed the sheriff with continuous rappings.

Adlai whispered to her. Tippora clutched at her middle then, and went completely under. She came up fighting feebly for breath.

"Six-ty! Sixty dollars! Sixty! Sixty!" Over and over she sibilated, like a stricken reptile hissing its last.

"Well, which do you prefer, Mr. Kutz? Which will you take, fine or imprisonment?"

The impatience in the tone brought Adlai to his feet. But once more, in an agony of uncertainty, he bent over Tippora.

"Go anywheres!" she struck out wildly. "Only—don't give nobody nothing! Och, murderation!"

"But, you wouldn't put me—I couldn't go—to the jail!" panted Adlai.

Behind him his fellow deacons snorted sympathy. Adlai turned half about upon his heels. Then with one hand he grasped the lower end of a trousers pocket; with the other he slowly drew forth a pigskin poke.

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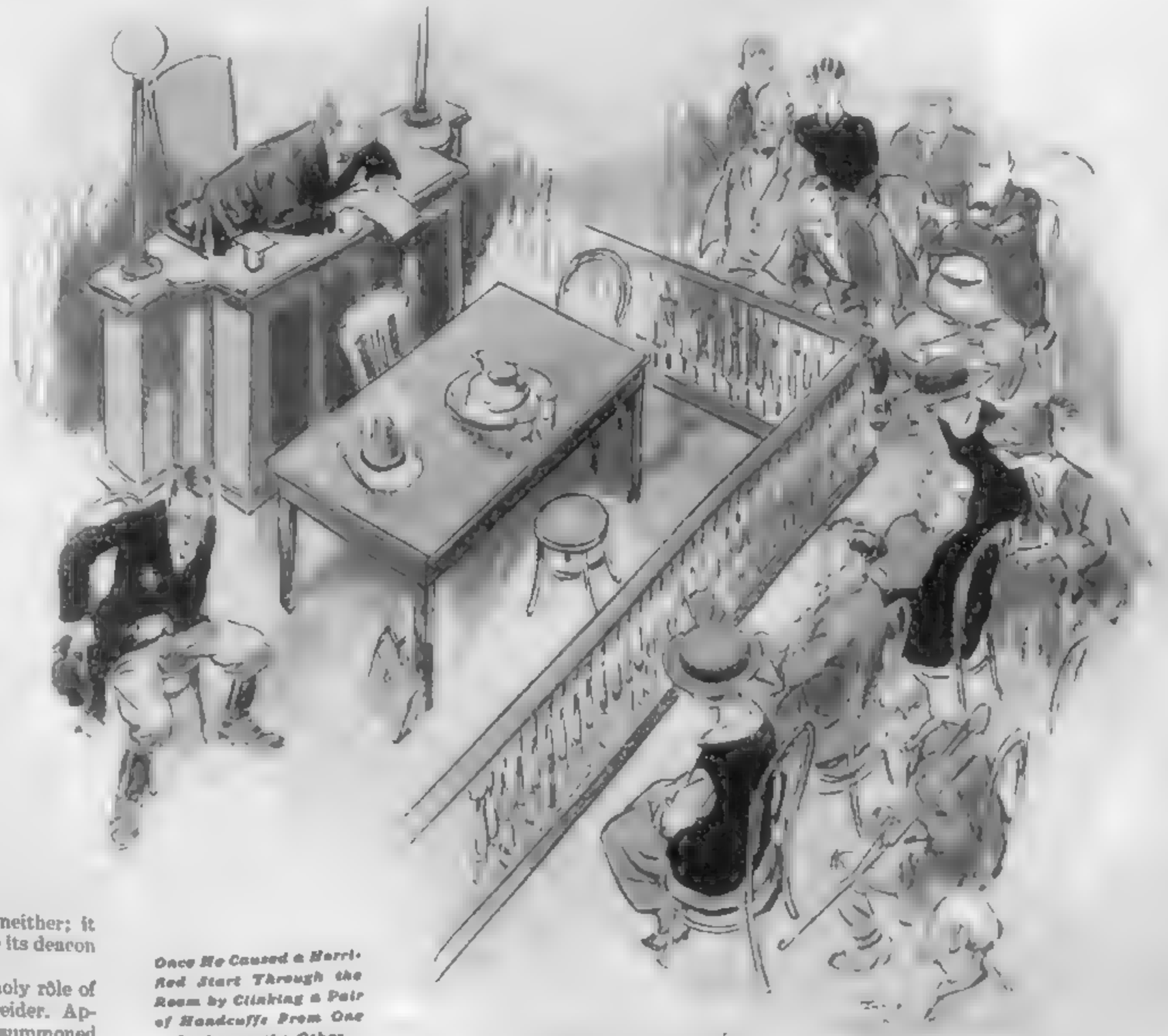

Once He Caused a Horrified Start Through the Room by Clinking a Pair of Handcuffs From One Pocket to the Other

THE LUCK OF THE MINGS

By Edgar Jepson

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY J. SOULEN

NOW and then the human heart goes out, really goes out, to a thing, a made thing; and this would seem to happen when there is a kinship between the spirit of the maker of the thing and the spirit that goes out to it.

There must have been some such kinship between the spirit of John Henry Thoresway and the spirit of the maker of the jade vase, for his heart went out to it. It was the proportion rather than the carving, though the carving was fine and very deep, that so strongly attracted him. That proportion was exquisite. The vase was square; each side of it was about an inch and a half broad; and it was a trifle more than seven inches high. It was that trifle more, perhaps, which gave it its exquisite proportion. Once it was a milky white with perhaps a faint green tinge to it. The air of centuries had oxidized it a brownish, greenish gray.

John Henry liked it better than the two black porcelain vases, or the four big pieces of milky jade, late Ming or K'ang-hi, elaborately carved, or the four jadeite pendants of the most beautiful translucent green which William Jones had taken out of the wooden case and set on the broad shelf which ran the length of the bare untidy room in which the cases of Oriental objects of art which came to Messrs. Walton & Woodberry, Oriental Importers, were unpacked.

The Chinamen Were Squeaking and Scuffling Around Them. Frank Harris' Voice Came From the Far Corner in Surprised Profanity

"I do like this vase," he said.

William Jones took it from him and examined it; then he said: "It ain't exactly a vase; it's a joss-stick holder, what they keeps those little thin sticks of incense in they burns in front of their josses. Look at this 'ere iron liner."

He drew out the iron liner, which had been fitted inside the slender column of jade to hold the joss sticks, and went on: "It is a nice piece—a very nice piece; an' old; might be fourteenth century. An' it's got all the luck of the world on it—bats and the fish, the peaches of Seiobo, cherry blossoms, peonies, them bamboo shoots, and the sign of the Four Quarters. It would be a piece to 'ave, it would, for a man as wanted some luck."

"That's just what I do want," said John Henry with conviction, and ruefully

"An' there's money in it, too, or should be—ten pound, or it might be fifty. It's these 'ere little, out-of-the-common pieces that the dealers don't know nothink about that there's the biggest profit on. It won't go with these other things. The big dealers'll come 'ere for them—four thousand apiece they'll give for them two vases. I shall send it along to Gleneby's with the other stuff that's going there; and it'll fetch something under a fiver, unless there 'appens to be a couple of collectors there who knows what's what and bids each other up."

He spoke with authority. He had come to Messrs. Walton & Woodberry from a famous sale room in St. James's, where, for many years, he had unpacked from just such cases thousands of objects of art and seen them sold. So that, being shrewd, with a good eye, he had become an excellent judge of the quality and value of all kinds of rare things from a miniature by Cosway to a mid-African drum or a Han bronze.

He set the jade vase a yard away from the important pieces on the shelf and went on with his unpacking. John Henry looked at it; it was growing on him.

Presently William Jones paused and scratched his head and said, "Rum, I calls it."

"What?" said John Henry.

"These 'ere cases of Sing's. The stuff in 'em's always imperial. If ever there's a dragon on any of it it's a five-clawed emperor's dragon. An' I'll lay odds that all this stuff is imperial pieces. And there ain't no emperors any more. Where does it come from? And 'ow does 'e get 'old of it?"

"There must be a lot of imperial stuff about," John Henry suggested.

William Jones wrinkled his red nose, on the coloring of which he had for so many years spent so much good money, and with an expression of scorn on his wrinkled, fretful face said in a sarcastic tone, "A reg'lar mine, I should say, judgin' from these 'ere cases of Sing's; an' 'e goes an' digs in it—leastways 'is friends over there do. Rum, I calls it."

"I have thought it odd, sometimes, that he brings his stuff to us," said John Henry thoughtfully. "He knows very well that it goes to the big dealers or the big sale rooms. Why doesn't he take it to them himself instead of paying us a commission to do so for him? Why, if any of it goes to the sale rooms he pays a double commission on it."

William Jones scratched his head again and with an expression of enlightenment he said, "If it ain't surprisin' 'ow one does miss things! Of course! 'E sends it to us because we're a most respectable firm and no questions is asked about anything that comes from us."

"I see," said John Henry.

William Jones finished unpacking the case. John Henry made a list of the objects of art it contained in his notebook and went down to the office to enter them in the ledger, thinking about the jade vase and Mr. Sing.

He considered Mr. Sing by far the smoothest human being he had ever come across, or was ever likely to come across. Smooth in his talk, his manner, his gestures and his gait, that stout, round-faced, sleepy-eyed, benignant and amiable Chinaman had always seemed to him the final embodiment of human smoothness. More than once during the afternoon he found himself thinking about the jade vase; twice he went upstairs to look at it again. It certainly had taken his fancy in the most astonishing way.

Also it had the speculative interest. William Jones had declared that there was money in it, if it was sold at Gleneby's for a few pounds. John Henry wanted money; he wanted to get away from London to spend a fortnight in his native Lincolnshire. If he made a five out of the vase it would be useful; a tenner would be pleasing indeed.

He came out into the sunny evening, feeling disconsolate. There was nothing he wanted to do, nowhere he wanted to go. He was missing the war. He often missed it still. He had started at twenty as a private in the Territorials in 1914, and come out at twenty-four as a colonel of a London regiment. The office was often irksome. London often stifling. Walton & Woodberry were good employers; but he had no use for orders from other men; he had given too many himself. But his gratuity had gone, like so many gratuities, on an intensive garden; and he had had to take a job. He had been uncommonly pleased to get his post at three pounds a week.

He walked briskly home to his bed-sitting room in the Ainger Road; and the walk did him good. He cooked himself a meal on his gas ring and went out into Regent's Park. Yes, he did want the jade vase. He could do with some luck; he could do with some money. He would have a try for it.

A fortnight later he went to Gleneby's sale rooms with five pounds in his pocket. He got more of the gambler's thrill, bidding for that vase, than ever he had gotten out of a poker game. There were only dealers present; and it was knocked down to him for three pounds seven shillings and sixpence. He paid cash for it. Therefore, he did not give his name and address, and received it at once. He came out of the sale room triumphant, with the vase bulging out the breast pocket of his coat.

As he came down the steps Mr. Sing, coming quickly up them, brushed past him with hardly a glance. He had lost his smoothness of movement and appeared to be in a hurry, a devil of a hurry. He was almost running. His eyes were no longer sleepy, his face no longer serene. He wore a really flustered air. John Henry wondered for a moment what had rattled him, then thought no more about it. That evening he carried his treasure home, cleared all the ornaments off the chimney piece, and set the vase in the middle of it. Now that it was his he liked it better than ever. Of course

he must make money out of it; but he was in no hurry to do so.

Two afternoons later he was at work at his desk when Mr. Sing entered the office and came straight to it. He was as usual the last word in smoothness.

He smiled benignantly on John Henry and said, "In the last case from me was a vase, a brown vase, soapstone, worth six shillings only, or seven. The auctioneers wrote it jade in the catalogue—a bad mistake. A young man bought it; but they do not know his name. But they told me about him, and it seemed you. I remembered to see you coming away; but I did not see the vase with you. I will buy it back from you for the three pounds seven shillings and the sixpence. It is not right to pay the price of jade for soapstone. No."

His prolixity had given John Henry's natural instinct to protect his treasure time to get fully roused. He smiled amiably and said, "It's very good of you, Mr. Sing; but you needn't worry about me. I didn't buy any soapstone vase. I don't collect soapstone."

In a breath the smoothness had gone from Mr. Sing's face, the sleepiness from his eyes. A very greedy man was glaring at John Henry.

"But they told me it was you! Not on the sale day, but today!" he exclaimed. "The man who hands the lots remembered it was you—from Walton & Woodberry. He had seen you often come and arrange about selling things. I will have the vase! I must have it! I shall! Here is the money!"

He opened his hand, disclosed three pound notes, and set them on the desk with three half crowns on the top of them.

John Henry's good, square East-Anglian chin came a little farther out and his gray eyes narrowed a little as he said in a good-humored tone, "But you can't insist on having things back that you sell at a public auction, Mr. Sing. The soapstone vase is the property of whoever bought it."

Mr. Sing hesitated; then simple murder glared from his eyes. John Henry knew that glare; he had seen it often—in trenches. It did not affect him. Then, suddenly and swiftly, the smoothness came over the Chinaman's face—it came down just like a revolving shutter over a shop window, John Henry thought—and his eyes went to sleep again.

He sighed sharply and said in his usual smooth, expressionless voice, "Well, I will pay you more. I will give you as much as five pounds."

"No, no," said John Henry in a compassionate voice. "A soapstone vase can't be worth as much as five pounds."

Mr. Sing smiled amiably and said, "Soapstone—or jade, if you please—I will give five pounds."

John Henry shook his head and said rather plaintively, "You're rather wasting my time, you know, Mr. Sing."

Mr. Sing smiled amiably and said, "Fifty pounds."

It was a tempting offer, and John Henry hesitated. But he was not liking Mr. Sing at the moment. Mr. Sing had tried to trick him. Besides, he fancied that if Mr. Sing would give fifty for it, someone else would give a hundred. He shook his head and turned to the ledger. He knew that the shutter of smoothness had again rolled up from the Chinaman's face. But he did not look at it.

Mr. Sing again heaved that sharp sigh, said smoothly "You will be sorry," and went out of the office.

John Henry felt in his bones that he was going to see more of Mr. Sing; and he acted. He went straight up to William Jones and said, "Sing wants that jade vase back, and wants it badly. Can you tell me the name of a collector likely to buy it?"

"Morden Masters, Gordon House, Fitzjohn's Avenue," said William Jones promptly.

John Henry thanked him, went briskly down to the office and rang up Gordon House.

A charming, rather drawling, girl's voice asked who was there.

"My name's Thoresway. I have an interesting jade vase which, I am told by a man who knows, Mr. Morden Masters would like to see. I want to sell it."

After a pause the charming voice said, "My father will be out till dinnertime. Could you bring it this evening about nine o'clock?"

He came out of the office at five o'clock half expecting to find Mr. Sing waiting for him. There was no Mr. Sing, but a taxi stood at the corner of the street; and as he passed it he glanced into it. It was empty, but the For Hire flag was down. It was odd, for the doors of the three sets of offices in front of which it was waiting looked to be shut for the night. Could Mr. Sing be sitting on the floor of that taxi?

John Henry registered in his swift mind the distinctly cockney lineaments of the driver, and started to walk briskly to South Hampstead. He did not look back; but in Holborn he examined a motor bicycle in a shop window with some care. A taxi on the other side of the road slowed down to a walk; and the distinctly cockney driver was looking at him. Mr. Sing was sitting on the floor of that taxi.

John Henry examined three more motor bicycles minutely. The taxi, which had come to a standstill forty yards farther on, waited for him patiently. John Henry walked briskly down High Holborn, along Oxford Street, up to Baker Street and into Regent's Park. Then he turned northeast across the middle of the park, where taxis cannot go. He was walking very fast. About the middle of the park he stopped to tie a lace which had not come undone. Rather more than a hundred yards behind him a stout round figure was coming along at a jog trot—Mr. Sing. John Henry walked his fastest. It was very fast. He reached Primrose Hill at least a hundred and fifty yards ahead of the trotting Chinaman, and he did not slow down to cross it. Mr. Sing must have come out of Regent's Park with three routes to choose, and no John Henry in sight on any of them.

John Henry arrived home in a pleasant satisfaction and with an excellent appetite. At seven o'clock he made a hearty meal. At eight o'clock he paid a tribute to the charming voice which had spoken to him over the telephone. He put on evening dress. Also he thought it suitable attire in which to dispose of a valuable piece of jade. He did not look at all a dealer in objects of art; he looked a tall, strong, sinewy gentleman. He wrapped the vase in tissue paper and then in brown paper, regretfully. He was indeed loath to let it go; for him it had made such a difference to that tedious bed-sitting room.

Such clocks in the neighborhood as were synchronized were striking nine when he pressed the bell of Gordon House. A footman showed him into a beautiful, not too brightly lighted room, spacious and lofty, with very little furniture in it. Its walls were bare except for four large brackets. On one stood a tall crystal figure of Kwan Yin, not of the perfectly clear modern crystal which goes to China from Brazil to be carved for the Western markets, but of crystal clouded in parts, centuries old. On another stood a chalcedony bowl, the largest John Henry had ever seen, and of the most beautiful shape. On the two others were jade figures. During the two years he had spent at Walton & Woodberry's John Henry had learned the value of fine jade. If his vase was really good, he had brought it to the right market.

But it is only fair to him to say that the figures and bowl on the brackets were not the first things to attract his attention and excite his interest. His eyes had gone straight to the girl who was lying on the divan on the other side of the room, manifestly the possessor of the charming voice. Against the green coverlet, a time-old Chinese silk coverlet, the once bright embroidery of which age had faded, the mass of red hair which crowned and framed her brow displayed itself of an extraordinary beauty. Her face and arms were of the dead white which so often goes with hair of that red. But her eyes were not of that tedious light green which also so often goes with it. They were gray, of a darker gray than John Henry's; in that rather dim, warm light almost black.

The bald, benevolent and cheerful gentleman of sixty sitting

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He Stared at It and Turned It Round With the Caressing Fingers of Those Used to Handling Beautiful Things. "How on Earth Did You Get Hold of It?"

BILLY'S FIRST TREATY

By Norval Richardson

ALMOST everyone has forgotten the tremendous amount of comment and enthusiasm that filled the papers at the time the famous Smith-Calderon Treaty was signed; at least everyone except those who are still reaping substantial—some say fantastic—advantages from the privileges thus obtained. Years had been spent over the preparation of this treaty, ministers had been sent to the remote Central American republic, a group of congressmen had gone there—all in an attempt to convince those southern neighbors that such a convention, as formulated by us, would not only be of extraordinary advantage to them but would actually put their little community on the map, at least so far as commerce went; but all to no avail. Somehow those southern neighbors looked askance at so much northern attention; to them our interest appeared a bit too insistent; there must be more in it for the huge aggregation of northern states than the small Latin republic had yet discovered; it was much better to take time about pledging themselves to a treaty that would tie their hands for fifty years. And taking time, as interpreted by them, amounted to doing nothing.

Then, quite out of a clear sky, the papers one day announced—at first a mere paragraph that gave no explanations whatever, but which brought forth an avalanche of congratulations—that, after ten years of continuous endeavor, the treaty had actually been signed. That it bore the name of the Smith-Calderon Treaty had little to do with the affair—as is usually the case. No one apparently knew who either Smith or Calderon was—and cared less; what interested them was the fact that the treaty had been signed, approved by the Senate, signed by the President, and was now in force. So far as knowing how everything had so suddenly come to a head, never a word of the real truth ever came out.

As a matter of fact, even those who dwell within the dignified and carefully secluded walls of the State Department at Washington never knew exactly how it was accomplished. They merely received a cable one day, signed by William Seymore Welbourne, chargé d'affaires of the American Legation, which stated that the president of the small republic had that day put his name to the important document and that it was being immediately forwarded in the diplomatic pouch to Washington. Even when the document itself arrived, accompanied by a covering dispatch which told nothing except that the matter was a *fait accompli*, there was nothing that explained what had brought those southern neighbors to such a conclusion, what had happened or what had persuaded the president to sign the famous document.

Some questions were asked, many ideas were advanced, and for a while there was much conjecture; but, after all, the matter was successfully put through, the treaty was signed, interested parties wholly satisfied—and so the manner in which it was really done was soon dropped.

If you wish to know the details, take a peep behind the scenes of diplomatic drama, you will have to go way back to one of those prosperous farms in the Middle West—it was more really an estate, with its vast acres of luxuriant wheat fields—and begin with the day on which Mr. and Mrs. Welbourne received a telegram from Washington, sent by their son William Seymore—known to them and his friends as Billy—announcing that he had successfully passed the examinations for entering the diplomatic service and had been appointed a secretary of Class Three and assigned to the American Legation in one of the capitals of those remote Central American republics.

Mr. and Mrs. Welbourne read the telegram with an expressive lack of enthusiasm. Their faces showed neither joy nor satisfaction; in fact, Mrs. Welbourne's eyes were quite frankly filled with tears.

"I never did understand Billy," she said with a dismal downward inflection. "I suppose he's my son. But who'd ever think it!"

"Never made him out exactly, myself," commented Mr. Welbourne. "Suppose it's all this rigmarole we read about the new generation. Just think of a son of mine wanting to go to foreign parts to live! I can see why he might want to go and see 'em—but live among those queer people! It's too much for me!"

"And you in a position to give him such a good start here!"

"One of the finest pieces of property in the whole of the United States—big house—furnace—running water—automobiles—and Chicago only three hours away! He's a queer duck."

"It's all because you let him go so far away from home to that college."

"I! You let him go yourself. I did my best to persuade him out of it."

"Well, John, we couldn't keep the boy away from a higher education when his mind was set on it."

"Higher education—fiddlesticks! If all it leads to is things like this diplomatic business, I'm not much for it." Mr. Welbourne's brows contracted. "If I knew what it all meant, I wouldn't mind so much. But diplomacy! What's it all about, anyhow?"

Mrs. Welbourne nodded. "I know, John. I've been reading about it since Billy took up the notion. It's got lots to do with all those things you read in the papers about entangling alliances. That's what George Washington called 'em."

"Entangling alliances! Just the sort of things I always say a man ought to keep out of." He shook his head disapprovingly. "No—it's a mighty big disappointment to me that Billy's got his head set in that direction. I'd always been planning he was to take over the running of this property. It's good enough for any man—and it keeps him at home. But this diplomacy—it's all Greek to me."

And it was all much more Greek to him when Billy arrived to spend a few days before departing for those unknown parts.

There comes a time in almost every parent's life when he looks at his own offspring through amazed, bewildered eyes. Mr. Welbourne was no exception; in fact, he might have been called an exaggerated case. Billy, as he said, had always been hard to make out. Even as a child he had been different from what was expected of him; he had never fitted into the routine of simple country life; he always appeared to be looking in another direction, far away from green fields—wheat fields, to be exact—and usually towards that three-hour-away city to which he went on every possible occasion. At school he had shown a very decided inclination towards books and courses that had nothing whatever to do with the growing and harvesting and selling of wheat. When it came to a question of choosing a college, his father had to leave the decision to him; there was nothing else to do; the boy knew exactly what he wanted and brooked no interference.

"Of course he can go there if he wants to," the doting parent said. "But I must say the price of learning has gone up a lot since I was a boy. What I've got to pay out for Billy's four years at that college would have kept a whole family for life a few years ago."

Billy's appearance, when he arrived fresh from Washington, struck the first note in his parents' dismay. He looked, as Mrs. Welbourne expressed it, terribly different. His clothes had a different set to them; more style, if you'd call it that, than they had had even when he returned from the first year at college; he had actually had the cheek to let a little down grow on his upper lip, which promised, with constant attention, to turn up slightly at the corners; he had a pair of horn-rimmed spectacles which he invariably put on before attempting to read even the address on the numerous letters that arrived daily for him; and his trunks—which he called luggage—added the last straw to the disapproving bewilderment of his father. They were large circular bags of thick gleaming leather, painted round with a broad red band, which he confessed he had bought from an English importing house at a staggering figure.

When his mother had followed him up to his room and watched him standing in the midst of his newly acquired luggage, the greater part of the recently achieved difference was laid aside. They were entirely too good pals, as Billy expressed it, to use worldly mannerisms in their intercourse.

"Darling mater," he said with both arms round her, "it's good to be back here with you—even if it's only for a few days. I always feel you are on my side. Now—with pater, it's different; he doesn't ever seem to know what I'm driving at. But you—you're always right there—you understand me."

Mrs. Welbourne looked at him adoringly. "No, Billy, I don't understand you. I don't even try to any more; but I do love you—just the same."

"Anyway—you don't make fun of me." Billy gave her another hug. "And you do see why I don't want to spend my life driving a traction engine across a wheat field—or something like that that the pater thinks is the only real profession for a man. You've got broad vision, mater; and when I'm sent to one of those big European capitals where there's a court and kings and queens—you are going to come and stay with me for a long time. Won't it be fun to be presented at court!"

Mrs. Welbourne's eyes clouded. "I'd be scared to death, Billy. You'll have to come back and tell me about all those strange people. It's nice to read and hear about them—but meeting them ——" Her voice trailed off into timid silence as though the mere thought of such things was oppressive.

"But you'll feel differently, mater. Just wait and see. And I'd be so proud of you in a long train—and a spreading fan—and white feathers in your hair. You'd be lovely."

"Oh, Billy!" came a protesting sigh.

He turned to the impressive bags and began unstrapping them. "Want to see all the things I've bought? Does look like a bit of a splurge, doesn't it?" as he took out suit after suit. "But, you see, in diplomacy you have to have special things for each occasion. Frock coats are generally admitted to be out of date, but they are an absolute necessity. For instance, when I call on the minister for foreign affairs I must wear one—with a top hat—and those spats—and a stick. How do you like it? Doggy, yes, but quite correct. This is my morning coat—for less formal occasions. I economized by getting only one pair of trousers—to wear with both coats. Wish you'd call the pater's attention to that fact. That's my dinner suit—and evening clothes. How do you like these riding breeches? They say they ride a lot down there. On the whole, I think I've got a perfectly ripping diplomatic outfit. And those books! Yes—got to take them all with me.

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"He'll Take You Later to Call on the President. I Hope You Like Sweet Champagne. That's All They Give You to Drink Down Here"

A MISSION IN THE RUHR

By PHILIP GIBBS

IT IS bad enough to be wrecked on a desert island with only Man Friday for human companionship. It is even less amusing, no doubt, to be a French lieutenant of mitrailleuses—that is to say, in charge of a machine-gun section—guarding a desolate part of the railway line between Düsseldorf and Essen.

Lieutenant Delavigne of the French Army in the Ruhr could find no amusement of any kind in the signal box from which for six months, day after day, he had stared out at the grass growing higher between the rails and sprouting in deserted wagons, and rusty engines, motionless on the sidings of what had once been the most intricate and efficient network of railroad lines in Europe.

For the thousandth time Lieutenant Delavigne uttered his complaint of boredom and despair, "*Quelle vie!*"—What a life!

For the thousandth time the sergeant his Man Friday—boxed up with him in this informal signal station, grunted his agreement. "Name of a dog, yes! It is not amusing, *mon lieutenant!*"

It is never amusing to be one of a small body of men in a hostile country where one cannot walk down a street without getting black looks from every passer-by, or to go into a shop without so much as a civil word from the girl behind the counter, to say nothing of having a sentry shot at night in the back of the head by some German civilian skulking in the darkness. That had happened at this guard post. It might happen again, any night.

It had been rather good fun at first to show the boches that France meant business and would stand no more nonsense about German reparations and unfulfilled pledges. To a young Frenchman who had seen the best part of Northern France laid waste and had heard a thousand stories of German arrogance and brutality to French people behind the lines—he had relatives in Lille who were not likely to forget these things—it was not a cause for compassion when German railway men, refusing to work under French orders, were turned out neck and crop with their families; when German industrialists, bankers, mayors and other officials were imprisoned for encouraging riot and resistance; when enormous bundles of paper money were seized and carried off in French lorries as part payment of French debts—though the stuff was hardly worth the trouble; and when threatening crowds of German miners were given a dose of machine-gun fire to teach them manners. The boches were getting a taste of their own medicine. All the same it was very boring after six months.

Lieutenant Delavigne was starving for a little human society—for a little human love, to be frank. What wonder, when a young Frenchman of twenty-five, extremely beautiful, as his glass told him, and very companionable with the fair sex, whom he adored, found himself shut up in a signal box with no other recreation than a few evenings in Essen, where even the prettiest girls and he had to admit that some of them were seductive in their blond German way—gave him at most one hostile hateful glance as though he were as ugly as a Senegalese!

Sometimes he confessed his craving for a little amorous dalliance to Sergeant Michel, and that fellow, from the Montmartre district of Paris, where once he had driven a taxicab, responded with the sympathy of a fellow victim condemned to a hermitlike existence.

"Life without women, *mon lieutenant*, is like bread without wine. Now if my little Marthe were in this signal box it would make a lot of difference. The view outside wouldn't matter two sous. I think I have told you about that girl Marthe, with her black eyes and her sharp tongue, *mon lieutenant?*"

Yes, he had told about Marthe, and Yvonne, and Suzanne, and lots of others. He had told more than he ought to have, in his frightful dialect of the Paris slums; but these love stories had helped to pass the time in the abominable signal box. It was annoying to this man that the German women would not give him a civil word. He took his revenge on them by calling them fat cows and other unpleasant names. And yet, in candid moments, he admitted that they made good wives and mothers.

She Was a Tall Girl, of Perhaps Twenty-two or Three, With a Mass of Spun-Gold Hair and Blue Eyes—as Blue as the Cornflowers in Provence

"France could do with women like that," he remarked. "Not afraid of having big families, and all their children as clean and healthy as though they had been fed on Brittany butter. France is dwindling away, *mon lieutenant*. More deaths than births. Soon we'll be in the soup—when all these boy babies are old enough to fight us."

"That's why we're here," said Lieutenant Delavigne. "To keep them weak. To prevent them from arming again."

"Bah!" said the sergeant. "We can do that for five years, ten years, twenty years. After that, the war of revenge, *mon lieutenant*—and France without allies. A charming prospect for all of us!"

He was a queer fellow, this sergeant, with leanings towards socialism and a cynical contempt for French generals, presidents and politicians, but a first-class soldier and as brave as D'Artagnan, of The Three Musketeers. He was a realist and stared facts in the face, and spat on them, as it were, in his argumentative moods, especially when they were disguised by the false optimism of the French press. Every day in the signal box he read *Le Matin*, two days old, with a kind of savage contempt.

"'All goes well in the Ruhr. German resistance is weakening. The railway service is assured. The coal deliveries are excellent. . . .' Bah! If I had that journalist here I would wring his neck! He writes that from a café in the Boulevard des Italiens with a glass of vermuth at his elbow."

The young lieutenant rose from the cane chair which he had brought to this signal box from a cottage down the line—it belonged to the family of a German railway man who had been shot for sabotage—and stared out of a window upon which he drummed with his finger nails.

That fellow Michel was not far wrong. That optimistic stuff in the French newspapers was eyewash for the people in Paris. These Germans in the Ruhr were a stubborn crowd and their passive resistance was not beaten yet. France was not getting the goods. The French *régie* in the Ruhr was not even running the trains—not more than four out of the thirty that used to run each day over these rails. French occupation did not look like good business as regards the payment of French debts or that recovery of Europe, about which there had been so much talk after the Treaty of Versailles. It was like putting a monkey wrench into the machinery of German life—here in the Ruhr. It had just stopped.

Lieutenant Delavigne wondered how it was all going to end—for France as well as Germany.

Sergeant Michel seemed to answer his thoughts.

"We're on the edge of a volcano, *mon lieutenant*. It all looks very quiet over there in Essen, *n'est-ce-pas?* Yes, but wait a bit. We shall see some pretty bonfires before we get back to the Place de la Concorde. The flames of hell, *mon lieutenant*."

He asked a question, abruptly, with a *petit caporal* cigarette lolling from his thin lips.

"Do you know what's being manufactured—wholesale—by German miners who don't pick coal?"

"What's that?" asked the lieutenant.

The sergeant struck a match, one of those spluttering French matches, and held it close to his nose.

"Hate," he said. "Hotter than this flame. Hatred against France. When I walk through Essen I can feel the fire of it scorching me from the eyes of German girls whom I'd like to kiss now and then because they're women and I'm a man and human nature is human nature, *mon lieutenant*. I can feel it flaring up in the heads of these square-skulled swine standing like dumb beasts at street corners and watching me with slant eyes as I pass in the uniform of France. They look tame enough, eh? Well, they're getting hungry. No meat. Not enough potatoes. No fats for their stomachs. Precious little milk for their babies. Nothing but rage gnawing at their guts because of French fines, orders, imprisonings, expulsions, requisitions. Hunger makes beasts of men—wild, tearing beasts. I know because I've been hungry, *mon lieutenant!* One day they'll break out, to find a way of escape. They'll start killing each other—the profiteers, the shopkeepers, the big industrial folk. Then there'll be hell round here, and it won't be a joke altogether for French soldiers in lonely machine-gun posts, or French sentinels at street corners. No joke at all, *mon lieutenant!*"

The young lieutenant looked at his sergeant with raised eyebrows. There was fear in the man's voice and Sergeant Michel was a brave man who had won the Croix de Guerre.

"You're getting morbid, *mon vieux*," he said with a nervous laugh. "It's the absence of Marthe, and this loneliness."

"No," said Sergeant Michel sullenly. "It is because I have a little pity for these German swine. I'm a democrat, *mon lieutenant;* I believe in the common people of the world—their right to live and get the fruit of their labors for their women and babes. Name of a dog! Even Germans have a right to live. If we deny them that, we're asking for trouble. People will rather die fighting than die starving. I'm of that opinion."

"Your opinion is dangerous, *mon vieux*," said the young lieutenant coldly. "Opinions of that kind are reserved for politicians in Paris and not for sergeants of machine-gun sections in the Army of the Ruhr."

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The Thumbless Black Hand, or the Coming of Gonfardino

By GEORGE KIBBE TURNER

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR WILLIAM BROWN

THIS is the deep-down dope on the matter of the thumbless black hand, concerning which the ward captains still question one another so anxiously on stormy nights when they sit alone together in the dull, empty political clubrooms of Chibosh, that marvelous modern metropolis that was governed by a press agent; on the thumbless black hand and the parting of the ways of Mayor Herman J. True, the guardian of the plain, honest common people, and the publicity factory which had made him, and of Michael F. Melody, its manager, still, though under a most terrific mental strain, the most carefully unknown man in the great city.

It was now the month of May in the year of municipal election, and the most singular of its kind in all the political history of Chibosh. For it was during this month, as all ward captains knew, that they must be prepared to appear at any time before Chinese Meeghan, that great unseen influence which governed those who governed Chibosh, to report to him their opinions upon candidates before he decided finally whom the citizens of Chibosh would nominate and elect mayor of that vast city in the coming fall.

And as yet no suggestion of such attendance had come from him—nothing but a sinister silence.

This in itself was strange and menacing. But more extraordinary still were the strange and inexplicable events and hidden political moves, never previously duplicated in the memory of the oldest ward captain, in that great political field—the field of international ward politics, in which the publicity factory of Mayor True had been previously so strong—playing, as on a great organ, day after day, all the national anthems on the hearts and minds and hates of those voters of that city who are European-born or born of European parents.

The remarkable episode of the German ambassador's silk hat was the first of these, alienating at one blow the vote of that huge national block of voters in Chibosh who, through his loyalty to their cause during the Great War, had become so devoted to Mayor True and his administration.

Following this, almost immediately, had come the unfortunate incident of the discovery of lard as an adulterant in the ice cream of Mayor True's Hebrew Voters' Children's Association, at its annual May festival—given by him—which could not but have the most serious political consequences.

During all this there was no move, apparently, by Chinese Meeghan, the hard master of all the masters of Chibosh.

Was there some new game on? Was he about to change the next nominee and mayor of Chibosh? Was he, baffled like the rest, sitting back, watching, studying a series of unfortunate and almost unbelievably bad breaks in the great field of international ward politics in Chibosh? Or could there be, somewhere underneath, in the great mysterious depths of the great and mysterious city, some new power arising so great and resourceful that it menaced even Chinese Meeghan into irresolution and hesitation?

It was this power—the power which held him so strangely captive—with which Mr. Melody was consulting so frequently through the month of May; and to which, in their headquarters, he was now secretly stating his personal anxieties concerning Mr. Meeghan.

"It's all wrong. It's unnatural. What's he doing? What's he waiting for? Why don't he call me in and start bawling me out about all this stuff—the way he would naturally?" he inquired almost plaintively, for he was very much alarmed.

"You'd Have the Whole Lot of Them Biting Their Thumbs Off, Climbing Up to Stick You Full of Knives." "That's What They Told Me," Said Mr. Melody

"There's only one possible answer to your questions," replied the older of the two women politicians, the schoolteacher. "He's afraid."

"Don't you think that must be it?" said the younger one with the curly bobbed hair. "He's very wise. He's watching you, trying to get evidence."

"He'll speak—if you hit him hard enough," said the more implacable-voiced older one.

"Haven't I hit him hard enough for you yet?"

"You haven't started him loose yet, have you?" she answered him.

"Well," said Mr. Melody bitterly, "I will this time if he wants any voters left in his organization."

For he was desperate, that was all. This silence of Meeghan showed probably just what they said of him. He was sitting watching, trying to get hard-and-fast evidence on Mr. Melody, the administration press agent, before he called him in and struck him down. But in the meanwhile the waiting—for Mr. Melody—grew fast unbearable.

Thinking gloomily of this, Mr. Melody found himself again inside Room 913, at his accustomed desk in the Phantom Factory. The great, sincere, identical poster portraits of the people's mayor stared moodily down on him. The whole place seemed full of his own apprehension and gloom. On the one side of him stood these two wild women politicians, satisfied with nothing that he could pull for them, always asking for new stunts. On the other, Chinese Meeghan, waiting, waiting to strike him down in the dark, send him back to prison when he got the proper dope on him, resisting all his efforts to bring on a crisis in the open.

Nervous, too anxious to sit still, Mr. Melody arose and gazed out of his front window across the frantically hurrying people in the city street. It was soon after luncheon. There, on the steps of the great city hall opposite him, he could see—a calm spectacle—the man himself, the mayor of all the people, picking his teeth at the great solemn stone entrance before taking up the official duties of his afternoon. Here was one at least who was neither nervous nor down-hearted.

The whisper—the terrible whisper of the Roman-nosed baby and the lone lady in black—left him still unmoved. The police department might search and search, the fate of the unfortunate and mysterious girl might be still unsolved, the mothers' votes of Chibosh might be lost forever. He passed on unconscious and unwarned. Impervious as a turtle in a thunderstorm, he walked always solidly forward, equally unpenetrated by forebodings, terrors or ideas.

But that did not greatly comfort Mr. Melody. Sighing, he turned back into the Phantom Factory of Mayor True and got busy on his next publicity stunt for his captors—those insatiable new women politicians with their card catalogue. He pushed the button for his assistant, Mr. Nott. That tall, emotionless young man came in with his usual unhurried nonchalance.

"Sit down," said Mr. Melody.

He did so without haste.

"I want a man without a thumb."

Mr. Nott, with no change of expression on his abnormally sad face, deeply inhaled the smoke from his cigarette.

"Right away!"

Mr. Nott exhaled his cigarette smoke.

"Not just only without a thumb," went on Mr. Melody, "but one where it shows—some edges you can see and feel."

Mr. Nott nodded, regarding him with his violet-shadowed eyes, and yet merely waiting, asking nothing in explanation.

"And when you get him I want you to take ten impressions—on paper—in ink. No, twelve, so's to give some extras."

Mr. Nott still merely regarded him.

"Impressions on cheap common paper—typewriter size—big enough to show them—the full impression of the hand in ink."

"Red ink?" asked Mr. Nott, speaking for the first time.

"No; black," said Mr. Melody; "as black as they make it. And then a good clear impression, around the thumb especially," he directed, "showing the edges."

"The puckers where it came off," said Mr. Nott.

"You've got it!" said Mr. Melody. "That's the idea. Now you go ahead on that. But first send over to old Mike Boogan of the Black-Hand Squad and tell him I want to see him. Right off now!"

II

IT WAS on Wednesday, the second morning after this, that the citizens of Chibosh received their first intimation of the thumbless black hand which was to shatter their nerves so completely. At the head of Peoples Pictures was the thick black line:

THUMBLESS BLACK-HAND THREAT TO MAYOR

Beneath this, blacker still, the facsimile of the actual imprint of a thumbless hand, which occupied the page like the inky benediction of a devil, showed to the people of Chibosh the exact appearance of this ghastly warning to their official leader. That it was the imprint of a genuinely thumbless hand was shown without possible question by the ragged scallops at the edges of the missing member.

Below this, at the bottom of the page, also in facsimile, appeared the only lettering—the three simple words which formed the sole message of the unusual document:

NO GO GONFARDINO!

Printed crudely, in the large, broken, laborious hand of the extremely illiterate, these words sprawled across all the lower page. Upon the inner pages, on which the scant reading matter of Peoples Pictures is to be found, the headlines explained partially:

MURDER MESSAGE IN MAYOR'S MAIL

MENACE OF ITALIAN SOCIETY MEETING
STRANGE WARNING WHICH MAYOR TRUE WILL DISREGARD
DETECTIVE BOOGAN SPEAKS

The brief text beneath this opened with an interpretation of the striking happening of the day:

Believed to be an anarchist's warning to Mayor True not to attend the meeting of the local Italian-American societies to welcome Gen. Giuseppe Gonfardino, the world-famous hero of Fiume, a menace of death more potent than any written word—the inky imprint of a raggedly thumbless hand, stamped upon a sheet of cheap typewriter paper, and bearing but the three words, "No Go Gonfardino!" printed in what is said by experts to be the writing of a violent and uneducated criminal of Italian origin—was received yesterday, inclosed in an old and spotted envelope, in Mayor True's daily mail. Both letter and envelope are now in the hands of the police—of Lieutenant Boogan, of the Black-Hand Squad. Mayor True takes the whole episode most calmly, saying that nothing will prevent him from attending the reception for General Gonfardino, the hero of Fiume, and offering the freedom of the city at the meeting of welcome to be held for him on Saturday night by the Italian-American societies of Chibosh in the Great Coliseum Gardens.

The Morning Truth, in its headlines, said:

INKY HAND WITHOUT THUMB
DOES NOT DETER MAYOR TRUE

Old Mike Boogan, the Veteran Black-Hand Bomb Expert of the Police Department, Gives Explanation

Illustrating this were a fair-sized likeness of the thumbless Black-Hand message, the photograph of Mayor True on a rostrum above an American flag, speaking in its praise; and a picture of old Mike Boogan, the one-eyed Black-Hand bomb expert of the Chibosh Police Department.

The picture of Boogan was taken in his laboratory, with his collection of Black-Hand bombs, said to be the largest in the United States, if not, as it was believed, in the world.

Speaking to a Morning Truth reporter, Lieutenant Boogan said:

"Without a doubt, this is the work of a gang of Black-Handers we chased out of this country, back to their native turf, in 1919. And only here last week we got word they were back again in Chibosh looking for trouble. Without a doubt, these are the boys, the old gang we have put to flight before; the same old gang.

"This gang I'm telling you about is without a doubt the worst in the world, and I know what I'm talking about. How do I know? How am I sure who it is?" said the veteran Black-Hand expert, looking at the representative of the Morning Truth with his one remaining eye. "I'll tell you how I know.

"It's this," he said, leaning down and showing the reporter of the Morning Truth the Black-Hand letter itself. "It's this. This is the hand of the head of them all—old Thumbless Giovanni—old T. G., as we call him—who has probably more bomb atrocities to his credit than any other Black-Hand gang leader now alive.

"Now about the meeting Saturday night. Don't let that worry you. The Black-Hand Squad of Chibosh is on the job. I ain't saying anything, but we've got them right this time. My boys are out after them now. Most any time I'm liable to get a call from one of my men on the telephone saying he's made the pinch.

"Now I can tell you this," said the old bomb expert, looking up at the cabinet which contains his bomb collection, "and that's all I can tell you now. They're the worst in the business! But we know where they are, and we've got our eye right on them—every minute. And it won't be long before you'll see another Black-Hander's scalp hanging in the headquarters of the old Black-Hand Squad of the city of Chibosh. And that's all, boys, for today."

Reading this, and all the other literature of the morning, Mr. Melody called on his assistant, Mr. Nott, again for advice.

"Who's running the publicity end for the Great Chibosh Business Detective Agency now?"

"The old man—Doheney himself," said Nott. "He devotes at least three-quarters of his time to his publicity."

"Get him on the wire," said Mr. Melody.

In a short time he was in deeply personal conversation on the wire with Francis X. Doheney, the great international private-business detective.

III

IT WAS on Thursday, the following morning, that the citizens of Chibosh were apprised of the second warning of the thumbless black hand by their morning journals. The Peoples Pictures again gave it in facsimile on its full front page—a black and thumbless horror. The words scrawled beneath, though evidently in the same crude handwriting—clearly, the handwriting experts of Chibosh declared, of a hand without a thumb—were this time slightly different, and more menacing. Written in the form of question and answer, they said:

GO GONFARDINO? DEATH!

On the second page were pictures of Mayor True, smiling steadily as he perused the missive and as he handed it to Chief Charley Spoofenberger, head of the great Chibosh Police Department, standing at attention in full uniform; a portrait of old Mike Boogan, standing in his bomb laboratory, holding in his hand the remains of the Black-Hand bomb of 1907, which cost him his right eye. Also a photograph of Gen. Giuseppe Gonfardino, the hero of Fiume, who was now nearing the shores of America in a transatlantic steamer to speak before the Italian citizens of Chibosh at Great Coliseum Gardens on Saturday evening. The short text which supplemented its pictures followed the headlines:

MAYOR TRUE UNDAUNTED
BY DEFINITE DEATH THREAT

Old Mike Boogan, the Police Black-Hand Expert, Says One Eye is Enough to Watch Black-Handers

In explanation of the last line Lieutenant Boogan was quoted briefly, in part:

"Yellow dogs, they don't scare us none. I've got my one good eye still right on them, and they know it," said old Mike Boogan, of the Chibosh Black-Hand Squad, to a Peoples Pictures representative, laying down the last Black-Hand bomb he was examining. "Without a doubt we've got their number, and they know it. Our men are with them now—right down in amongst them, in the nests of highbinders and dope fiends and desperate panhandlers that these big Black-Handers frequent. Without a doubt we'll hear from them tonight; they'll bring in that old T. G., as we call him—that Thumbless Giovanni, the biggest Black-Hander of them all, that's without a doubt responsible for this.

"That's all I can tell you now, boys. Naturally, you can see for yourself, it wouldn't do for us in the bureau to talk much, just when we're on the eve of making one of the biggest pinches in the history of the department," said old Mike Boogan. "So that's all I can say now, unless who's this—that one of you fellers that wanted to see the Black-Hand bomb that cut out my eye in 1907—still wants to interview me about it."

The Morning Truth, on the other hand, turned an entirely new light upon the apprehension which was now holding the people of Chibosh enthralled. The top of its front page was ornamented with a portrait which many thousands recognized at first glance; the portrait of a man of tremendous force, with a neck and jaw still heavier than old Mike Boogan's, and a steady, relentless gaze—the quite-often-published likeness of Francis X. Doheney, the great detective. Above this and below, the general and detailed headlines said:

DETECTIVE DOHENEY UNCOVERS INTERNATIONAL PLOT

THUMBLESS BLACK HAND OF MT. VESUVIUS

Seen by Great Detective in Sensational Threat Against Mayor True

Following this the text of the article said in part:

The Morning Truth, first of all the newspapers of Chibosh, has at last induced Francis X. Doheney, the great detective, to lay bare the secrets of the motives and agencies which lie behind the strange thumbless Black-Hand warning to Mayor True not to attend the welcome to be extended at Coliseum Gardens on Saturday night to Gen. Giuseppe Gonfardino, the world-acclaimed hero of Fiume. Although the mayor still insists that nothing will prevent his attendance at this great patriotic festival of Italian-American

(Continued on Page 95)

"It's All Wrong. It's Unnatural. What's He Waiting For? Why Don't He Call Me In and Start Bawling Me Out About All This Stuff?"

HUSBAND AND WIFE

By Clarence Budington Kelland

ILLUSTRATED BY M. L. BLUMENTHAL

THE usual crowd of regulars was loafing in the men's lounge of the Appletree Golf Club. They had stood howling under cold showers, making believe they liked it, and telling each other that this was what put life into a man. Now they were reviewing the day's play, shot by shot, tired, but for the most part happy. It is true that Mr. Weevil squirmed a little at times, but this was because he had forgotten to put a clean suit of underwear in his locker, and hence, deprived of this buffer state between his legs and his trousers, was afflicted with the prickles. He was heard to state that those pants were lined with sandpaper, and, unjustifiably, to curse his tailor. One who spends time in the lounge of a golf club will discover what a variety of things may happen to complicate life.

He Walked to a Near-by Rail Fence and Smote It Mightily With His Pet Mid-Iron

Martin Tombes, chairman of the greens committee, was, as usual, repelling attacks. This time the mowing machine had broken down of a Thursday, so that the fairways had a three-day growth of beard, and, in consequence, Mr. Tombes had much to explain.

"Say," he demanded fiercely, "d' you think I went out and busted the dog-gone machine with an ax? It ain't my machine. All I can do is give orders and try to see things are in shape. But you fellows seem to expect me to fold up this dod-rotted golf course in a neat package and carry it home with me nights. With all the equipment in a tool box under the bed, say, what d' you think ——"

"Well," said McWhinney, "you ought to have it in shape to play on once or twice a year."

"You show me a course in better condition than this! Got any summer-kill anywhere? Not a darn spot! How about clover in the greens? Not a course in this neck of the woods so free from it!"

"That," said Mr. Wills, "is because your greens are so bloomin' hard clover can't push its way through them. Hard! Billiard tables! Say, I laid a mashie-niblick pitch dead to the pin on the fourth—enough back spin on the ball to twist the cover off. And what did it do? I'll relate to you what it did. It bounded straight into the air fifty feet and plopped into the trap. Swell greens!"

"He thinks he's conditioning a lot of tennis courts," said Olney, president of the club.

"Let's make him chairman of the billiard committee," McWhinney proposed. "But if we did he'd probably do something to soften the tables so you could pitch onto 'em."

At that moment a house boy entered with a letter for Mr. Tombes—a special delivery. Mr. Tombes allowed the boy to wait, holding the letter on the tray, while he gazed with fresh exasperation upon his friends.

"And look at that!" he said harshly. "It ain't enough for you buzzards to pick my bones—but look at that!"

"We're looking. What is it? Is there a catch in it?"

"Ab Parker's been held up again," said the greens-committee chairman.

McWhinney grinned.

"Ab's idea of what the game of golf is differs from most of ours," he said. "We try to see how few strokes we can take to a round. Ab scores foursomes. The more foursomes he can go through the happier he is."

"Ask him what par for the course is," said Weevil, "and he'll tell you a foursome a hole."

"He runs," said Wills.

"Honest," said Olney, "I've seen him skip a hole altogether so he could catch up with a foursome playing ahead—and then complain to the greens committee that they held him up."

"Who's his victim now?" asked McWhinney.

Tombes opened the envelope and read the letter it contained—read it aloud.

"'It is with reluctance,' he read, 'that I bring to the notice of your committee the following facts, namely: On Saturday afternoon last, playing a twosome with Mr. Daniel Winter, I found myself behind a foursome composed of Mr. Peter Hyde and wife and Mr. Orson Green and wife. I caught up to this foursome on the second fairway, and from that moment was held up, hampered in my play and my afternoon's golf ruined by reason of their refusal to let me through. Shouts of "Fore" had no effect, and, to a request to be allowed to pass, Mr. Peter Hyde responded that he had troubles enough on his hands without being bothered by me, and would I please go to the devil. I lay these acts before you for such action as you deem advisable, and will be glad to appear before your committee with my witnesses to the occurrence. I would suggest that the foursome in question be suspended for sixty days.'

"And that's that," said Mr. Tombes.

"No," said Weevil, "that ain't the half of it. Oh, boy, I'd love to have seen it all! Mixed foursome! Hyde and wife and Green and wife! Talk about the Battle of the Marne! Say, Mac, what makes women want to play golf, anyhow?"

"God knows!" said Mac sadly. "God knows!"

"Ain't man and wife got enough to fight about without dragging in golf?" Olney wanted to be told.

"It ain't that they haven't enough to fight about," Mac said. "It's that you can stage a so much bigger and better fight over golf than anything else. Just a matter of quality, old top."

"Did you ever see a man who could play nine holes with his wife and not want to poison her?"

"Never! It ain't in the wood! Darn lucky the Garden of Eden wasn't a golf course. If it had 'a' been the Lord 'ud 'a' found how mistaken He was about that discovery that it wasn't good for man to be alone."

"But," said Wills, "a man can play with some other woman—and kind of enjoy it."

They all stared at him in silent astonishment.

"I meant just kind of," he said lamely.

"My wife didn't speak to me for a week after the last Husband-and-Wife Tournament, and it cost me an emerald ring to square it; and it was all her fault, anyhow. That was fair, wasn't it? Nice square deal. Here she goes starting the whole fight, and then I have to pay the indemnity."

Mr. Tombes waggled his head at this crushing injustice.

"A woman can trot out more perversity in one round of golf than she can in fifty years of plain housekeeping," said Wills.

McWhinney chuckled.

"What are you going to do about Ab's complaint, Tombes?"

"Resign," said Tombes, "and will the row to my successor. Any rumpus on a golf course is delicate to handle, believe me. But trying to discipline a husband-and-wife foursome—in the state of temper they're all in—is something I'd crawl in a lions' cage to duck."

"But Hyde spoke real disrespectful to Absalom Parker," said McWhinney seriously. "We must enforce courtesy on our course. Half the joy of golf is in the etiquette of the game."

"Bear in mind," said Tombes, "that foursome was only on the second hole when Hyde told Ab to go to the devil. They played eighteen holes. What, I ask you, would Hyde have told the old man on the seventeenth?"

"What," asked Mr. Weevil, "is the eighteenth power of go to the devil?"

"Probably some unusually painful form of murder."

"I'm goin' to offer a special cup for the Husband-and-Wife," announced Old Man Arkwright, famous for having made a hole in one, back in the '80's.

"What kind of a cup?" asked Weevil.

"Silver," said Old Man Arkwright.

"You prodigal old devil!" exclaimed Weevil. "Wasting your substance on the women! But why this untoward burst of open-heartedness?"

"The' won't anybody ever win my cup," the old man said with a wicked smile, "because I'm goin' to offer it to the married couple that finishes the eighteen speakin' to each other."

"I dare you!" said McWhinney.

And thereby something was started; something was started which did not come to a stop until the end of the Husband-and-Wife Tournament two weeks later.

McWhinney, who was that very dangerous person, a Scotsman with an itching sense of humor, telephoned the item to the paper, and the paper ran the story in a box as a feature. This won for Old Man Arkwright a degree of fame and a chaplet of harsh words from the women of the vicinage; but the old man grieved negligibly, being a

"What a Lovely View It Is From This Tee," She Said, and Her Husband Sat Down Limply to Stare at Her

bachelor and impervious even to trained nurses.

II

WINNIE HYDE read the story to her husband and recited numerous footnotes and addenda, the same being her sketchy but vigorous opinion of Arkwright, of masculine humor and of the low conversation which must go on in the lounge at the club.

"Men," she said, "are always jeering at marriage. They're always being smarty at their wives' expense. You never hear women make fun of marriage."

"Why should they?" asked Peter, who was not especially diplomatic before nine o'clock in the morning.

"You mean something nasty. What is it?"

"Marriage," said Peter, with the savagery only possible to a man before he has had a cup of coffee in the morning, "is a female institution. It's run by women for women. Women invented it and keep it up. Marriage is a woman's profession, her job, her means of earning a livelihood."

"And what is it with a man?" Winnie asked tartly.

"A youthful indiscretion resulting from abysmal inexperience of life," said her husband.

"I don't know what that means," said Winnie; "but I do know it's disagreeable, and you can eat your breakfast alone; and any time you're tired of being married to me you know what you can do, because if you think living with a man who gets up every morning as fit to speak to as a bear with a stone bruise on his nose, and who starts an argument every time a grocer's bill comes in, and who thinks a woman buys a hat for life, and throws ashes on the rugs, and never does a thing around the house except kick, and, like last night, is too tired to dance with his wife, but can dance with that animated lip stick, Mrs. Withers ——"

Mr. Peter Hyde laid down his paper and gazed pathetically at his wife. Almost was he on the point of tears, so sympathetic was he for himself.

"Now listen, Winnie," he said with the terrible patience of a man who has reached the limit of endurance, "just you listen, like I've tried to tell you for years. A woman is supposed to help her husband, and the way to help him is to lay off him. I got a hard day ahead of me, and I need all my resources to take care of it, and you ought to do your part to make it easy. But do you? I should holler, you don't! Do you send me off in the morning kind of comfortable and happy and ready for all the hard things I have to stand at the office?"

"What do you want me to do—stand behind your chair and smooth your curls?"

Mr. Hyde hurled his newspaper from him, grasped his curls with both hands, arose from the table tumultuously and rushed from the room. As he tore down the walk his wife called after him, calmly, placidly, as if nothing whatever had happened to mar the matinal meal, "Don't forget, Peter, the Husband-and-Wife Tournament is Saturday. I want we should win it—and show that nasty old man up."

"If you play in that tournament you'll have to get another husband," said Peter over his shoulder.

However, when Mr. Hyde arrived at his home that afternoon at the hour of five he was placid, not to say buoyant.

He had forgotten the little flurry at breakfast and kissed his wife almost with enthusiasm.

"Say," he said, "if we're going to play in the Husband-and-Wife we better sneak in a little practice together. Orson Green and Nellie been playing nine holes together every day or so—and they won last year."

"We'll just have time for nine holes before dinner," Winnie agreed, "and you can show me what's wrong with my mashie shot."

They drove the mile to the club, procured a pair of caddies and sauntered to the first tee.

"Now remember," said Peter, "this is just practice. It really doesn't matter how we play. Let's get some fun out of it. You know the tournament is Scotch foursome. Each couple play one ball."

"I know. Both of us drive, and then we select which ball we play for the hole."

"Exactly," said Peter. "Wallop it, honey."

Mrs. Hyde took her stance. As Peter watched her his shoulders dropped hopelessly and he waggled his head.

"My dear!" he said in his most honeyed tones. "Can't you remember? How many times have I told you, and how many times must I tell you, that you can never hit a ball with a driver if you play it off your hind foot?"

"Which is my hind foot? I never can remember," said Mrs. Hyde, moving still farther ahead of her ball.

"The hind foot is the right foot. Play the ball well off your left heel. . . . No! For heaven's sake, Winnie, no! You're edging farther ahead. Don't you know your right foot from your left? Dog-gone it, you better wear two different-colored shoes so you can tell your feet apart. . . . There! Now slow back!"

Mrs. Hyde hit at the ball, barely grazed the top of its head and rolled it a couple of yards off the tee.

"Now, see there what you made me do! If you'd leave me alone! I know what I'm doing. I play the way the professional teaches me, and then you come and tell me everything just the opposite. I can't play both ways. Now you hit it, smarty, and show how good you are."

"No professional ever taught you to drive with the ball off your right foot," said Peter doggedly as he teed his ball.

He took his stance, still muttering and rumbling, hurried his swing and drove out of bounds.

(Continued on Page 126)

As for the Greens, They Had Not Spoken Since the Third Hole. Mr. Green Addressed His Wife Through His Caddie

THE ACCOUNTINGS OF A REAL-ESTATE MAN—By Felix Isman

Meet the Rent and Building Profiteers

HELLO, Jim!" says one friend to another, meeting at a Philadelphia hotel. "Where did you come from?"

"Just got in from New York—on my way to Chicago."

"Where will you stop?"

"The Hotel Blankinton, as usual; always stop there," says Jim.

"Say, I expect to be in Chicago next week. Maybe I'll see you there; I always stop at the Blankinton too."

Now that is just what costs the traveling public a great deal of money. That is just what gives that particular institution a monopoly. That is just what makes it overcrowded all the time; and because it is overcrowded, of course the managers raise prices, and of course you say, "I used to get that same room for five dollars a day, and now you are charging me twelve." But habit is habit, and if you won't exert yourself and are willing to pay for habit, you surely will. It hasn't happened in Europe, it hasn't happened any place in the world excepting America. Oh, yes—excuse me, it does, in the American hotels abroad only.

Same way at the seashore—you all wait until the last minute, till the hot weather hits you, till everybody is of the same opinion, and then you dash, rush; and how you do rush, and how you do pay, and how you ought to! You have made the poor owner sweat blood, feeling his house is going to remain idle all summer and there is no demand, and when he gets you he makes you pay for jangling his nerves. You know just as well in December that you have got to go to the seashore in the summer as you know it on the Fourth of July. Whether you are going to Bar Harbor, Atlantic City, Long Beach or any other place—it doesn't make any difference—you are going to go, so why not decide in December? It may be inconvenient, but it will save you a lot of money if you decide then.

Until lately real estate has been one of our cheap natural resources, like ten-cent beefsteak, five-dollar coal and other things of our abundance. It has been used lavishly, with little thought of economy for the morrow. But just as people are compelled to use forty-cent beefsteak and fifteen-dollar coal carefully, so they are being compelled to think about real estate and building. All forms of land are rising in value. Our cities are developing permanent centers for different kinds of business in which the amount of land is limited, and the best possible use of every front foot is necessary as a matter of conserving space, even if there were not rising values and taxation to consider.

Realty Profiteering

IN THIS article I shall deal with certain forms of profiteering as it is done in real estate and point out the hidden profiteers in rents and building.

You go hunting a city apartment and find one that suits. But it gets your goat to be told that the rent is $5500 a year. Even if the price is not beyond your means, you remember that the same kind of apartment could have been rented ten years ago for half the money, or less. Clearly somebody is profiteering. Is it the landlord, the real-estate promoter, the landowner? You will be astonished when I tell you that you, yourself, are the real profiteer.

Or you occupy rented premises for your business—an office, store or factory space. Let us use factory space as an illustration—so many square feet in a city loft building devoted to light manufacturing. Ten years ago you paid seventy-five cents a square foot. Today you are paying $1.25, and now the agent comes in to announce a twenty-five-cent increase when your lease expires. Again somebody is unquestionably profiteering; and again it is yourself!

Suppose we take the loft building—go back to the time when four old residences stood on its site, build it all over again, and see what we shall see. Get paper and pencil, for we must do a little figuring.

It was conceived by a speculative builder. He had a force of workmen to be kept together and kept busy. At the moment they were putting up a big apartment house, but looking ahead he saw that another construction job would be needed in about twelve months.

Beginning with a little money of his own, aided perhaps by a real-estate man, he selected a site where the prospects for a loft building seemed good, and bought four city lots, a plot of ground 100x100 feet, for which he paid $200,000.

Of his own money probably he put in not more than 10 per cent, for $20,000 is a lot of money for a speculative builder to have all at one time. This was his shoestring, and from the very outset it began to lengthen and lengthen, and wind round and round and round the enterprise a network of unnecessary expense.

For, because he has so little money, the speculative builder must borrow from lenders who take a chance, and chances are very accurately weighed and charged for in the money-lending market. His first borrowing to complete the purchase of the land may be done in a dozen ways. Sometimes the owner of the land is willing to help finance him. Again, he may interest somebody with money to invest. Or the dealers from whom he is going to buy materials for the building, help with finances by way of tying the orders for materials with that shoestring. In fact, he surrounds himself at every step with more and more expense as he endeavors to make a dollar do the work of thousands.

Then the builder looked around for an architect, and after choosing one had him plan a sixteen-story structure to cost $650,000. The architect charged him 10 per cent on the cost of his building, $65,000, equal to 8 per cent of the whole project. Just jot that down.

Then he went to a mortgage bond company and borrowed the money to put up his building. Because he had very little equity in the enterprise, and needed 90 per cent of the cost of his building, the bond company charged him 1 per cent more for ten years than the rate at which money could be obtained under different circumstances, and also a 10 per cent commission, $85,000 more. Put that down too. Then he went ahead, erected the building, and charged 10 per cent profit for himself. Put another $85,000 down.

When You Looked at That $5500 Apartment, Suppose That, Instead of Growling About the Rent, You Had Joined With Other Rent Payers and Become Your Own Landlord

Loaded Rents

PUTTING up such a building takes from six months to a year, during which time there are carrying charges. Put down $85,000. And put down still another 10 per cent for the loss in rentals until it is fully occupied—$85,000.

The land cost $200,000 and the building $650,000. By the simple addition you learned at school, that ought to make $850,000. But it doesn't. Add those commissions, profits and losses, and you will find that the real cost of this building was $1,340,000. To the actual cost of the land and building has been added a burden of $490,000, not one cent of which represents any tangible material or work put into the building.

The builder sells the structure to a landlord, who will operate it for profit. Sometimes it is sold before tenants move in, and sometimes the builder or a real-estate man sells it fully occupied.

The landlord paid $1,3:0,000 for the building; his yearly interest on that is $80,400; his taxes, $20,000; repairs, $5000; operating expenses, $20,000—total, $125,400.

The new owner finds that he has fifteen stories with 9000 square feet of space each, net, and a first floor and basement with 10,000 square feet each—call it roughly 150,000 square feet. So his space costs him nearly ninety cents a square foot yearly. Getting $1.25 a square foot for his factory floors, and some additional revenue from stores or shops on the ground floor and in the basement, his income from the property is about $200,000 a year. His building

(Continued on Page 105)

AUTHOR! AUTHOR?

By WALTER De LEON

The music is not bad, but the book is.—*Newspaper criticism of a new musical comedy.*

What we call evil is not so of itself, or at least to that degree that we make it.

—*Montaigne.*

WHEREAS it is an accepted procedure of first-night audiences, upon the fall of the curtain at the close of the second act of a dramatic play, to demand by violent and vociferous applause the appearance of some pale-lipped man whom they acclaim "Author! Author!" and of whom they loudly and ghoulishly demand "Speech! Speech!" it is an almost unheard-of act for an audience witnessing the première of a musical comedy to evince even the slightest curiosity concerning the author of the libretto. Which is, after all, just as well. There is scarcely a librettist extant who could respond to such a demand without a feeling of guilt. For by the time a musical-comedy book reaches a metropolitan audience, usually the author is no longer its author.

A few successful librettists, after they have established themselves, when their work is in demand, provided they be blessed with aggressiveness and a nasty manner of declaring themselves—a few such stars claim to have their own sweet will at rehearsals. Maybe they do. The only obstructions in their way are the producing manager, the stage director, the composer, the lyric writer, the musical director, the dance director, the scenic artist, the stage carpenter and his crew, the wardrobe designer and maker, the star, the other actors and the tall blond show girl whose daddy has put ten thousand dollars into the show to keep her on display.

And when it is stated that no more than three of any of these agree on any one thing at any given moment, it is seen that the difficulties confronting the attainment of the author's desires, the arguments and battles awaiting him, may be computed only with the aid of a slide rule.

To those not actively engaged in the production of musical comedy it might prove entertaining to follow a libretto—or book, as it is commonly and unfavorably known—from the typewriter of its original—meaning first—author to the night of its presentation on Broadway. As it comes out of the author's machine it is worth in actual money merely the cost of eighty or ninety sheets of paper and the problematical value of the time the author has spent on it. On the night of its première, perhaps eight weeks later, it may have grown into a proposition representing the expenditure of fifty or sixty thousand dollars, with a cold-cash value reckoned in net profits of half a million dollars.

"I Think Your Book Is Awfully Good, Mister Author." "Thank You," Smiles the Author, Waiting for Her to Come to the Point

And All for Two Per Cent

LESS entertaining, perhaps, is the fact that, should it be successful, the musical comedy which has been developed from the sequence of ideas the author has pounded out on a battered typewriter will furnish well-paid employment to approximately a hundred people for an entire season, or two, or three. When, and if, two or more touring companies are launched, the number of people given work doubles or trebles—as does the amount of money which the show causes to be kept in circulation. There must be added to these practical benefits to civilization the esthetic value of the amusement, relaxation, emotional reactions, in short, the pleasure—including that enjoyed by newspaper critics in relating how unhappy the libretto is—which the show will afford a million or more persons and personages. Least interesting of all, doubtless, is the fact that for his work, his manuscript, the author gets two per cent of the gross box-office receipts—if he's lucky.

It is axiomatic in the show business that the book must carry a musical show. The belief is that the prettiest music, the most capable cast, the finest scenic and costume display will not cause a rush of ticket speculators to the manager's office unless the book be good. Theoretically it is the *sine qua non* of success.

In the old, old days of opéra bouffe the music was the first consideration. The early opéra comiques required scarcely a line of spoken dialogue. Whenever the exigencies of plot or musical construction demanded an abandonment of rhythmic melody the device of the recitative was employed. The important plot lines necessary to make the story understandable were talked or chanted to a sequence of chords. In brief, the differences between grand opera and opéra comique were mainly differences in the quality of the music and the character of the libretto. Critics are not yet united as to the category in which Offenbach's Tales of Hoffmann properly belongs.

The next distinct step of musical-show librettos was to the type of Müller's Black Hussar, Strauss'—the elder—Queen's Lace Handkerchief, and the delightful operas of the French composer, Audran. In these operas the music was still the principal feature. Short scenes of spoken dialogue were used not so much to please the audience as to accentuate and throw into sharper relief the musical numbers. But the opportunity these short scenes offered was avidly seized upon by the comedians. More and broader, if not better, comedy crashed its way into opera—and stayed there because audiences, not critics, loved it.

Came Gilbert and Sullivan with what is still regarded by some as an almost perfectly balanced blend of music and dialogue. Even in their operas much of the action of the play is carried on in the musical numbers. But as much dialogue as there is in Mikado, for example, it contains not one-fourth the number of spoken lines heard in the modern comedies now playing on Broadway. Furthermore, nowadays, except in a first-act finale, none of the action of the play is developed to music. The dialogue—back again at the starting point—must carry the play.

Let us examine the mutations and mutilations inflicted upon the book of a musical show as it is dragged from first rehearsal to Broadway première. Let us follow the trials and tribulations that the young author suffers for the sake of his two per cent. Mister Producing Manager has accepted the author's book without a lyric or a note of music having been written for it. It is the book, the story, the characters and situations, which the manager has accepted because it promised profits.

Let it be understood that the young author has not been in the business long enough to have lost his ambition to do original and worth-while things. Therefore sympathize with him as he gazes mournfully or fights frenziedly while the child of his imagination is ravished, torn limb from limb, supplied with new misfitting members, subjected to weird ingraftings, doctored and finally nursed into a hybrid Frankenstein creation that may topple over inert at the first performance or may run and run and run forever—like The Merry Widow.

The Original Plot

LET us suppose the story of the play which he has titled The Girl and the Boy is this: The handsome son of a wealthy New York banker falls in love with a dainty, demure, deliciously delightful—the heroine of a musical comedy must positively be all of that—milliner's apprentice. The author has added a touch of sympathy by making her an orphan. Milliner's apprentice and banker's son are in California; father is in New York. The boy and girl marry first and then telegraph father. Dad acknowledges the wedding announcement and request for a check with a letter stating that no more money will son get until he returns East, settles down in the bank and earns it. The implication in the letter that the boy can't make money anywhere except in father's bank rouses the bride's indignation and other newer emotions. Also, there is the problem of a meal or two while honeymooning. Realizing that a check given in a business deal on Saturday cannot be found worthless until Monday or Tuesday, the boy and girl horn into a local real-estate deal in which property of the boy's father is involved, and through love and luck and the cupidity of the villain they achieve vindication, triumph, cash and father's proud forgiveness.

The author regards his two principal characters with approval. He has a gay-hearted, clean-minded young ne'er-do-well, romantic and in love, to appeal to matinee audiences, to the women, who are 80 per cent decisive in determining the success of any play. And he has a cute, vivacious, lively little stepper of a girl—to attract the men.

For purposes of comedy the author provides a plausible reason for bride and groom to keep their marriage secret, thus allowing the daughter of a local millionaire to cast languorous glances on the groom, and the same millionaire's private secretary to become dippy over the bride. As said millionaire is the man the b. and g. are trying to hook on the business deal, they submit as gracefully as possible to the attentions lavished on them, meanwhile suffering—comically—unspeakable agonies of jealousy—in the lingo of the stage, situation stuff.

For his principal low comedy, the author invents a thick-headed bell-boy character—the captain of the bell hops at the summer hotel in which all the characters are living. This bell boy discovers that the boy and girl are married, even if living in single rooms. To keep the secret he must be salved, with promises whose intrinsic value is contingent upon the success of the deal the b. and g. are trying to put across. Thus the author works his principal low comedian into his plot, making the bell hop of more or less value in assisting the b. and g. toward happiness and the last-act finale.

With his eye on production costs, the author limits the stage settings to two and his cast to as few men as possible, and not many more women. When the script is completed, the author takes it to the manager who produced his first musical comedy, a mediocre financial success.

"I've got you something this time," the author declares with all the hearty confidence he can jam into his voice. "You know how the public has been falling for plays about young married couples? First Year—To the Ladies—you know. Well, I've doped out a story like those in musical form. Let me read it to you."

"Leave it and I'll read it myself," Mister Producer replies, evincing no contagious enthusiasm.

"Will you read it this year?" the author asks.

"Certainly. This mon"—he checks himself as he sees the author reach for the manuscript—"this week, positively."

(Continued on Page 36)

ALL KINDS OF MONEY

By George Pattullo

ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM LIEPSE

SOMEHOW I don't sleep good lately," complained Daddy Kincaid in querulous tones.

"Why don't you try goin' to bed?" suggested Ben Gober.

The old man glared at him.

"Bed?" he shrilled. "Think I got time to waste at my age?"

"But you'd last longer, Daddy."

"That's what the fool doctor done told me. Cut out smokin' and drinkin', and git to bed early, he says, and maybe I'd live to be a hunderd. Live to be a hunderd! Yeh—but what for?"

He soliloquized a while about another fool doctor who had advised him to get a tooth pulled because he had an ache in his hip, and managed to work himself into a fine rage against meddlers who are always scheming to hobble a feller.

"That there preacher," he piped -"the tall, lanky feller who talks like his mouth was full of meal—he's been tryin' to scare me too. Says it's time I took thought to the hereafter. Dog-gone him!"

"And after you'd give him sixty thousand dollars for his church, too, Daddy!" exclaimed the Big Un, shocked at such ingratitude. "Well, I swan!"

"Sure, I give him sixty thousand dollars! But it wasn't because he had me scared -no, sir-ree! He done his damndest to stompede me up to the mourners' bench, that ol' rascal did; but I up and told him I aimed to enjoy myself in this here life and take my chances with the boys in the next."

"And you done just right," cried the Big Un.

They were sitting around an open gas stove in the warehouse office, where Ben was going over the day's pipe-line runs. Half a dozen employes idled about, watching the field-transfer man play solitaire, it being a bit early to go to town.

"Well, I reckon it's time I got dressed," remarked Daddy, rising stiffly.

"Dressed? You got another suit?" demanded Ben.

"I got me a fancy-dress costume—that's what I got. Wait a minute. It'll knock your eye out, boy."

He went upstairs to his bedroom, to reappear in a few minutes attired as a sheik.

"Where're you headin' in that nightshirt, Daddy?" inquired Gober.

The question seemed to start a train of thought in Big Un's head; he went upstairs to his room to make sure.

Mr. Kincaid grinned complacently over the effect he had produced.

"Me and Ed, we're fixing to go to Fairyland. You boys a-coming?"

"Not tonight. I got some work to do. Say, Daddy, if I was you I'd rest up for one night and then you'd feel fresher for the next."

The suggestion angered the old man.

"Rest up nothin'! I'm as fresh as a daisy right now. You leave me alone. I ain't got a whole lot of time left, so I aim to use it. And if you take my advice, Ben, you'll come along too. When you git to be my age you'll regret every chance you ever missed."

"I don't remember missin' none."

"Maybe not, but you will later, when you haven't nothin' to do but sit around and think. Yes, sir-ree, when I look back and see all the good chances I missed when I was your age—dad-gum, I'll sure enough never miss another! Come on, Ed."

And with that he strode blithely out to his horse. But that dependable plug showed symptoms of consternation and suspicion, and before Daddy could climb into the saddle the Big Un caught him.

"You give that back," he said through his teeth.

"Aw, go on, Big Un! Leave me go. You don't wear it once a week—only when you remember."

"Nobody's a-going to sport around in my nightshirt," announced his partner virtuously.

"I'll give you six bits ——" began Mr. Kincaid, when Big Un cut him short by laying violent hands upon the sheik's robe.

Right there Daddy's fiery desert blood got the better of him. He tore loose from Big Un's paw, scrambled aboard his steed with astounding agility, and galloped off, followed by Ed, the production foreman. Ed was heavily disguised as an admiral, except as to his pants. He had fallen down on that one item; but as he pointed out, there probably wouldn't be no sailors there, so who'd ever notice? The two ambled cheerily along the dark trail through the swamp, Daddy crooning a ribald driller's song. It was to be a fancy-dress affair at Fairyland; all the best barrel-house society of the oil fields would be there, and their expectations were rosy.

"Listen at that ol' rascal," growled the Big Un, reentering the office. "I declare, he's goin' locoed, Ben. Seventy-nine years old, and just look how he's behavin'!"

"Aw, Daddy can take care of himself, all right. But it sure is funny, the change that's come over him. Two months ago he was an ol', ol' man, about ready to kick off, and now that he's got money—say, don't he step out though?"

The field-transfer man threw down his cards with an angry gesture.

"Yes, and if I had all that ol' geezer's money, maybe I'd jazz up, too," he cried.

Gober eyed him thoughtfully. "Sure, we all know what we'd do if only we had the other feller's money, don't we? But when we get it, that's different again. Look at Big Un."

"Well, what about him?" demanded the Big Un truculently.

"Why, six months ago you used to sit out there in the sticks and bellyache by the hour about what you'd do if ever you got your hands on a hundred thousand dollars. Didn't you, now? Sure you did! You was going to endow a hospital and fix up your ol' pals with pensions, and make everything lovely -and now that you've got close to five thousand a day, why, you ain't even answered that letter from Cousin Will!"

"No, and what's more, I don't aim to," replied the Big Un feelingly. "You ain't talking to me no loafer is a-going to live soft offen me. I had to sweat for my money. I declare, it looks like every no-account who's too lazy to hustle and save for himself expects the man who does to split up with him so he can take it easy."

The gang pusher, aimlessly shuffling a pack of cards, winked at a roustabout across the table.

"If they don't fall for one thing they generally always do for another," he murmured.

"What d'you mean by that?"

"Well, that bob-haired nurse'll make your money fly if you don't watch out, Big Un."

"You leave that lady outa the talk, understand?" rumbled the Big Un, and an awkward silence ensued.

The reference so nettled him that he could not settle down to his usual minute examination of the day's run. That is saying a good deal, for although Big Un wasn't close or anything like that—not at all—still he wanted to be sure he got his just dues, and some days when the pipe-line runs showed only thirty-nine thousand four hundred and eighty-seven barrels of oil and he figured there ought to be thirty-nine thousand four hundred and ninety, he made divers officials sweat blood, as he termed it.

"Let's go to town," he broke out at last. "We'd best keep an eye on Daddy."

"Sure!" assented Ben. "It ain't right for the ol' feller to be foolin' round alone. We'll fetch him home."

They set out on their loyal mission. It was no trick at all to find Daddy. He was lined up at the bar in a dance hall, surrounded by a bevy of young girls in fancy dress. They all wore short skirts and a capital V, and some had bare legs. In fact, the costumes were much like those of a fashionable charity bazaar in New York.

The alluring creatures clustered close around Daddy, snuggling and cooing to him, but he accepted all their attentions as a matter of course. A dozen young men who worked for wages were waiting for partners on the sidelines, yet Mr. Kincaid held the pick of the flock at his elbow without effort. Of course, youth will be served in certain fields of endeavor; but it's amazing how popular a sugared papa can become in the younger set.

"Hello, you birds," was his nonchalant greeting. "Come on and have some choc beer. Sadie, dance with my friend."

Two hours later they were still dancing and drinking choc beer in their laudable plan to take Daddy home.

"He won't last at this rate," declared Ben, with gloomy foreboding. "Say, Big Un, we'd ought to make him quit drinkin' that stuff. A man his age can't stand it."

"Don't I know it? But what can you do? Serves him right if he is sick tomorrow!"

"Still worryin' about me?" inquired the object of their concern, bustling up with three luscious peaches clinging to his arms. "Shucks, this is just the shank of the evenin'! Let's step outside and have a shot of gin, hey, kids? I just found me a bottle."

Along about three o'clock in the morning they did finally contrive to take Daddy home. Indeed, he insisted on going, and led the way, making sure both were in bed before going to his own.

And sharp at six he was up, keen for breakfast.

"Holy mackerel!" moaned the Big Un when Mr. Kincaid shook him. "Don't do that, Daddy—I'll come apart!"

From the adjoining bed Ben raised a woebegone head.

"If ever you see me on another party like that!" he groaned. "Say, how you feelin', Daddy?"

"Fresh as a daisy. Git up. Breakfast is ready."

They rose feebly and followed him to the mess house. Daddy seemed puzzled by their low spirits.

"Must of been something you et, don't you reckon?" he inquired solicitously as he laid into a second batch of hot cakes.

Hollow laughs from the sufferers; then glances of loathing at Daddy's heaped plate.

"The trouble with young fellers these days," continued the old man, splashing sirup with prodigal hand, "is that they give up too soon. They ain't rugged like the men who built up this here country. Why, when I was a boy, a party that got away good like the one we was on last night would just be commencin' by now, you might say. I've saw 'em

With Big Un's Permission, He Went Around to the Hospital to See Miss Fry the Same Afternoon

last from Saturday night till Tuesday mornin', and the only reason we went home then was because the liquor give out."

But every reference to the glorious past failed to revive them. Ben presently announced that there was a lot of work to be done and left the table. The Big Un silently followed, leaving Mr. Kincaid still happily discoursing on the degeneracy of the human race. Ten minutes later he burst into the warehouse all out of breath and glancing back over his shoulder.

"Don't you fellers ever leave me alone there ag'in!" he panted, mopping his face. "Gee, that was a close call!"

"What's up now?"

"That widow woman!"

"What did she do, Daddy?"

"Oh, she tried this here motherin' business! I tell you right now, widows're amart. Ain't you noticed the way she's always taggin' after me, fillin' my cup and passin' me hot cakes and things? Dad-burn it, if I don't keep my eye peeled that woman'll have me throwed and hog-tied."

"Well, why not?" demanded the Big Un. "Miz McGaffey is a right nice lady. Good looker too."

Daddy emitted a loud snort of derision.

"Good looker, hey? Do you think I aim to marry an ol' woman like her?"

"Why, she ain't a day over forty."

"She's too old," insisted Mr. Kincaid stubbornly.

"But you'd ought to git married so you'd have somebody to take care of you."

"Is that so?" Daddy retorted, with a bite in his tone. "I'm doin' fine like I am. Some fellers need guardeens, but I don't. I ain't one of these here mush-heads."

"What d'you mean by that? Who is?"

"Sweet li'l' woman—love me for myself alone har-har! Look at his face, Ben!"

"You been readin' my letters, you ol' rascal, you!" roared the Big Un.

"I ain't nothin' of the kind," protested Mr. Kincaid. "What's more, I don't believe you know how to write. But I've kep' my ears open, son, let me tell you—and I ain't ever heard you call a gal anything but a sweet li'l' woman, no matter what sort of run-o'-the-mill stuff she might be. Now, a feller who thinks all women're angels is just a plain, everyday fathead."

"Gee, you're a hard-boiled ol' buzzard!" exclaimed Big Un, longing for Daddy to be forty years younger so that he might throttle him.

"Take my advice," retorted Mr. Kincaid, "and keep away from the bob-haired ones."

"You mind your own business and leave her name outen this."

"All right, all right. But don't say I didn't warn you. No gal her age falls for a man of yours onless she's after his money."

"My age? My age? Why, how old do you reckon I am?"

"You look all of forty. And any time a sweet li'l' woman warms up to a feller forty years old, it ain't on account of his looks."

"I'm thirty-two."

"Well, anyhow, she's far too young for you."

"You know all about it, don't you?" sneered Big Un.

"Well," replied Daddy, as he lit a cigarette, "nobody can call me a mush-head." And chuckling with unholy glee, he went out before the Big Un could think up a rejoinder.

A heavy day's work faced the partners. The bottom had dropped out of crude prices owing to record production; the pipe-line company was complaining about quality and insisting they should install a cooking plant. What is known as pipe-line oil must not contain more than 2 per cent of emulsion, or bad stuff, and the purchasers asserted that some of the oil received from Messrs. Gober, Kincaid and Tarwater showed as high as 30 per cent.

"It's a dog-gone lie!" exclaimed Ben. "They're just trying to hold us up and make us sell out."

His partner nodded.

"It's like it'll run into a lot of money," he said glumly. "First they wouldn't lay a pipe and take our oil a-tall, and then when we laid it ourselves and they had to take it, down comes the price. Buckin' the big fellows is a tough proposition, ol' settler."

"Maybe it is, but I'd rather go broke than be skinned. The price they offered wasn't a third of what our stuff is worth."

"They always squeeze the small guys. I know a man who turned down twenty-seven million dollars for his stuff, and before they got through with him he was glad to git four."

At this point the conversation was interrupted by the entrance of the field superintendent.

"Well, we've lost a rig."

"The hell you say!"

"Somebody done stole all the pipe and rig and tore down the derrick offen that Huey north forty since yesterday."

"Every blamed thing?"

"Well, they left the hole."

"Maybe he'll come back for that tonight," Ben suggested.

"And that ain't all. Some ornery rascal has tapped our pipe line, Gober."

"How do you know?"

"I just checked up on the run. The trouble's somewhere between No. 2 Well and this tank farm."

"How much're we out?"

"About four thousand barrels."

The Big Un banged the table with his fist. "Well, sir, if there ain't more sorry scoundrels in this oil field!"

"Try and locate the leak right now, Lee," ordered Gober. "Maybe if we catch one of these birds they'll quit their monkey business."

Daddy Kincaid returned for dinner, having been out all morning making the rounds of the wells. He hated office work and left that to his associates; but the close scrutiny he applied to pipe-line runs and receipts never missed a nickel.

"I've seen some mighty big men go broke in my day," he explained, "just because they wouldn't take the trouble to keep an eye on the leaks."

"We'd ought to hire us a lot more office help," declared the Big Un. "Right now we're swamped with business we can't attend to. Why, I don't come up for air once a week, with all them letters to write."

"Oh, we ain't doing so bad."

"There're comp'nies with half our production who work a hundred clerks and have a big office building and everything."

"Sure!" assented Daddy. "But who'll own it next year?"

(Continued on Page 120)

The Two Ambled Cheerily Along the Dark Trail Through the Swamp, Daddy Crooning a Rikald Driller's Song

MY BOOK AND HEART

VIII

By Corra Harris

ILLUSTRATED BY F. R. GRUGER

RICH people who inherit their fortunes rarely think of how much they should save, because it has already been saved and invested for them. They are not obliged to consider how much they can afford to spend, but only how they can spend it to pass the time, escape the ennui from which they suffer on account of having no natural motive for achieving their own lives. The poor things become migratory. They can choose a season, summer or winter, as you would choose a dessert. If they do not like snow and ice, they have an estate in Florida. If the heat depresses them, they have a place in the Adirondacks or in Scotland. If they weary of lands and cities, they have only to decide what seas they will sail

They can never rest, because they have no real honest-to-God labors from which to rest, only dissipations and pleasures that tire them so frightfully they sometimes go off by themselves and climb the tallest mountains to get a little relief. It is hard on them, but they do not know it. Their wealth gives them a very real sense of power and superiority; and they are so deceived as to their own quality that they frequently regard it as the height of ill breeding to mention money or show any concern about what they have or what they spend. You may be the salt of the earth and a child of God, but if you are poor they can make you feel as if you belonged to the lower classes by the very quality of their coat tails and silken draperies. This is why so many working men and women spend their earnings in foolish extravagances. They have no real self-respect and are trying to plagiarize riches. This is why they herd into bodies like the I. W. W. There is no wealth in organized covetousness, but there is a sort of malignant sense of power as gratifying to them as the insolence bred by wealth is to certain rich people.

I Came Upon an Old Log Cabin—Merely the Ribs, You May Say, of a House

Now you must have observed that I have kept a sort of running account of expenses in this record. You know how much money we had and how much more we needed. This is because I have never regarded it as an indecent subject, or even a vulgar thing to strive for if you get it honestly for a good purpose. I have never cheated, nor traded for profit at another's loss, nor speculated, nor failed to keep a contract. All I have had was literally earned with the brains and the energies the Lord gave me. If I spent any of it for charity it was a sort of per cent I paid back, and was not recorded. I have never wasted any of it in riotous living, unless for flower bulbs and stone walls. I seem to have a passion for building stone walls, which are expensive; and I can no more resist buying bulbs and flowering bushes than a rich clubman can resist strong drink or a polo pony or a game of cards or something like that. So the money I have earned seems precious, glorious stuff. It is a sort of poetic license the Lord has allowed me in return for a good deal of harsh prose in the way of living. For this reason I like to set down little incidents to dramatize my financial emotions.

When the check in payment for A Circuit Rider's Wife came from THE POST I was simply quenched with joy. It was as if I held in my hand a very valuable answer to prayer. Fortune, the last thing in the world that could be expected to smile on a Methodist preacher and his wife, had smiled on us!

The bill for household furniture could be paid now. I was turning out to be an honest person, after all—you may say, by the grace of God, because if I had not received this money that debt might never have been paid.

But before anything else was done I felt that we should do something to mark the day which had made the change in our fortunes. I said something to Lundy about this. He suggested a party by way of celebration, but I told him the Pen and Brush Club was the time and place for that. This must be something peculiar to us. He suggested one fabulous extravagance after another with a mischievous beam in his eye, but I told him I thought we should practice frugality a while longer, because—who could tell?—I might not write another book, though I felt books boiling in my intellectual anatomy. We sat down and looked at each other. He had a whimsical fancy and I expected him to produce the idea presently.

"I have it!" he exclaimed, just as I expected. "We will buy an heirloom!"

"The very thing!" I cried.

"We have nothing that could be so regarded?" he asked.

"Not one."

"It should be very ugly. Heirlooms always are," he mused.

"And we could keep it out of sight in the attic the way most people do," I put in.

"But it must be a new one. We ought not to start off with somebody's cast-off heirloom," he went on.

I agreed to this; it seemed a wonderful conception, a brand-new keepsake bought on purpose to be kept forever in our family. So we started off in search of it. It was a long way downtown; still, we walked, being in no mood to travel on street cars. But we rode home on one, because we were too much exhausted to walk.

We had the heirloom, the ugliest little old candlestick that had ever been brought to that town. It was really old. The man said he had had it for years, but had never been able to sell it. We took it, according to agreement, straight to the attic, because it had the true heirloom nature of being a misfit everywhere in the inhabited part of the house.

I received many letters from the readers of A Circuit Rider's Wife. Lundy was very uneasy about the effect so much praise might have on me

He hoped my head would not be turned. Conceit was characteristic of people who had inferior natures and bombastic souls, he told me.

I am still grateful to the writers of all those letters; but this is one queer thing I have discovered about such letters: Although they may come from the four quarters of the globe, as these did, they were alike in the sentiments and opinions expressed, frequently in the very language used. The same class of Christians everywhere praised the story, the same kind of enemies abused me for having written it. They frequently quoted the same passages of Scriptures by way of predicting my ultimate damnation.

Meanwhile, I was already busy writing Eve's Second Husband. If you have one little sprig of a laurel you had better not rest upon it. The thing will wither if you do. I was anxious lest I should not be able to write anything else. So I used to lay the letters about A Circuit Rider's Wife aside without opening them. This was partly because I was very busy when the mail came every morning, and partly to put something over on Lundy. He hurried home from the office those days. He was in a fidget to read them. They puffed him up amazingly. If somebody praised his dear wife in terms particularly acceptable, he would get up and pace the floor, his long coat tails gracefully swinging, his fine blue eyes shooting stars of vanity. Sometimes he would halt before my desk. I knew he was looking proudly down at me, but I made a point of never raising my eyes lest he should stop it. He was not the man to spoil a fledgling author with too much praise.

Presently the world got wind of it that he was the hero of that tale. He began to have many visitors. He was greatly distressed. He had never thought of himself in this connection. He recognized the incidents, of course; but he did not recognize himself. One day he came home very much upset. He had not been able to convince some old friends from Georgia who called on him that he was not the circuit rider. He wanted all the copies of THE POST. He wished to read the thing carefully. Hours later he came in and laid the papers down with a crestfallen air.

"Well, you are convinced?" I asked, smiling.

"No, I cannot see myself in it—the man I know I am," he answered, shaking his head.

"Of course not. You have never known yourself. I put you down as the Lord knows you," I retorted.

Then I reminded him of one incident after another; the prodigal daughter, for example—our visit to her.

"Is it not all written exactly as it happened?" I asked.

He admitted that it was, but he had not thought of himself then as I had pictured my itinerant. I told him this was not his business, but that I was his recording angel in this world, and had written his deeds down aright.

How we did thrive on happiness for a time! Faith was the life and joy of the house. She was terribly sweet, and had a little kick to her feminine wit. Lundy was never moved to admiration as I was by the brilliance of her mind; but he had always walked with a sort of whimsical politeness before his offspring, and he was near worshiping the endearing charm of the child she had been and of the woman she became.

Still, there was bad blood between them occasionally now. Faith was just out of college, with a mass of accurate information not yet digested or assimilated. She was so smart that she could meet her father in a discussion so ably that he was frequently offended, being a man, and by secret nature intolerant of brains in a woman. In vain I besought Faith to yield when these arguments had reached Lundy's waspish stage. But I could not make her understand then that this is the only way to get the advantage even of the best man in a contention. She had lost some of her feminine elasticity in the college mill that turns out education.

The storm usually centered around the poetry of Edgar Allan Poe. Personally, I have never been sufficiently literary by instinct to be willing to die by an author if his works were assailed, nor to disturb the even tenor of one day by a too fierce defense of my dearest convictions if these were under fire. But Faith was like her father; she had a conscience which damaged her with its scruples. If she believed she was right she thought it cowardly to give up. Never shall I forget the evening she squared up for that last fight on Poe's poetry. She did not like it, which would have been the correct feminine thing to say; but she could tell exactly why she did not like it. And she was near to routing her father with citations from critics and other academic stuff which has nothing to do with the value of poetry; still, it is authoritative. Finally he turned on her a look of diminishing scorn.

"You have a pebble for a mind, Faith," he exclaimed. "As hard as that, and written all over with the minute hieroglyphics of other people's minds!"

This from Lundy, who had a passion for accurate information and who should have been proud of his daughter's learning!

Faith sprang to her feet, flew to her room, flung herself upon the bed and wept furiously for a few minutes. She could do that upon the slightest provocation; but she never sulked, and I never knew her to weep more than five minutes. Then she would reappear like April after a rain. So she came back now before I could screw my courage up to reproach Lundy. She was flushed, smiling, lashes still wet with tears. She sat on the arm of his chair, kissed the bald spot on top of his head and giggled.

"I was getting the best of it!" she exclaimed, slipping down in the big chair beside him.

"You were, in a way," he admitted with a rueful grin. "Still, you were wrong. Study books less and study your mother more. She has brains. They are as fruitful as the earth. But she doesn't know anything. She does not need to know anything. She understands everything—and she likes Poe's poetry. That is what I mean."

Something like this he said to Faith, drawing her close and looking across at me. I did not understand myself what he meant, but I felt that he had said something about me to our mutual child designed to exalt me in her estimation. I should like to write something on that subject—the duty of parents to praise each other to their children. Many children never have the opportunity of learning how well they think of each other, but the contrary.

I do not think the idea of giving Faith a début party would have occurred to me if she had not been invited during the winter to so many similar parties given for other girls. So she had one—not a big reception, but a curious elderly party, composed of the women I knew and the few young girls whom she knew. The old house glowed like a warm, kind heart in a gay mood. Open fires, so many flowers everywhere, and everybody laughing and making pretty speeches to little Faith, who stood beside me like the lily of herself with an armful of red roses.

She wore her evening gown—the same one. After all the Acts of the Apostles I had spent on it I could not afford to buy another one for this occasion.

We do have such queer thoughts when we should be thinking about something else. So many times that afternoon, seeing Faith saying all her lines to this little world of friends so well, feeling her sweet grace, I thought of the tiny child she used to be, flying around with her Christmas stocking on Christmas morning, so rich and so happy—just as now my thoughts go back to the lovely girl she was then with her roses and her smiles, passing with a pain that never grows less over the beautiful brave woman she became, so quickly gifted with all the powers and virtues of her race.

Everything turned out well for her then. She played and primped and went out just far enough in society. She had a few beaux and was shy on lovers. But presently she became engaged to a nice young man, not rich, but well-born and well-bred, with exactly the kind of mind to be companionable to such a woman as Faith would be presently.

Then something happened. Something always does, once in so often. Maybe this is one of the ways Providence has of keeping us interested and attentive to our fate. You must watch the curtain in your own life as you do at a play. The thing is bound to rise after an intermission, on the next act.

This time it was I who flunked. If you are very well in your mind and spirit, and very busy, you may become seriously ill in your body without knowing that you are. I had not been working too hard, because nobody can. You are supposed to work up to your limit like every other living thing in Nature, thus meeting death on good terms according to your season. But I had probably been depleted by the anxiety attendant upon Lundy's illness, and by one sort of happiness after another, until I developed a physical ailment which was near to making an end of me.

I lay for weeks so close to death that for the first time in twenty-odd years I had a complete rest from living. A gallstone operation gives you a frightful pain which lasts a long time, but this merely physical anguish was nothing to the peace I enjoyed from being no longer responsible for anything. I could not worry about Faith's summer clothes or about Lundy's health. I could not even think a thought. Oh, blessed relief! Because thoughts "are like children born to us." They must be developed, and shaped up into

(Continued on Page 77)

It Was Really Old. The Man Said He Had Had It for Years, But Had Never Been Able to Sell It

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PHILADELPHIA, OCTOBER 20, 1923

Praiseworthy Canadian Caution

LABOR-UNION interests in this country committed to the doctrine of government ownership of railways are passing censure on the Canadian Parliament for having refused to make an appropriation of some $50,000,000 for electrification of part of the Canadian National Railways. It is insinuated that the opposition has come from the Canadian Pacific Railway, in part, and for the rest springs from desire to discredit government ownership and operation of the state-owned system. It is hardly our function to set ourselves up as judges of the internal affairs of Canada; but a survey of the situation will convince most of us that the negative position of the Parliament is probably sound.

The government system of railways represents a consolidation of numerous lines. First the state built roads to develop new country. Then the Canadian Northern was taken over. During the war all the rest of the roads in Canada, outside of the Canadian Pacific system, were taken over, including the Grand Trunk system. In bare fact, the consolidation sprang from the financial necessities of the roads. The consolidated system is in bad shape; has deficits rather than dividends to show for most of the units, and represents a drain upon the dominion. A new management was brought in last year, headed by an American engineer, now Sir Henry Thornton, who was trained on the Pennsylvania Railroad and later achieved a large success in the management of an English railroad. The Canadian Pacific Railway is an efficiently financed and operated system, earning good dividends after keeping its lines, terminals, rolling stock and motive power in proper condition. The Canadian Pacific has certain natural advantages, the government system suffers under certain natural disadvantages, most of which might have been mitigated if the roads had been developed along sound railroading principles. The government system threatens to be a burden and a drain on the people of Canada for years.

Now the impelling motive in refusing to vote in Parliament a huge sum for a large improvement was the disinclination to assume further tax burden. That was also the reason for refusal to complete the line to Hudson Bay, where it was planned to build a port in order to ship grain out during an open season of only a few weeks' average duration. The material development of Canada has forged ahead of her population, ahead of her taxpaying numbers.

In 1915 the president of the Canadian Bank of Commerce, Sir Edmund Walker, estimated that British investments in Canada were $2,750,000,000. The borrowings from the United States were, in 1913, according to Field, an authority of standing, $637,000,000. The rate of Canadian borrowings of foreign capital in the years before the war was over $300,000,000 a year. The population was about 7,500,000. The rate of development and construction was headstrong and headlong. The pace was regarded as too rapid by British bankers, and in 1909 the brakes were applied by the banking firms of the mother country entering into an agreement restricting the taking of new flotations. At the outbreak of the war Canada was in the beginnings of an economic readjustment. The war imposed both opportunities and hardships on Canada, gave profits to industry and farming and increased the public debt.

The railways of Canada during this century were constructed too far in advance of occupation of land and development of resources. At a time when the country had a population of 8,000,000 it had three transcontinental lines and numerous cross lines. The Canadian Pacific Railway lies southward, the new government line skirts the northern fringe of population. When the Canadians used to boast that they had more railroad mileage per capita than any country in the world, the British bankers replied that Canada had less population per mile than any country in the world. The railways outdistanced immigration and the birth rate. Between 1900 and 1913 the mileage increased 65 per cent; the capital liabilities of railways, 100 per cent; and the population, 43 per cent.

Competent Canadian opinion of today regards the need of the country as new settlers, not more equipment for existing settlers. They need new taxpayers, not new taxes. A campaign of colonization is now going on. At a time when the wheat growers of the prairie provinces are engaged in a struggle to pay their debts with low-priced wheat, strenuous efforts are being made to add further numbers to raise more wheat. The Canadian Pacific and the government railway offer favorable terms for sale of land. Back of this movement is the need to extract materials from the soil of the dominion, out of which to pay taxes to help carry the burden. Therefore, the Parliament that supports immigration colonization refuses to vote public money to electrify one part of the state railroad and to complete another part to touch an arm of the Arctic Ocean. This action represents sound common sense and proper responsibility in affairs of public trust.

The proponents of government ownership of railroads are in a curious dilemma in Canada. The private system is prosperous, the government system is unprosperous. The farmers want lower freight rates. If the tariffs are lowered, the Canadian Pacific can still make money and pay dividends; but the deficits of the Canadian National would be increased. Someone suggested that this dilemma might be solved by lowering the rates for the Canadian Pacific and keeping the higher rate for the Canadian National. Then at every competing point the traffic would go over the Canadian Pacific and the government cars would be empty. The one is a low-cost carrier, the other is a high-cost carrier.

Sometime in the future the country will develop to the size of its railway installations. But until the time comes when the country has developed traffic enough to make both systems pay, the citizens of Canada are sure to find the method of operating a railway system on taxpayers' money very onerous. And it may be taken for granted that they will not pay much attention to labor leaders of the United States who urge them to increase their burdens.

The Purchase Needs of the Farm

GOOD times result largely from activities that find expression in improvement in the plant of society and in the standard of living. There may be a temporary prosperity for a country derived from making munitions for other peoples to fire at each other, but it is in the long run poor profit. Improvement in plant of society makes higher standard of living possible. Higher standard of living makes further improvement in plant necessary. The activities of the war resulted in considerable improvement of the plant of manufacture. The plant of agriculture and that of transportation deteriorated. The boom of 1919 was the result largely of demand for consumers' goods, given free expression after repression during the war. It was overestimated and overdone. The good times of the past year were the result to a large extent of activities revolving round the improvement of railway equipment, including construction of new track, repair of old track, terminal facilities, motive power and rolling stock. The most urgent of these wants seem under way to fulfillment, which together with the usual seasonal slackness has resulted in a recession of business during the summer that does not in the least presage a period of so-called deflation, though it does relieve us of any present threat of so-called inflation.

The plant of agriculture has not had its turn as yet. The relatively low prices of farm products have made this impossible. As rapidly as the buying power of farm produce improves, we may expect to witness outlays for restoration of the farm plant. The farm needs implements, machinery, gas engines, telephones, electric motors, buildings, roofs, fences, paint, tile, culverts, harness, labor-saving equipment. We do not need more farms, but better farms. Fewer farms, but more efficient units. Four-fifths of the present farms, properly equipped and efficiently managed, would raise the present crops with certainty to the consumers and remuneration to the farmers. It does our agriculture no good to have ineffective farmers raising produce for ineffective foreign buyers at unremunerative prices, farmers forced by high-cost production literally to pray for crop failure abroad.

This is one meaning of the wished-for restoration of relative prices of products of the farm. It is not merely that farmers with better prices would be able to buy consumers' goods of the ordinary kinds, important as that may be. The repair and improvement of the plant of agriculture would be the larger result. This, undertaken in proper scope, would enlarge the home market for many things and furnish employment for factory workers the country over. It would bring the farm up to something like the level of the factory and the railway. The technical efficiency of the farm is not low, but it must be still higher if the farm is to be commercially efficient.

Valuable as the foreign market is and remains, the home market is the foundation of prosperity. The buying power of railways and of farms represents a large part of domestic consumption.

A Trade Row Between Dominions

WHEN the chauvinistic states of Central Europe make trade discriminations against one another we shake our heads and express regret that the war cost them their senses. But when two of the dominions of the British Empire fall into trade quarrel there is not even that excuse. Stated in rough figures, Australia raises ten million bushels of corn and has thirteen million cattle and a million hogs; South Africa raises forty million bushels of corn and has ten million cattle and a million hogs. Australia is naturally a corn-importing state, South Africa a corn-exporting state. Australia is a heavy exporter of beef; not so South Africa. Australia has an import duty of a shilling a hundredweight on corn.

Now the corn raisers in Australia have induced the government to declare that South Africa is dumping corn on Australia, and an extra antidumping duty has been levied against South African corn. This hits importers and feeders who had made import contracts for corn that are not yet filled. It raises the cost of masting cattle, though the world price for beef is so low as to have caused grave concern in Australia for some time past. Naturally it has created consternation in South Africa.

The next move comes from South Africa. She can easily retaliate. She imports from Australia five times as much as she exports to Australia. Australia supplies most of the flour imported by South Africa. Suppose a reprisal is set up on wheaten products? This would mean two component parts of the British Empire making brickbats of wheat and corn. It is certainly a silly exhibition. Politicians lack sense of humor as well as sense of economics.

The Inside of the Bag of Tricks

By Harrison Grey Fiske

THE writer of this article has been active in the theater world for quite a long period. He has been a manager, a producer, a director, a playwright and a dramatic critic; he has been practically everything except a press agent, for which function doubtless he lacked the talent of veiling fact and gilding truth. He believes that his varied contacts and personal participation in affairs theatrical have not blunted his perceptions or destroyed his sense of proportion.

He has seen the American theater completely revolutionized during the past thirty years. The upheaval began when several keen theatrical business men banded together in the '90's and formed what was widely known as the Theatrical Syndicate. Their avowed purpose was to do away with the loose, happy-go-lucky methods theretofore prevailing, and to stabilize the business. This was to be accomplished by obtaining control of the bookings of the leading theaters in the United States. By shrewd and clever manipulation they actually secured that control. They did not attempt directly to tie up the dramatists, the producers and the actors, because they foresaw that these must all become subservient if the syndicate held the keys to all the theaters. It never entered their calculations that the health of the theater depended upon the freedom of the creative and interpretative forces that animate it. They believed that its prosperity lay solely in the expansion of the commercial side. So having acquired the unlimited power they sought, they imposed their own conditions, cut down the terms of attractions, systematized bookings, compelled respect for contracts, derided art, and amassed fortunes during the time that their monopoly lasted.

After ten years rivals appeared, eager to participate in these gains. They proceeded to organize another chain of theaters. The rivals becoming formidable and both factions having the same aims, they gravitated together finally. Meanwhile the cart of dramatic art having been put before the huckster's horse, the standards of the stage steadily declined, and many of the best producers of plays withdrew, disgusted and discouraged. Today the commercial managers, who are dominant, face the consequences of almost thirty years of this usurpation. They sowed the wind, and they are reaping the whirlwind.

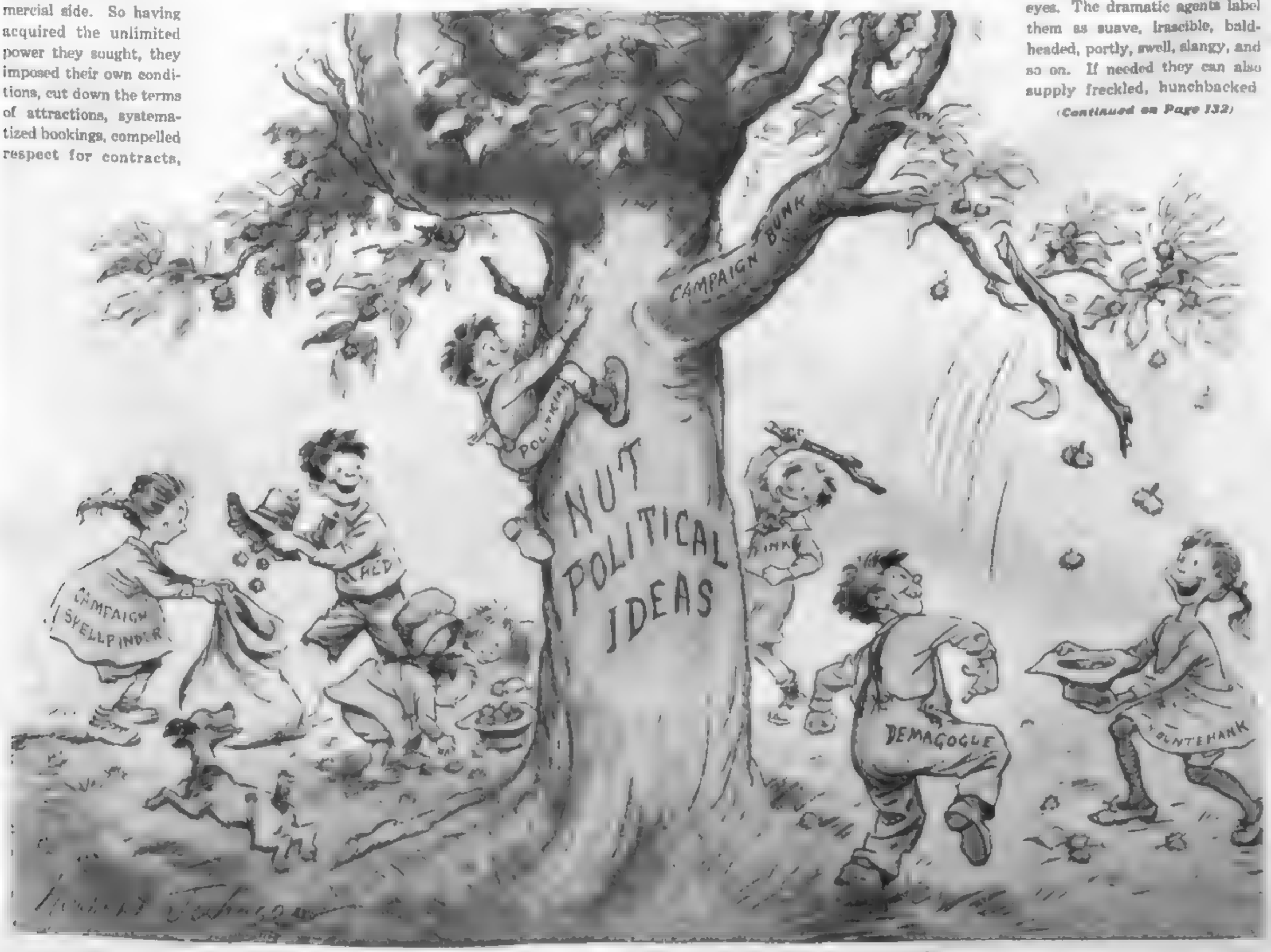
Playgoers have no special interest in the ups and downs of managers except when these affect the character and quality of their amusements. Actors are often interesting to the public; managers seldom are. In order to appreciate just what has resulted from the slow but complete process of commercializing the stage we must know precisely what the conditions today are behind the curtain as well as in the front of the house, and what egregious blunders have brought those conditions about.

Before the advent of the touring system that has existed for a good many years, actors were able to secure a thorough training in the permanent companies that flourished in all the large cities. To begin in the profession then it was necessary to possess sufficient talent and aptitude to warrant admittance to one of these organizations; so there was a natural process of elimination and selection. The stage door was barred against the mediocre and the unfit. Beginners were intrusted with parts of small importance, and their progress was gradual and in accordance with their deserts. In this way the theater was a real school, and actors under expert direction were thoroughly grounded in their profession.

When what was called the star and combination system superseded the stationary companies, a special cast was engaged for each new play, the actors being chosen for their individual fitness for the various parts. This gradually led to the classification of types, and actors were no longer desired or expected to be sufficiently versatile to play whatever parts might be assigned to them. With the constant change from company to company there was a new environment with each engagement, and that artistic team play that used to be the result of long association of actors in American companies lapsed. Young actors, restricted to the one sort of parts for which they were thought best suited by physique or personality, found it requisite merely to repeat themselves over and over again.

The type custom of casting has reached the point where actors are tabulated according to weight, height, complexion, and color of the hair and eyes. The dramatic agents label them as suave, irascible, baldheaded, portly, swell, slangy, and so on. If needed they can also supply freckled, hunchbacked

(Continued on Page 132)



NUTTING TIME

SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES

The Wisdom of Henry Clay

A Rimed Editorial

By Baron Ireland

THE President sat at his desk at work
And pressed a button to summon a clerk,
To whom he pushed over a three-foot pile
Of printed sheets with a weary smile
"There!" he said, sighing, "I've signed that bunch!
I'll finish the other batch after lunch.
I've signed those giving a captured gun
To the towns of Slopokus and Stocking Run,
Poot's Corners, Stone Crossing and Wagon Rut,
Okoochee, Fork River and Plunkett's Gut,
Lame Horse, Flivvertown, Brown Taste Springs,
Goose Creek, Snodgrass and Angel's Wings,
Persimmon Junction, East Dinosaur,
And about a hundred and fifty more;
I've signed two hundred-odd pension bills
And thirty-six Indian wards' last wills,
A bill to paint Smithville's post office green
And the one at Boggs' Mills aquamarine;
So now if you'll send up some Volstead beer
And a Swiss cheese sandwich, I'll lunch right here,
Then start right in on this other flock
I've got to get through them by two o'clock,
For I'm holding a cabinet meeting then."
"You'll have to postpone it till half past ten,"
The clerk responded, "because at two
You're down for a half hour's interview
With a mayor's committee from Loose Leaf, Ark.,
Who want you to dedicate their new park.
At half past two that's over, and then
Cloth Weavers' Locals 6, 5 and 10
Are calling to urge you to do your best
To boost the vogue of the two-button vest
You're next receiving the delegates
Of the buttonhole makers of eighteen states,
Who are calling to urge you to do your best
To kill the vogue of the two-button vest;
Then you shake hands until 7:04
With twenty selected committees more,
And from 7:04 till 8:23
You shake hands miscellaneously.
At 8:23 the cigar men's band ——
But the President held up his shaking hand.
"Enough!" he cried, "If I must, I must.
The office I hold is a sacred trust,
And if I was elected to spend my time
In such a perpetual pantomime
Of signing carloads of piffling bills,
Gladhanding committees, and other frills,
Why, then, I'll do as the people say
And waste America's time that way;
But how in the name of George Washington
Do they think I can get any real work done?"
But the clerk replied with a headshake slow,
"I'm sure, Mister President, I don't know.
Such a waste of time amounts to a sin,
But that's the way it has always been."
He went, and the President, left alone,
Mused to himself in a thoughtful tone,
"H. Clay, when you uttered the sentiment
That you'd rather be right than be President,
You uttered a mouthful hot off the grid;
You said a lot more than you thought you did,
And before you'd held this job very long
You'd have said you'd also rather be wrong,
And I'm here to trumpet a clarion call
That I'd rather be anything else at all!"
And the President wearily grasped his pen
And sadly began to sign bills again.

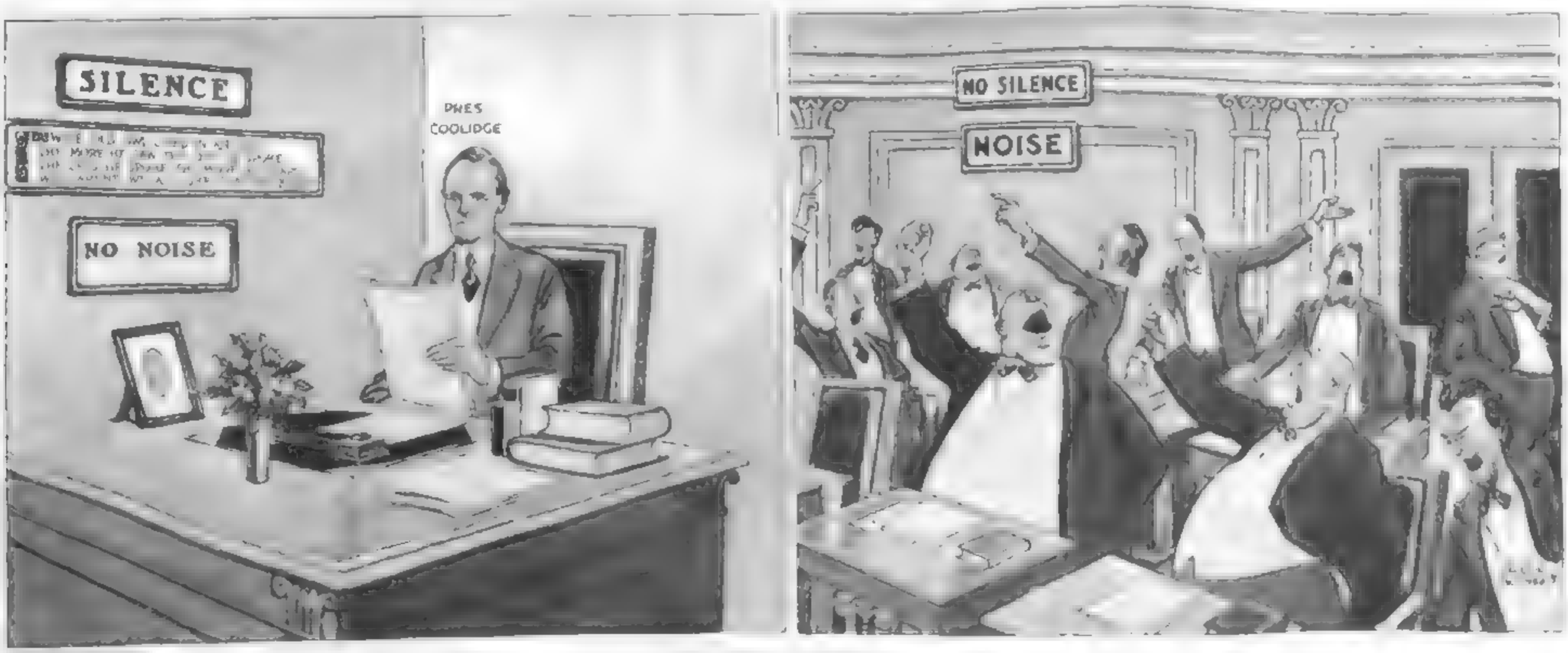
Mutual Friend—"Jones, You Say You Get Twenty-Five Miles to the Gallon With Your New Car. I Want You to Meet Smith. He Says He Hears Four Thousand Miles With His Radio"

Comment of a Country Editor

A FARMER-LABOR Party is the dream of those who wish to weld the workingman and the agrarian into a compact political organization. There is little doubt that when the plan is consummated the new organization will sweep the country. In this neighborhood the Farmer-Labor Party is made up of Sim Reeves, the plasterer, and Bill Reamer, the well-known farmer south of town. Mr. Reeves is working eight hours a day for an honorarium of twelve dollars a day. He hopes when the new organization sweeps the country to reduce his hours of labor to six and the number of working days in the week to five. Mr. Reeves was in town last week looking for a farmhand. He was offering two dollars for a twelve-hour day. It is surmised Mr. Reamer and Mr. Reeves are going to have some differences of opinion when they try to write their party platform.

Those who have gone abroad bring back word that America is unpopular in Europe. The feeling is a perfectly natural one. Ours is a thrifty nation. When we accumulate money and property we are disinclined to give it all away. Had America taken over the combined war debts of Europe and continued its support of the weaker countries, ostensibly at least every nation in Europe would have been its friend. This is a grand country but, except in times of war, pestilence and famine, it never seems to rise to its obligations.

The search of the records has been completed. It discloses the fact that no great constructive measure was ever offered, or written into law, by a statesman who predicated his appeal for public favor on his contempt for conventionality and his studied disregard of the simple rules of grammar. (Continued on Page 109.)



Both Ends of the Avenue

When did you last eat vegetable soup?

Just the words "vegetable soup" have an inviting sound. How often this hearty soup has delighted your appetite ever since you were a child! Campbell's is just the delicious kind of vegetable soup you remember—only better! For it is the choice of the whole world's markets and it is blended by chefs with a life-long training in making soup. Their skill and experience make your old-time favorite more tempting than ever. Eat Campbell's and you will say: "It is the best vegetable soup I have ever tasted!"

Fifteen different vegetables—the finest that grow anywhere. Nourishing, appetizing broth of selected beef. Substantial cereals. Flavory herbs. Thirty-two ingredients in all! A whole meal in itself!

Soup for health—every day!

Vigor and hustle, ginger and muscle
Win the game you play!
Campbell's for dinner makes you the winner—
Eat it every day!

21 kinds

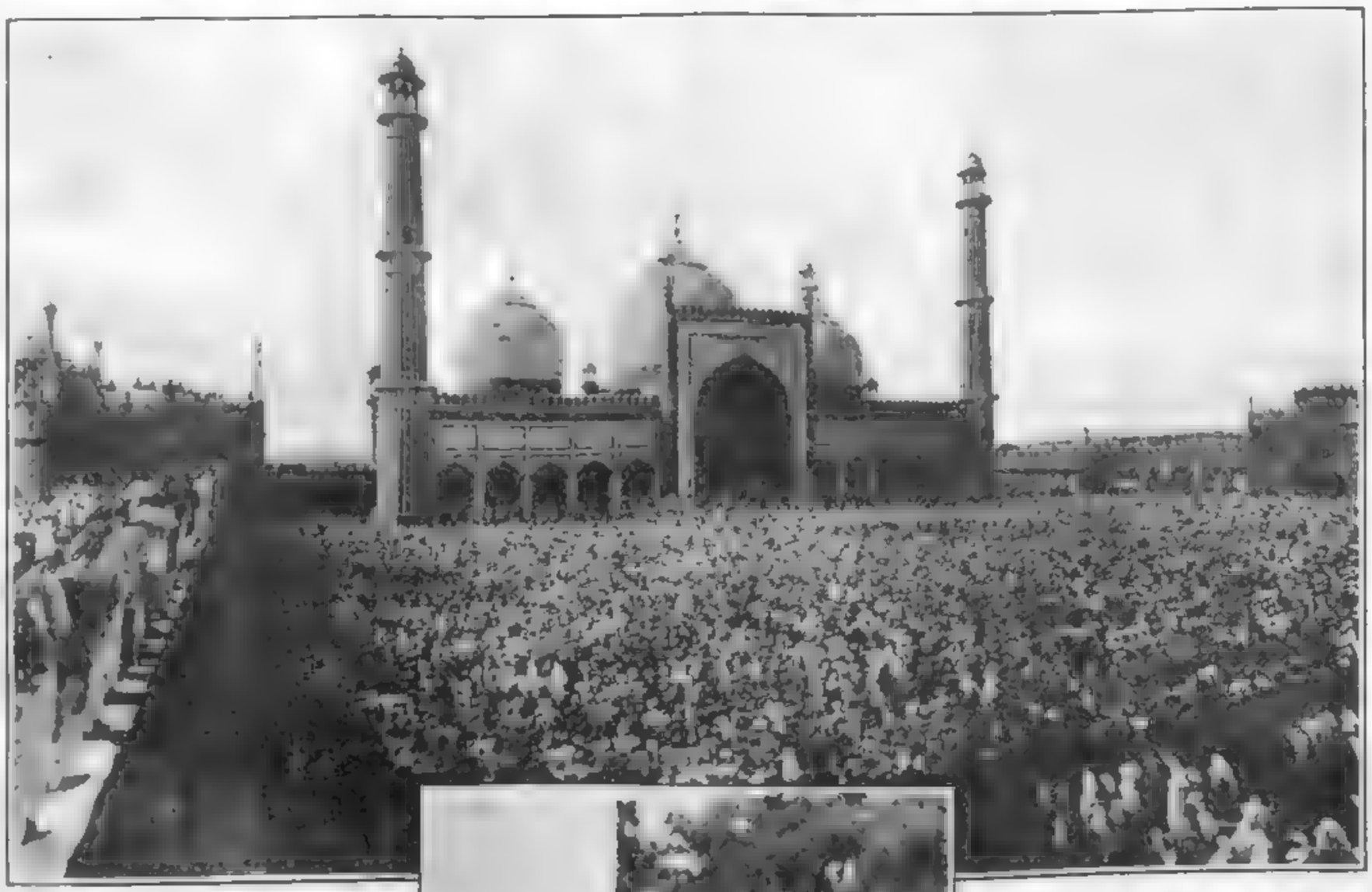
12 cents a can

Campbells' Soups

LOOK FOR THE RED-AND-WHITE LABEL

Ordinary Things About India

By ELEANOR FRANKLIN EGAN



TRAVELING in India may be interesting enough if you happen to be interested in India; but if I were making a classified list of the things one sometimes does, I hardly think I should list traveling in India under the general head of pleasure.

When the British began to build railroads in India, along about 1845—at any rate, the construction of the first short experimental lines was authorized in 1845—they knew nothing about trains de luxe; and, so far as India is concerned, during the seventy-eight years that have elapsed since then they have learned nothing.

I think maybe I like better than any trains on earth the trains that run into London from the ports of England. You land in Liverpool, Plymouth or Southampton; there is a train waiting for you that is the last word in luxurious equipment; you are put aboard with an absolute minimum of irritation and annoyance as regards tickets, passports, luggage and all that sort of thing, and pretty soon you are speeding across England's gentle landscape with an ease and smoothness that insure the utmost in comfort on a railway journey. It is because the British do themselves so exceedingly well in their arrangements for railway travel in England that I cannot understand how they manage not to mind what they have to put up with in India.

Discomforts of Railway Travel

BUT let us begin at the beginning—if there is a beginning. The beginning may be a question as to why on earth it is impossible to reserve private sleeping-car accommodations on an Indian train. It is possible to buy a berth; but ordinarily the berth is in a four-berth compartment, and to get the other three berths it is necessary to purchase three additional tickets to wherever you may wish to go. And that would be fair enough if the purchase of these three additional tickets insured the privacy that an occasional traveler happens to desire. But it does not. There is no check on ticket sales at intermediate stations, and if a passenger at an intermediate station holds a ticket calling for a berth, and your three vacant berths happen to be the only ones available on the train, he evidently has a perfect right to help himself; while, on the other hand, if you yourself are getting on at an intermediate station, with tickets calling for four berths, otherwise a reserved compartment, you are likely to find one or more of your berths already occupied. Your tickets do not call for any special number, because the numbering and checking system is not employed. You scramble in wherever you find a vacant place in a first-class car—that is, if you are traveling first-class; and no doubt you would be if you are an American—or you take whatever the station master can find for you. If you have gone to the expense of buying four tickets, it might add to your serenity to remind yourself that your berths are probably vacant somewhere in the train; but on the whole it is better to emulate the railway management and not think at all.

The first-class compartments are plain boxlike affairs, uncarpeted and usually dirty, with long benches on either side about three feet wide and thinly upholstered in leather. The upper berths are usually hooked up to the ceiling in daytime, while the occupants of the lower berths—the long leather benches, that is—must share their accommodations and their space for hand luggage with their less fortunate fellow travelers. There are no

A Water Carrier in Gwalior With His Goatskin Water Bag. Above—Friday Prayers in the Jama Masjid, or Cathedral Mosque, in Delhi

curtains; there is no privacy of any kind except that provided by a small lavatory; there is no sleeping-car equipment—not even hand towels; there are no attendants; and there is no way of getting out of a compartment except through a side door out into whirling space or onto a station platform.

There are horrible tales told of crimes committed in these isolated compartments, the victims having no chance of help save the impossible chance of reaching a bell pull high up against a window panel, which connects with the engine and is labeled Alarm—Do Not Touch Except in Case of Emergency.

Just before my arrival in India two women were murdered in a compartment somewhere up in the northwest, and the murderers got off safely in the dark of some way station where the train slowed down. There was a good deal of talk about this crime; but I was not particularly interested in it, so I didn't pay sufficient attention to get the details of it or to learn the results of police activity in connection with it. I only know that the story influenced my mind to the extent of causing me afterward to regard any fellow travelers with whom I happened to be shut up with considerable suspicious scrutiny.

And this is probably where I should remind myself that on all trains there are compartments reserved for women, into which no man may intrude on pain of severe and specified penalties. These reservations are made principally in recognition of the purdah system, which imposes upon women all over India the necessity for concealing themselves absolutely and throughout their lives from all men except the men of their immediate families. But one of the results is that no woman may travel at night with her husband or any other man of her family unless she chooses to intrude into a men's compartment—which would be resented—or sit upright in a usually crowded and always stiffly uncomfortable day coach. I am thinking only of foreign women, to be sure; but in this regard no difference is made between foreigners and Indians. Women are invariably placed in women's sleeping compartments, while their husbands have to toddle off to some other part of the train, where they are out of range of communication for the entire journey except when the train stops at a station long enough for them to make a hurried visit of inquiry and inspection, which they do from outside on the platform. For foreigners this can be very unpleasant, as I have often seen demonstrated. Some women are timid; the women's compartments are not guarded in any way, and men often express serious concern for the safety of members of their families who are thus compelled to travel without their protection.

I had a curious experience one night, and I think I shall tell about it now, even though the story is away ahead in the general story I have to tell and the telling of it at this point involves me in digression.

Light Reading for Odd Moments

I WAS going from Agra to Benares. There are two eastbound trains that pass through Agra along about midnight; one the Punjab Mail and the other, I think, called the Bombay Express. I say they pass through Agra, but what they really do is to take on Agra passengers at Tundla Junction about ten miles east of Agra. At Agra you go through all the laborious motions of getting aboard for your night's journey; but you board a local train, and in about half an hour you go through all the motions of ending a journey, when you and your usually multitudinous belongings are piled out on the station platform at Tundla.

I had a berth reserved on the Punjab Mail, which was the first and, reputedly, the better of the two trains. But the Punjab Mail was late. I got out a book and sat down on my little stack of hand luggage under an arc light to read and to pass the time as profitably as possible and with as much entertainment for myself as my book might afford. I remember it was a bit of light literature entitled the Cambridge History of India, with marginal annotations, innumerable footnotes and an appendix that was referred to in every other paragraph. Incidentally, the arc light was surrounded by a cloud of buzzing beetles and other flying insects, one after another of which bumped its head, got scorched or something and dropped on me. The pavement under all the lamp-posts was covered with dead and dying bugs and with swarms of colorful humanity sprawling around in all kinds of reposeful and otherwise postures.

(Continued on Page 32)

Waffles are a specialty at the English Tea Garden. The recipe, you notice, calls for Libby's Milk.

It makes waffles richer, their crusts more crisp and tender

The English Tea Garden, famous for waffles, tells how they're made with Libby's Milk

AT Maumee, Ohio, drawing select patronage from Toledo and other nearby cities, is the charming English Tea Garden. A garden indeed, with tables set on the lawn beneath the fine old trees.

Gracious hostesses are Miss Victoria Powell and her sister, Mrs. Lintott. Yet, to dine there, one should have places reserved since excellent food brings many to the English Tea Garden.

Especially popular are the waffles; they're wonderfully rich with crusts unusually crisp and tender. The recipe at the right tells how they're made—with Libby's Milk.

Richer milk means richer cooking

Good cooks everywhere prefer this milk for cooking, coffee, baking. It gives greater richness and finer flavor to foods for the same reason that cream and butter do: it is rich in butter fat. There are, in fact, 7½ teaspoons of this enriching substance in every 16 ounce can of Libby's Milk!

Because, first, it is milk from selected herds in the finest dairy sections of the country—from cows that are prized and carefully tended because they give exceptionally rich milk.

And, second, at the Libby condenseries located right in the heart of these favored dairy sections, we remove more than half the water from it.

Nothing is added to it; none of its food values are taken away. Sealed in air-tight cans and sterilized it comes to you *pure* wherever you live—the finest milk in the land *made double rich!*

Have richer dishes TONIGHT

Order a can of Libby's Milk from your grocer now. Try it tonight in place of ordinary milk in a soup or sauce, a gravy or dessert.

Once you *do* try it and see for yourself how much it adds to the richness and flavor of some favorite dish, you, like thousands of other women, will use Libby's Milk regularly for *all* your cooking.

WAFFLES

Recipe from the English Tea Garden Maumee, Ohio

To 2 cups flour add 4 teaspoons baking powder and ¾ teaspoon salt. Add to this mixture 1 cup Libby's Evaporated Milk mixed with ¾ cup water and beaten yolks of 3 eggs. Then, to 2 tablespoons melted butter add beaten whites of the eggs. Stir all together and bake in hot waffle iron.

Write for these recipes

Many other recipes from good cooks who use Libby's Milk, recipes that illustrate how easily and inexpensively you can give your daily cooking greater richness and finer flavor, will be sent you free upon request. Write today

Libby, McNeill & Libby
510 Welfare Bldg., Chicago

Libby's MILK *for Cooking Coffee Baking*

The milk that good cooks use

Continued from Page 30

It was past midnight when I was set down at Tundla Junction, and in about ten hours not less than that!—it got to be three o'clock in the morning. And still the Punjab Mail had not arrived. My book was controversial to the last degree and seemed to me to have been written for the purpose principally of proving that there is very little foundation in fact for anything that has ever been written about India; so it rather halted than helped to speed the weary hours.

The Bombay Express had come and gone, creating a brief interval of excitement, and, of course, getting the right of way of the Punjab Mail

I might have taken the express, but in the meantime I had performed the customary ceremony of bribing the station master to look out for me, and he had told me to stay right where I was until he came to fetch me. He would settle me in a women's compartment and see that I was all secure.

It must have been nearly four o'clock in the morning when the proud and powerful Punjab Mail came thundering in, and I was as tired as I have ever been in my life. The station master came hurrying up; my servant and coolies gathered up my belongings and we rushed down the platform to a women's carriage. You see, the train was making up time and we had to hurry. This women's carriage was fully occupied. We tried another, but that, too, was completely filled. There were no more.

"All right," said the station master, "wait a minute."

And he scampered off up toward the engine in most un-Eastern haste and un-Oriental agitation. He was a subordinate-subassistant-deputy Anglo-Indian—otherwise Eurasian—station master, but he was doing his best and I liked him. Anyhow, he was the only kind of station master who could be expected to be up and on the job at that kind of an hour. From a car away up ahead he beckoned me to come along and, shooing my coolies ahead of me, I went along. He had found an empty compartment!

"But is this a ladies' compartment?" I asked.

"I make it so," said he, then hurried away.

An Amazing Fellow-Passenger

IN ABOUT a minute, and while my servant in feverish haste was unfastening the straps of my bedding, an Englishman came along. He poked his head in at the door and said, "Is this compartment all taken?"

"This is a ladies' compartment," I replied

"Oh, no, it isn't," said he, "because I just saw some men getting out of it."

"Well, you'd better see the station master," said I

Whereupon he rushed away and in another minute was back again with all his duffel. His servant was just unstrapping his bed roll when the whistle blew, the train began to move and both our servants had to jump out onto the platform and swing themselves into a servants' compartment in some other part of the train. And there I was! I was as much alone with the creature as though we had been marooned on a desert island, and the next stop was several hours ahead!

Now, in justice to Englishmen, be it said that the average Englishman in India would ride on what used to be known as the cowcatcher before he would intrude upon the privacy of a woman on an Indian train; but there are different breeds of Englishmen, just as there are of other nationalities. It would have been all right, however, if this man had only turned to me and said "I beg your pardon; this is rather awkward, but I must get to Allahabad tonight, and this was the only vacant space on the train," or something to that effect. He would have found me entirely reasonable, and I probably should have assured him that there was nothing to worry about except the fact that there was not much of the night left in which to get a little sleep. It would have been all right so far as I was concerned if he had said nothing at all, but had proceeded to behave himself. But he did neither of these things.

A Corner of Man Singh's Temple at Gwalior

So far as regarded any sign he made, I was not among those present. Indeed, he had a compartment all to himself, because I can hardly imagine a gentleman doing what he did even in the presence of strange men. He finished arranging his bed; then he began to undress. I supposed, of course, that he would take off his coat, collar and shoes and establish himself as modestly as possible for as much rest as he could get under the circumstances. But not at all! He took off everything he had on and climbed into his pajamas like a Christian! And he had no more regard for me than he had for a mosquito that he took pains to swat on the windowpane. He swatted the mosquito after he got his trousers off and before he got his pajamas on; he had his back toward me; he was fat and flabby, and the general scenic and dramatic effect as viewed from my seat in the front row of the orchestra was rather extraordinary.

The Mutiny Memorial Tower, Delhi

I was angry, but I admired his superb self-command. He must have been just as conscious of my presence as I was of his, yet he did not indicate by even a modest motion that he was aware of my existence For my own part, my effort to keep from laughing was positively heroic, and I wondered what his object was in being so unnecessarily beastly. I put on my strongest big horn-rimmed spectacles, with which I cannot clearly distinguish an object six feet away he was less than three feet away—opened the Cambridge History of India and pretended to read.

The Railroad Problem

HE FINISHED his preparations for going to bed, not omitting anything that I could think of, turned on his reading light, stretched himself out, lit a cigarette, hiked his bare feet up on a window sill and opened a newspaper I then went into the little lavatory, eased myself of such daytime garments as hinder relaxation, came back and crawled in under my steamer rug. I felt a sense of overwhelming outrage and was just a little bit afraid, but I turned my face to the wall and did not move until after he got out at Allahabad. We had not exchanged a single syllable after he entered the compartment, yet I never had closer contact with a fellow traveler, nor a more unpleasant experience. I was angry for a week, but my principal thought was that the man might have been any kind of brute instead of merely the kind of brute he was at pains to prove himself to be, and that, all in all, travel in India for a woman alone was not so safe as it might be.

There are no corridor trains; or at any rate I have never seen any except the private trains of the viceroy and of governors. If you are on a train which carries a dining car, as all the better trains do, you must wait to get to it until the train stops at a station; and after you get into the dining car you are likely to have to stay there for two or three hours, because the distances are long and the express trains make very few stops. While they are moving they run, for the most part, like scared rabbits, and usually with about the same general motion.

I must not forget, either, to mention that there are compartments reserved on all trains for Europeans only, and this brings me into immediate touch with a burning controversy. The railroads are mostly owned by the state, but some of the more important of them are managed under leaseholds by private companies. This is a mere outline statement of a very complicated situation, but the multitudinous ramifications of the central fact would hardly interest anybody who was not obliged for some reason to make himself familiar with them. I tried to study the railroad problem in considerable detail, but soon found myself involved in the economics of coal production and consumption, steel manufacture and import, the purchase of supplies at home and abroad, labor difficulties, the shortage of men for responsible positions, averages

(Continued on Page 34)

Typical Street Scene in Jaipur

So quietly and smoothly does the new V-63 operate that owners say they are scarcely aware that there is a motor beneath the hood.

CADILLAC

V-63

Standard of the World

(Continued from Page 32)

of intelligence, comparisons in efficiency and more important comparisons between the earning capacities of railroads under state control on the one hand and under private management on the other. The problem was too complicated for casual treatment, so I gave it up—in its economic phases, that is. In its political phases it was very much to the fore as a current topic, and offered peculiarly illuminating evidence of how difficult it is for an alien autocracy to weight itself evenly in a scales of divided authority into the other balance of which it has invited or admitted a somewhat rude and rampant and wholly irresponsible and sophomoric democracy. The autocracy inevitably finds itself up in the air and greatly disturbed by a variety of unseemly agitations.

The new democracy in India, armed with authority under the Reforms Act of 1919, demanded immediately the abolition of company management of railroads and the return of all the roads to state control. The Indian representatives in the Assembly carried their point and the companies are to go out of business as their leases expire. But during the debate in the House—much of which I heard from a point of vantage in the visitors' gallery—there was a tremendous amount of more or less between-the-lines revelation as to the character of the real motives by which the Indian assemblymen were actuated; and I gathered that pride of race and not interest in the economic problem, as it affects the revenues of India, was the fundamental principle involved so far as they were concerned.

The economic arguments of the members who advocated the superior advantages of company management were quite unanswerable; but when it came to the real issue from the Indian viewpoint it was a different proposition altogether. The British were accused of discrimination in their own favor in everything that had to do with the railroads—in the movement of freight, in the employment of men, in the purchase of supplies, and last but by no means least in the reservation for their own use of compartments on all passenger trains.

The Indians made out a pretty strong case. They are very polite in the so-called National Assembly in India, and I was often reminded of The Virginian's idea of social amenities when he was made to say "When you call me that, smile!"

The truth of the matter is that the British do not like to travel with Indians. They have been for generations under a real and not an imagined necessity for maintaining their dignity and supremacy as the governing community; but I think that in nearly everything that has to do with their social relationships with Indians they are influenced chiefly by considerations of social habit. It is not that the finer Indians are inferior; it is merely that they are different, and it requires a good deal of an effort on the part of an Englishman in his everyday life to adjust himself to their differences. His fault, if we are to admit that it is a fault, might be the more glaring perhaps if it were not that the Indian population is itself hopelessly divided, and that most public utilities, including the railroads, have to be managed with reference to this fact.

Typical Indian Servants

HINDUS and Mohammedans avoid contact with one another on all occasions, while the different castes observe rules of social detachment that are sometimes positively ridiculous. For instance, at all railway stations accommodations are provided at one end of the platform for Hindus and at the other end for Mohammedans. The public drinking fountain is walled in and divided into two compartments, one for Hindus and the other for Mohammedans. Everywhere you go you find that government has accommodated itself in its every relationship with the governed to this fixed and fanatic division in the body politic.

But all factions are willing to associate with the Britisher, and they are all newly determined that the Britisher shall enjoy no special privileges of which they have power to deprive him, because they cannot bear the race distinction which special British privilege serves to emphasize.

The British fought hard for their somewhat, after all, simple reservations with regard to accommodations on passenger trains; but they did it rather awkwardly, being dominated by their lately developed spirit of conciliation. They resorted to palliation and courteous compromise where positive assertion might have achieved a better result. During the debate in the Assembly an Indian in a letter to a prominent daily newspaper expressed the general feeling on the subject when he wrote:

"The practice of reserving railway compartments for Europeans has been a cause of irritation in the past between the European and Indian communities, and with the growth of national consciousness among the Indians the irritation would only increase in the future. Mr. Innes' assurance that the distinction has now been restricted to mail and fast passenger trains is not borne out by the facts. For instance, on the East Indian Railway one will find a reserved compartment for Europeans even on a local train from Howrah to Uttarpara. Mr. Hindley added insult to injury when he assured the House that Indians in European costume would be allowed to travel in European compartments. If Indians in European costume can be admitted in European compartments, then why not Indians in Indian costume? After all, it is the dress that matters, and not social distinction and social anomalies, as Sir Henry Stanyon would like us to believe."

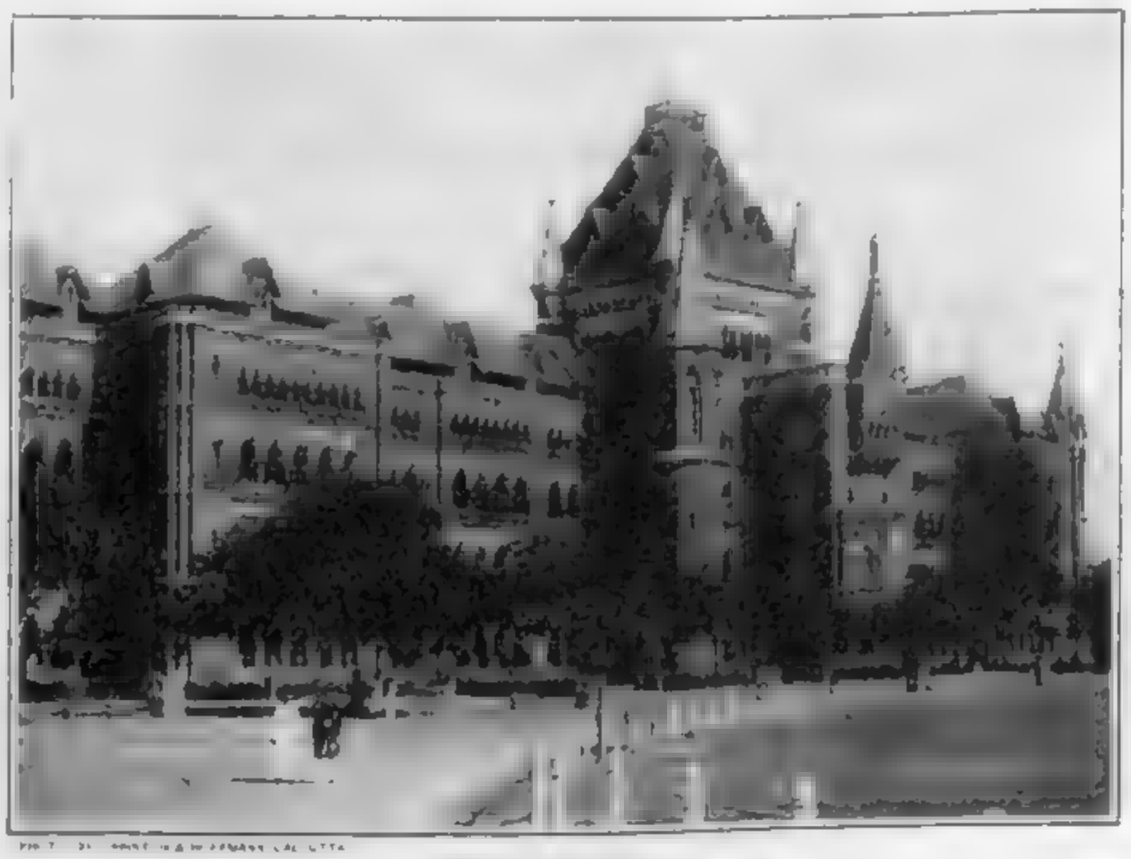
As I said when I first referred to this subject, I was brought into immediate touch with a burning controversy. It was bitter rather than burning, and held the public attention for a long time. The Indians won; but the future has yet to reveal what the result may be and what the railroads will be like when, by the process of Indianization, an Indian majority in the government services begins to outweigh British authority.

And now to be getting off on a journey: The beginning really is a laborious process of preparation. You are solemnly warned to take with you everything you may possibly need, and to remember that no comforts are provided, and that once you leave your base of supplies and strike out into the interior you will have little or no chance to provide yourself with comforts.

The first necessity is a servant. In 1917 I wrote: "When you are traveling in India you simply have to have a servant. Otherwise you go unserved. You do anyhow." And I am able now to smile in somewhat smug satisfaction in thinking of how accurate my conclusion was after such brief observation and experience. Since then I have had a number of Indian servants. Indeed, I may say I have had a variety of them. In their general characteristics, nearly all of which are irritating and exasperating, they display a marked similarity; but in getting rid of one and acquiring another one always has some reason for at least temporary optimism and self-congratulation.

My first servant was a very tall Mohammedan whom I described as having "a gray beard and great dignity" and who "proved to be an expert at getting other people to do his work, for baksheesh, which he freely and grandly distributed from the expense allowance I gave him." When I told him to get ready to go to Mesopotamia, however, he shrank visibly both as to stature and dignity, and became suddenly a very old man with rheumatism who could not possibly be asked to undertake a journey at once so arduous and so inevitably beset by the many dangers of war.

The Sort of Street Vender Encountered Anywhere in Central India



High Court, Bombay

He was succeeded by a dapper little blatherskite from Pondicherry whose most objectionable characteristic was an aggressive boastfulness, and whose favorite boast was that his grandfather was a Frenchman. He had been to Mespot before and was willing to go again. I was the first American he had ever worked for, and he acted constantly upon the popular assumption that money means nothing in the young life of any American. To him I was the Queen of Sheba, for whom many slaves had to be provided. He provided them; they did all his work; after which he humbly produced for my perusal and approval accounts which showed that he had paid them about three times as much as they had actually received. When I accused him of grafting he drew himself up and reminded me that his grandfather was a Frenchman.

There was another one; but I remember only that he was quite useless, that he put blacking on my best brown walking shoes, that he knew nothing about even the simplest duties, and that he was not even intelligent enough to engage coolies to do the work which he himself was not intelligent enough to do. Then came Chabu!

Little Sister of the Powerful

I WAS a guest at Government House in Bombay and had received a telegram of welcome to India from their excellencies, the Viceroy and Lady Reading, along with a most gracious invitation to visit them at Viceregal Lodge in Delhi. Such an invitation in India is practically equivalent to a command; but though this fact may have influenced my immediate actions, it had nothing whatever to do with my appreciation of the invitation or with my delight in accepting it. I had never met Lord Reading; but I knew enough about him to know that I wanted to, irrespective of the fact that he was Viceroy of India. I knew enough about him to know that to meet him would be a very great privilege. And besides, I wanted to begin to look out over India and the affairs of India from the summit of British official life, which is the viceroyalty domiciled in Viceregal Lodge.

The viceregal message, which came through the American consul, Mr. Thomas M. Wilson, conveyed the idea to both me and Mr. Wilson that I was to proceed at once; so I suddenly found myself being somewhat rushed. I knew that when I started for Delhi I would be starting on a journey that would take at least two months to finish; so I really had to be ready for it. I went to the military secretary to Sir George Lloyd, governor of Bombay, who seemed to be everybody's refuge in times of trouble, and asked him what the usual method of procedure was. I knew I could proceed without anybody's assistance and that the processes were probably very simple; but why be a guest of government and not take advantage of the superior advantages you may be privileged to enjoy? I smiled and Major Vaux smiled at me. He told me that as regarded railway tickets and all that sort of thing I should do nothing at all, because he would have all such necessities attended to by his office according to the customary routine.

I thought how nice it was to be a little sister of the powerful, and then reluctantly but resolutely—I really did hate being a nuisance—intimated that he might be able also to assist me in the personal but very important matter of locating a dependable servant. He laughed and asked me to let him know in case I succeeded in finding anyone who might with sufficient reason be so described, because, upon my departure from India, he would like to inherit him. Then he sent for the head steward. The head steward employs, bosses and discharges the small army of domestic servants at Government House; so at once I became easy in my mind, thinking that he would know, if anybody could know, where the right man was to be found. He was not sure, but said he would make inquiries.

(Continued on Page 150

Another MAXWELL TRIUMPH The CLUB SEDAN

An entirely new expression of the popular sedan—

The utmost of roominess that could be desired in a five-passenger car.

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Latest design of body with high sides, yet retaining a low roof appearance.

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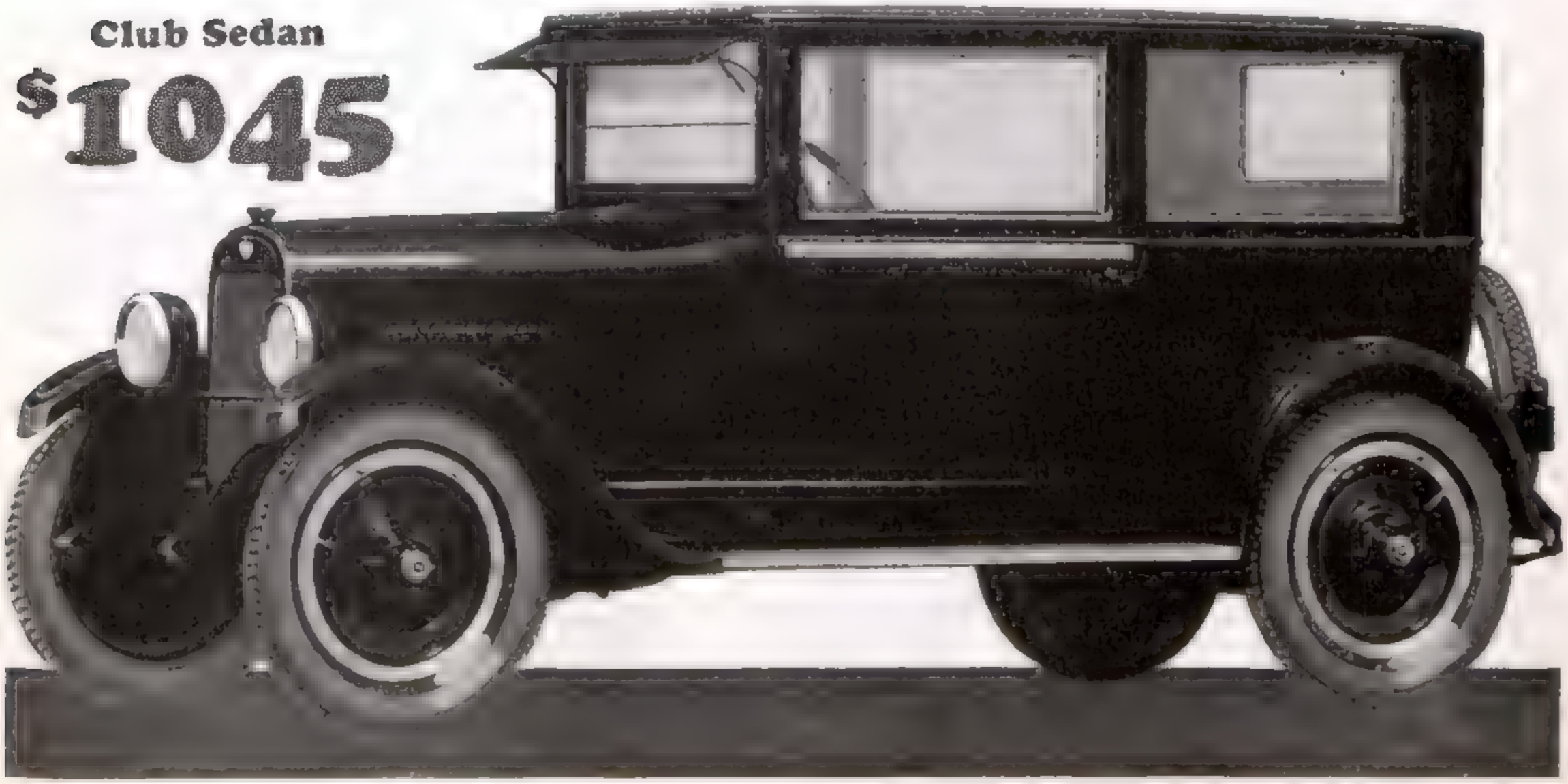

COMING BACK

By Frederick Stuart Greene

ILLUSTRATION BY J. E. ALLEN

"It's Been Good for You, This Trip; You're Actually Sunburned." "Oh, I'm a Near-Athlete Now," John Answered

WELL, Nance, here's where I start chasing the dollar again." He put aside his napkin and smiled across the breakfast table at his pretty wife. "This is April, 1920; I haven't been in an office since May, 1917."

"Three years, Jack; but it seems longer to me." She looked at her husband's pale face. "Yes, I'm sure you're well enough to go into town today," she said bravely. "But don't overdo it, dear."

"Oh, I'll fairly creep about," he assured her. "The only thing I mind is the crowds; New York is spilling people over the rim, these days, but I'll get used to it."

Pressing both hands heavily on the table he rose slowly to his feet. John Wildhack was a tall man, but his face, beneath his shock of blond hair, was white and drawn. His big frame, showing signs of recent illness, was worn down to razor thinness.

"I'm going to the station with you."

Nancy brought a cane to her husband and, careless of damage, crowded a brown tam-o'-shanter upon her own wavy hair.

They left the house in silence. This day marked a new start in their lives; both were serious; evidently there were thoughts that neither cared just then to put into words.

"Jack, where are you going to try first?" Nancy asked when near the station.

"Why, I'm not going to try anywhere. I'm going straight to Tanner."

Nancy walked on, her brows drawn to a level frown. Then after moments of thought: "Don't be all cut up, Jack, if Mr. Tanner disappoints you." Her voice held a tender warning. "Now suppose—just suppose, dear, that you find he can't take you back. What would you do?"

"Well, I can get just as good a job somewhere else," Wildhack had begun confidently, but he ended with "I suppose."

Nancy laid her hand on his arm and brought him to a halt. "I want you to promise, Jack, that if—if it shouldn't go well today, you'll not be downhearted." She stood before him, a mother look in her young eyes. "Now go try your luck," she said more cheerfully, "but if you find things aren't just right, come home and I'll tell you a scheme I'm planning."

"Got something up your sleeve, Nance?" Wildhack smiled down at his wife. "Why don't you tell me now?"

"No, it's not all worked out yet." Her brown eyes grew serious. "It's pretty big; I'm afraid to tell yet; you'll have to wait. Goodness!" She glanced at her wrist watch. "Four minutes to catch your train. Come along!"

Two hours later an elevator in a downtown skyscraper moved swiftly upward, stopped at the twenty-seventh floor, and Wildhack stepped from the car. Leaning heavily on his cane he walked slowly down the hallway and halted at a door marked:

JAMES F. TANNER & CO.
GENERAL CONTRACTORS

For some moments he stood before this office, uncertain; ill at ease in the unaccustomed civilian clothes that covered loosely his shrunken frame; then he straightened his shoulders and opened the door.

"Nope, Mr. Tanner ain't in," the boy behind the rail said, and immediately resumed his reading.

"Mr. Clark then?"

"Flu got him." The guardian of the gate turned a page.

Wildhack stepped beyond the railing.

"Say!" The boy condescended to look at the intruder. "Where d'yer get that walk-in stuff of yours!"

"Why, I'm Wildhack."

"Never heard of you. But you can wait on that bench out there if you wanter."

In Tanner's office, and never heard of him! Loneliness swept Wildhack's pale face.

He wheeled on the boy.

"See here, young man, I am—I was chief estimator here. The boys in the drafting room know me." He started again towards the room.

"Ah, say, you'll get me in Dutch with Schulmann! Wait till I tell him, can't yer?"

With a bitter smile Wildhack stepped beyond the rail and waited.

A short stoutish man came and blandly inspected him through thick lenses.

"You're Captain Wildhack? Mr. Tanner has mentioned you." He spoke with an accent. "He should be in shortly. Will you wait?" Schulmann did not open the gate; his welcome was as cordial as an eel's.

"Yes, Mr. Schulmann, I'll wait, but not out here. There must be some friends of mine left in this office, and I want to see them."

Wildhack walked to the drafting room. There were only three men at the boards; two looked up when he entered, but offered no greeting. The third man was working steadily, his head bent low over his drawing. A smile broke the set lines in Wildhack's face.

"Digging into it as usual, Pete," he said.

The rumpled head of the draftsman came up with a jerk, the pencil flew from his fingers, and Peter Hicks, overturning his high stool, ran limping on his game foot to Wildhack.

"Jack, Jack! How glad, how damned glad I am!" His plain features were alight with welcome; his eyes were swimming.

A sudden strain came into Wildhack's throat; here at last was someone glad to see him.

"Back again, alive and well?" Hicks shouted. "Stand still, man, while I look you over." Some of the gladness left him. "Thin as a needle, I'll admit; but give that little missus of yours time to feed you up, and take deep breaths of good Long Island air; that'll get you fit again, all right. How long in the hospital? . . . Fifteen months! Good Lord! Must have been fierce!"

He introduced Wildhack to the other men, but immediately took possession again.

"Read a lot about you, Jack. Those bridges you built on the Aisne. Fine work." His voice dropped, he caught his friend's hand again. "You'll tell me all about it some day, won't you?" he asked wistfully.

Wildhack glanced at Hicks' crippled foot. Game old Peter; tried hard to fit in somewhere.

"Come and spend a night with us, Pete, and I'll give you the whole show. But let's go to some room now where we can be alone. Who's this man Schulmann?"

Peter led him to Tanner's office; they were still there, talking earnestly, when James F. Tanner came in. A well-dressed, well-fed, shrewd-eyed man was Tanner; careful always to be strictly within the law, he belonged to that class of business men politely requested to put all promises down in writing.

He came to Wildhack, his hand outstretched, his stock smile in service. All in one time-saving moment Tanner shook hands, rang for his secretary, glanced at a telegram and nodded a curt dismissal to Hicks.

"Glad to see you back. Well, eh? Certainly envied you young fellows. Yes, Miss Stebbins, get Carron Brothers on the phone. Sit down; tell me about the war." He consulted his watch. "Got twenty minutes."

While machine-gunning all this he looked Wildhack over critically, as if estimating what dollar-making energy the war had left.

"I'd rather not talk about that now, Mr. Tanner. I've ——"

A cough interrupted Wildhack; Tanner's eyes narrowed. "I've come to ask," Wildhack continued, "when you wish me to begin work."

Instantly Tanner's face buttoned up.

"Do you want to come back with us?"

"That was agreed, wasn't it?" Wildhack said. "When I went to Plattsburg you said you'd hold the place for me."

Tanner hardened. "No recollection. Carron's line busy, Miss Stebbins? Keep after 'em; important. Can't remember, Wildhack, any agreement. Sure about it?"

"I'm not mistaken, Mr. Tanner. The same arrangement was made pretty generally by all New York concerns."

Wildhack waited, the blood hot in his cheeks. The contractor smoked his cigar hurriedly.

"Well, Tanner & Co. never breaks agreements." He said this as if he believed it. "But it's awkward; pretty slack; business rotten. Have to put out Schulmann to make room; two children too; but we'll do it."

Wildhack rose. "You'll not have to do that on my account, Mr. Tanner." It was difficult to control his voice. "I can manage, I think, without inconveniencing Mr. Schulmann or his family."

"Of course you can," Tanner answered heartily. "There are two or three firms ready to snap you up." He was evidently pleased at the easy way out; so pleased he could even afford time for completed sentences. "But you mustn't forget Tanner & Co. Come around any time and have lunch at the club." Wildhack set his teeth hard together. "Those interesting experiences of yours—anxious to hear about 'em some day when we have time. But you fellows mustn't think you had all the hardships over there." Mr. Tanner paused to brush a cigar ash from his carefully creased trousers. "It was tough right here.

(Continued on Page 50)

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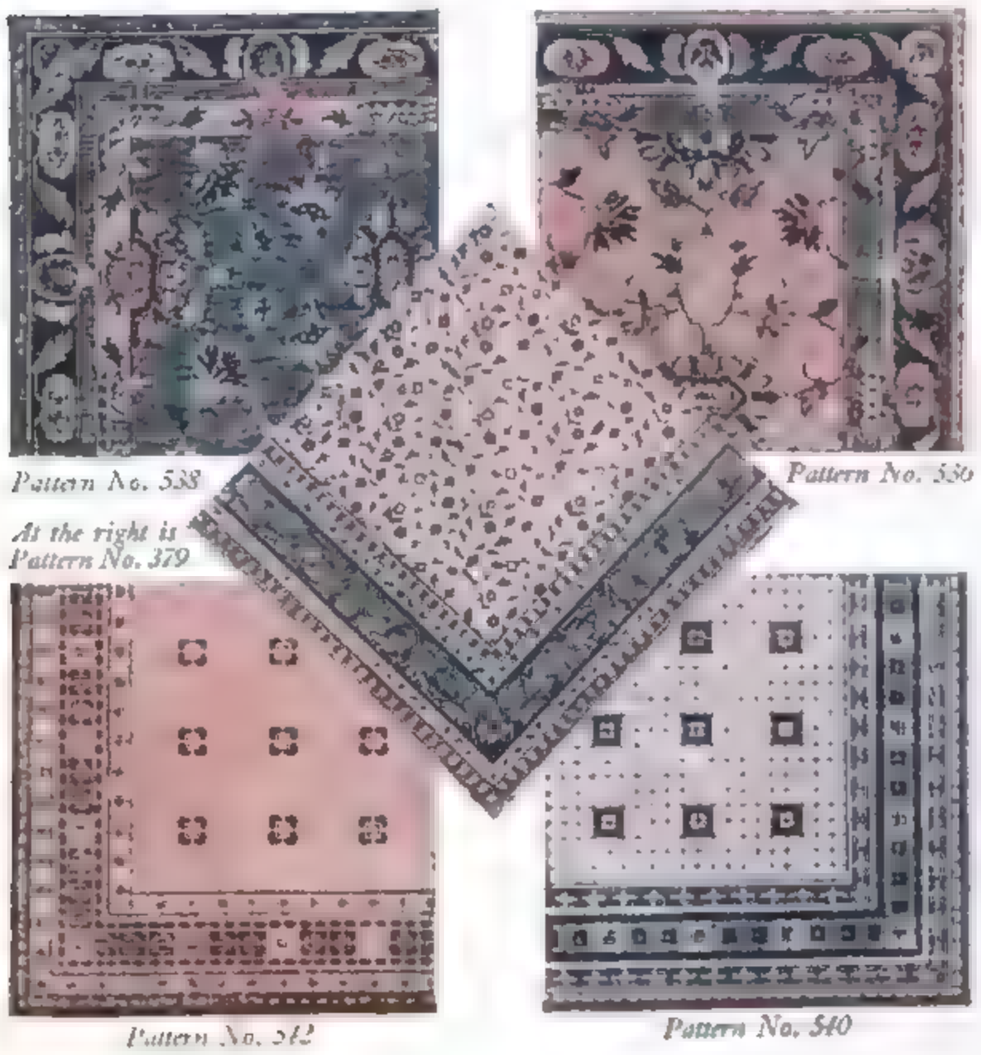

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AUTHOR! AUTHOR?

(Continued from Page 21)

Perhaps a month later the author is telephoned to appear at the producer's office at a certain hour.

"I've read your play," says Mister Producer, frowning as though in great pain. "I'm afraid it won't do. There's a lot of things would have to be done to it."

"For instance?" asks the author, knowing that if the producer was not flirting with the idea of accepting the play he never would have added his last sentence to that it-won't-do line.

"Well, for one thing, you can't have a bride and groom for your principal characters in a musical play. That kills all the sentiment."

"Sure! There's never any sentimental appeal or romance in a bride and groom, especially if they are separated on their honeymoon."

Of course, the author doesn't actually rid himself audibly of that sarcasm. He only thinks it.

"Now if you'd made the girl a sort of Cinderella type ——"

"I did."

"I know, but not enough; and if the boy—if he was a mild chaser and a rounder who is reformed and brought to his senses by the little Cinderella—you see what I mean?"

"Sure; but there's nothing new in that."

"Who's asking you for anything new? The public is buying the Cinderella stuff. That shows they want it. Let's give 'em what we know they want."

The author shakes his head, wondering how he can divorce his two principal characters and yet retain most of the scenes he has written for them.

"Tell you what you do," says the producer. "Let me hand this script over to Old Doc Rewrite. I'll tell him what I want; he can draft out the changes and then you and he can collaborate."

Fine for Mister Producer. Doc Rewrite is perhaps the best play doctor in New York. Not so fine for the author. Doc will hog the credit, the publicity and the royalties. The comforting element in Mister Producer's suggestion is the tacit admission that he wants to get control of the play. So the author decides not to accept half a loaf without a struggle.

"Before you call Doc in, let me have a shot at altering it," he says. "If I can't make a satisfactory job of the changes you want made, it'll be time then to call in help—that is, if I decide to let the piece be changed."

"What do you mean?" asks the manager, surprised.

"I mean I think the piece is pretty good as it stands. If I can make the alterations you suggest without hurting the script, I'll do so. Otherwise I'll submit the piece to some other manager. I gave you the first crack at it because you produced my other show. Now tell me what your idea is about this."

The manager clinches the author's hunch that he wants the piece by first remarking that if the changes he has in mind aren't made he won't consider the piece, and then spending fifteen minutes in a detailed explanation of the changes.

Everything Changed

Within a week the milliner bride has become a maiden operating the telephone switchboard at the hotel—a metamorphosis which has entailed throwing into the wastebasket eight of the original first-act scenes, drastic changes in the construction of the act and the invention of several new situations to accommodate the new plot. In the back of the author's head floats uneasily the question, "Why does this manager want the show? He didn't like my principal characters or my bride-and-groom stuff. Why does he want the piece, then?"

He knows the manager wants it. After reading the revised book, the manager has affixed his signature to a contract to produce the show and also to a check for advance royalties, with scarcely a serious attempt to reduce the royalty from a 2 per cent of the gross basis.

The author finds the answer to his question at the conference between the manager, himself, Dutch Toons, the composer engaged to do the music, and Bum Rimes, the lyric writer.

"You got a good book," says Toons; "but you'll have to change the characters of the girl and boy a little, I think. They're light-comedy parts—both of them. How are they going to sing sentimental ballads and waltzes? It'd be all out of character. Without a sentimental waltz or so, you can't put a musical show over."

"Toons is right," decides the manager. "You've got to write in a scene for the girl and the boy in the first act—a serious, sentimental scene with lots of heart-interest stuff in it—to lead into the theme song of the piece."

"All right," says the author, hoping he can make the scene read serious but play lightly. He turns to Rimes. "Let me know what your theme song is going to be about as soon as you can so I can lead into it properly. Have you got any ideas?"

"I've got three or four wonderful ideas for a theme song," lies Rimes; "but maybe you better write the scene as it comes to you, and I'll do the lyric to fit the scene."

Lyrics to Fit the Melodies

This is another variation of that great American institution known as passing the buck.

"Well, get busy on it," says the manager. "I'm going to put the show into rehearsal in three weeks."

"Three weeks!" yells the composer. Then he grabs his chance. "I can't do a whole new score in that time. I'll have to use some numbers I've got put away. Tell you what I'll do. I'll lay out the numbers and give Rimes lead sheets of them and he can fit lyrics to my melodies. Now, listen, Mister Manager, who's going to sing the numbers?"

"The telephone girl will be played by Violet Grey," the manager replies, naming a well-known dancing soubrette.

"I said sing," complains Toons. "Grey has the voice of an asthmatic mosquito."

"That's all right. She can dance, she's pretty and she's got more pep and personality than any other woman in the business. She don't have to sing in this part."

"No, she's only got the theme song to put over," Toons says with heavy irony.

"She don't have to put it over; let the boy sing it to her."

"Who's going to do the boy?"

"I think I can get Jack Lively."

"He's a comedian," accuses Toons.

"He can sing too."

"He'll have to if he's going to play opposite Violet Grey," Toons grumbles.

The author sits back in his chair fairly content. His two principal characters have been cast much as he would have cast them if the matter had been left to him.

The manager wipes the smirk off his face by remarking, "By the way, I've been thinking it over, and I can't see anyone to play that bell-boy comedy part but Freddie Fulsom."

"Fulsom!" The author sits up straight. "He looks as much like a bell boy as Ex-President Taft."

"He's funny, ain't he? He's a draw on Broadway, ain't he? He's an attraction on the road, ain't he? There ain't many better comedians who can dance in his class, are they?" When the manager reverted to his early East Side habit of speech his associates knew he was ready to battle all and sundry on the point in question. "Suppose he don't look like a bell boy. What of it? He don't have to be a bell boy. He can be a—er—anything around the hotel. What's the matter making him the—er—the janitor? That's it. He'd be better as a janitor, wouldn't he? Wouldn't he?"

"Sure," duetted the yes men—Rimes and Toons.

"Make him a janitor, and between now and rehearsals fatten up the part. Take some of those comedy situations you've wrote for the boy and throw them to the janitor. Bring the janitor into more scenes. Freddie is a great ad libber and we got to give him a chance to pull some of his funny cracks."

"That's all right," protests the author, seeing the drift of affairs; "but the boy and girl are the principal characters. They've got to carry the story."

"Let 'em. But Freddie will have to carry the comedy. I'm going to feature him."

The author now knows why the manager has accepted his play. Freddie Fulsom has, the author knows, a long-term contract with the manager. The manager has had no play for Freddie, and has seen in the author's script a vehicle for Freddie. So the author goes home and reshapes his play, throwing the janitor part into sharper focus.

A day or so before the first rehearsal, manager, author, director, dance director and perhaps Toons and Rimes gather to look at the models of the scenery which the scenic artist offers for approval, comment and suggestions—which he has no idea of accepting unless forced to do so.

The author's conception of the set he imagined the first act played in he has described in his script as follows: "The scene shows a section of garden along one side of a California summer hotel. On the right stands the hotel, old-mission style, vine and flower covered. There is a wide entrance to the hotel downstage and a smaller one into it farther upstage. On the left a vine-covered pergola extends from the first entrance to a low hedge running clear across the rear of the stage. Showing behind the hedge on the back drop is a curving strip of beach and the ocean. On stage are a few wicker chairs, small stands, and so on. The stage is drenched with amber and straw lights, to aid the impression of a California summer morning."

Then the author looks at the model on the manager's desk. He sees instead of a garden and pergola what might be the patio of the hotel, inclosed on the three sides of the stage with high walls, one of which is the hotel wall. Through a series of latticed arches in the rear wall he sees a blue which might be ocean and might be merely sky. He sees the stage cluttered with furniture and in the direct center of the stage a fountain—a circular base and ornate bowl in which an undecorated female shoots water into the air through a lily held in one upraised hand.

"Very effective set," says the director; "but how the devil am I going to get fifty people on and off with only those three entrances at my disposal?"

The scenic artist thinks that over.

"I could cut another entrance into the hotel on the left," he says.

"I need another one on the right too."

"For what?"

"For chorus exits and entrances—to clear my stage quickly in the musical numbers."

"Speaking of musical numbers," the dance director cuts himself in, "I don't see how I'm going to work my people in and around all that furniture. Holy smoke! Count 'em! One—two—four—ten chairs, three tables, that wicker couch, besides that damn fountain in the middle of the stage. Is that fountain necessary? Does it call for a fountain in the script?"

No Room for a Fountain

"At no place," the author is emphatic.

"I put that in to give a cool effect soothing to the eye," the artist defends himself. "I figured a little red ball, bouncing and balanced on top of a stream of water you know ——"

"I do," says the director grimly. "A little red ball, rising and falling and distracting the eyes and attention of the audience from the people on the stage and being knocked off the stream every time a chorus boy bumps against the fountain."

"I can't keep the company dancing around a fountain through an entire act," the dance director states flatly.

"It was done in Blue Calico," objects the artist.

"Yes; and Blue Calico was a failure—a rank flop."

"Not because it had a fountain in it," returns the artist. "It flopped because the book was rotten."

That's something everyone can agree on, which enables the manager to say placatingly, "Better cut out the fountain, and put in a couple of other entrances. Now let's see your second-act model."

Knowing the necessity of dressing one act of a musical comedy in full dress and evening gowns, the author had placed the action of his second act at night in a glassed-in conservatory adjoining the ballroom of the hotel. Conceive of his bewilderment, therefore, when the artist uncovers his second-act model and reveals an exterior setting similar to the author's description of the first act, except that there is a moonlight-ripple effect silvering the painted ocean on the back drop.

"Act II is an interior," the author protests.

"I'll tell you about that," the director speaks up. "This was my idea. It seemed to me incongruous and all out of keeping to have the janitor character running in and out of the conservatory all evening. No audience would accept that."

"I know it. That's why I originally wrote that part for a bell hop."

"I didn't know that, of course. The part now is a janitor. So the setting must be an exterior. It will give Juice, the electrician, an opportunity for some lovely moonlight effects."

"Are you going to try to play comedy on a dark stage?" wails the author.

"That will be all attended to," smiles the director.

"We hope," adds the author, seeing the effectiveness of several scenes written for a brilliantly lighted interior setting being lost in the wide, unconfined open spaces of a dark night. Rewriting them is the answer.

The next installment of grief appears at the first rehearsal. As much work has been done on the piece by all the departments concerned with its production as has been possible before the first day of rehearsals. The so-called equity contract, insisted upon by the Actors' Association and accepted by the Producing Managers' Association, provides that the actors engaged are to give their services gratis for four weeks of rehearsal for musical-comedy productions. Any further time required to get the production in shape for its opening performance must be paid for by the producing manager on the basis of 50 per cent of the actor's weekly salary—which is why musical comedies open after four weeks of rehearsal whether they are in acceptable shape or not.

Perquisites and Percentages

Because the first performance means so much to the life of the show, everyone works fearfully hard during the preparatory four weeks. To one and all its success means a season's work at least; possibly advancement, another rung of the ladder to stardom gained. To the composer, the play's success means two, three or four seasons of royalty. He pleads with his Muse, or his library of old masters, to yield him one or two hit melodies, songs which will sell heavily at the music shops—because the composer gets three cents for every copy of his songs sold. Phonograph recording companies, mechanical piano rolls are other sources of royalty, lucrative if the song is a hit. The lyric writer's music-publishing percentages being about the same as the composer's, his attitude toward the success of the play is not greatly dissimilar. Even though the sale of the published music prove disappointing, he is entitled to one cent of every dollar that comes into the box office of every theater in which the play is presented. The percentage of successful plays produced, or rather directed by the director and the dance director, determines the demand for their services. An artistic setting of a play that never reaches Broadway adds nothing to the artist's reputation—or the prices he can demand for his work.

So it may be seen that everyone connected with the author's show is dependent to a tremendous extent upon everyone else. Author, composer, lyricist, actor, chorus, dance director, musical conductor, costumer—all must depend upon the director to mold all the material they individually have supplied to its best advantage; while conversely, the director is absolutely dependent upon everyone else, including the stage hands, to interpret his ideas and demonstrate his conception. The quaint aspect of it all is that there are no two directors in the world who would direct a show the same way—give it the same treatment.

At the first rehearsal principals and chorus are assigned to different rooms, perhaps different buildings. The principals read through the script, listening to the ideas of the director as to the interpretation of the rôles. The chorus gather around a piano where sits the musical director drumming the melodies of the score into their ears.

Rehearsal over, Vera Very, who plays the daughter of the millionaire, approaches the author.

(Continued on Page 41)

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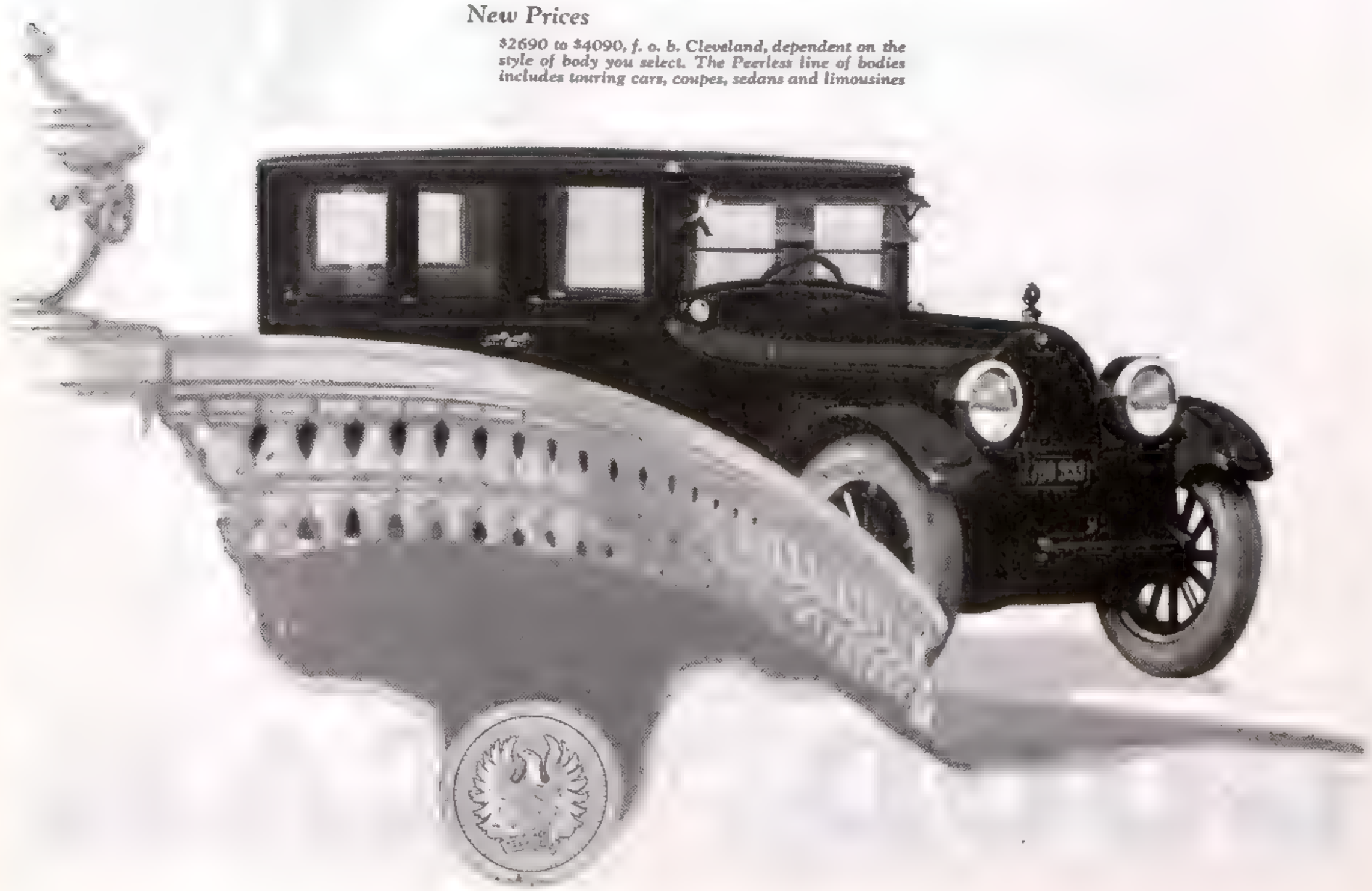

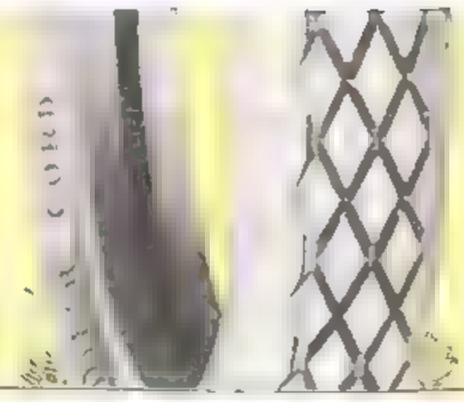

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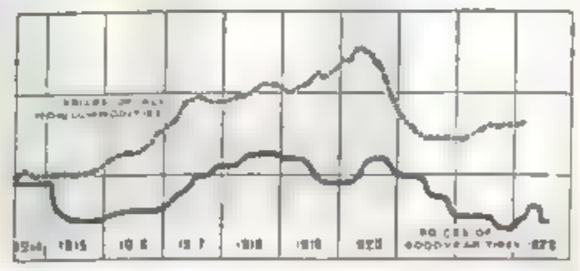

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GOODYEAR

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(Continued from Page 38

"I think your book is awfully good, Mister Author. The comedy is delightful—really. I know I'm going to love my part."

"Thank you," smiles the author, waiting for her to come to the point.

"Did you see me in Pink Calico?" asks Vera presently.

"No."

"Well, I had a scene in that—the show was a frost; the most terrible book you can imagine. Anyway, I had a scene in that show that was the hit of the piece. I'll tell you the idea, if you like. Maybe you could write something like it for me in the second act of this show. My part seems a little weak in the second act."

"Oh, I expect to do a lot of strengthening." The author forces a smile. "Now that I've seen the cast, I can better fit the material to their personalities."

"Mister Author!"

It is the director who calls. The director and Violet Grey have been in earnest conversation for five minutes. The author goes to them.

"Miss Grey is thinking of turning in the part," the director explains. "She says——"

"I like the show immensely; it looks very good," Miss Grey interrupts. "But whatever success I've made has been in soubrette comedy parts. I wouldn't dare appear on Broadway in a straight part."

"Straight part!" squeals the author. "You've got all the feminine comedy there is in the show. You've got only one serious scene, and I intend to brighten that up. Your other scenes are all comedy."

"Ye-es, but not my type of comedy."

"Miss Grey," pleads the author, "I wish you'd make an appointment for later in the day and let me explain my conception of the part to you. To my mind and to Mister Director's you are exactly the type for it. I'll be glad to accept any suggestions you may have for strengthening the part, bringing it around more as you feel you'd like it. Will you do that before you decide definitely to turn in the part?"

"Oh, all right," Violet says without a trace of enthusiasm.

Director and author break the bad news to Mister Manager.

"She won't stay," the director finishes. "She don't need the money, you know. I've been wondering if Eva Sanders couldn't play the part. She's new—I first saw her in Black Eyes last season—she was a hit. Very pretty—the demure type. Not much of a dancer, but sings rather more than well."

"I'll send for her," says the manager; "but I'd like to keep Grey, now that I can't get Jack Lively."

"Can't get him?" repeats the author.

"He wants too much money and insists on feature billing. I can't feature him and Freddie Fulsom both. So I've engaged Hobart Bobart."

Dreamy Waltz Stuff

"The singer!" Rightly or not, the author immediately suspects Toons of filling the manager's ear with a lot of fervid words concerned with the inadvisability of a light comedian such as Jack Lively playing the leading rôle, and the absolute necessity of having in that part a singer, such as Hobart Bobart, so that the theme song would be properly sung. "Holy smoke, Mister Manager, Bobart can't play that part! The only time he ever tried to dance he broke his ankle, he kicked it so hard."

"Well, why should the leading man dance anyway? We've got to keep him romantic for the matinée crowds. There's enough comedy in the show without your leading man being funny. Bobart can play a love scene a hundred times better than Lively—more convincing."

"He's got only one serious love scene in the piece."

"Write in a couple more for him. Love scenes are his specialty. The women go nuts over him. That's a good idea. Write him in a good love scene in the second act."

"Where?" asks the author spitefully.

"How do I know? Wherever the director says. About halfway through the act would be best. Tell Toons to write a dreamy waltz to top off the scene—you know the kind I mean—and tell Rimes to work into his lyrics something about moonlight. It'll fit the set fine."

"If you're going to do that," says the director, "maybe it would be better to let Grey go. She'd never keep still long enough to let Bobart play a serious scene with her, and if she did she'd be sure to pull a laugh in it somewhere before the scene finished."

"Sure, and Mister Manager don't want laughs in this comedy," the author adds under—way, way under—his breath.

None knows better than the author that he has sold his right of flat refusal to accommodate his libretto to the decisions of the producing staff. When he accepted the manager's check for advance royalty he relinquished possession of his property. He might—and would—argue, plead, stall, purposely misunderstand directions, maliciously rewrite scenes to make them so impossible they would be thrown out entirely; in short, he might obstruct in every conceivable manner suggested changes which he thought were wrong and injurious to his manuscript; but at his first flat refusal to go on with the work he knows the manager will engage a hack writer to hack out the changes and do the other necessary writing every musical show requires in the course of its production.

The dirty work falls to the author, the job of acting stupid and stubborn, unwilling and unable to alter the part according to Violet Grey's ideas as she explains them to him that evening; the job of discouraging her in order that she may leave the cast.

Everyone Dissatisfied

Within three days Miss Sanders and Hobart Bobart are complaining that they do not feel their scenes. As Bobart puts it one day when the director, after fifteen minutes of futile and profane effort, turns to the author to ask him privately will he take that dumb-bell out in the alley and show him how to read a certain line, "Gentlemen, if you expect this part to be played for comedy you'd better get another boy. I simply cannot play comedy. I know better than to try it. I wish I could put over funny lines, but I can't." He's proved it.

So the author stays up late that night, going through the script, taking out all the humorous lines and comic business from the part of the happy-go-lucky, rollicking ne'er-do-well. He does so only after the manager has told him that he's signed up Bobart on a long-term contract and won't take him out of the cast unless absolutely necessary.

Two days later Miss Sanders registers a lusty if sweetly phrased complaint with the manager, asking if he is going to stand for his show being ruined because Mister Author has taken such a dislike to her—though God knows why; she's never given him the slightest reason to take offense at her; quite the contrary, because she knows how peculiar authors are—anyway, he's ruining the show by cutting out all her comedy lines. There's little enough opportunity in the part of the telephone operator as it is, without making it just one of those blah parts by taking all the comedy out of it. She doesn't claim to be a comedienne, although the critics say ——

When the author explains to the manager that he has had to rewrite all of her comedy scenes with Bobart because B. can't and won't play c. scenes, the manager tells the author to keep Sanders in good humor, at least until after the opening, when he'll be able to tell whether or not he'll want to keep her in the part, by writing in a comedy scene or two between her and—er—almost anybody. And the author does it because Freddie Fulsom, the comedian, has begun to complain that every scene of his follows a dead scene; and how the heck can they expect him to be funny if he doesn't get a little help from the others, and if he's got to wake up the audience every time he comes on the stage?

So the author writes two more or less comical scenes which have nothing particularly to do with the plot of the piece, but which he places to lead into Freddie's two best scenes. Sanders thereby is soothed, Freddie encouraged; in fact everybody feels better—except the author. He hates to hate his leading ladies.

As, under the director's orders, influenced more or less by the actors and Toons and Rimes, the musical numbers are spotted throughout the script, there is more work for the author. In his original script he has indicated spots for the numbers, at the beginning or the end of certain scenes. With the piece in rehearsal, and with the numbers Toons and Rimes have done at hand, better spots or locations for the numbers may appear. The original sequence of the scenes may have been altered and the numbers written for those scenes thus brought too close together or placed too far apart. Though Rimes may have started a lyric to conform to the sense of the situation it is intended for, by the time he has finished it it may have developed into a song of an entirely different character. Obviously, the dialogue written to lead into it no longer is appropriate. Equally as obviously, new dialogue must be written. One day in the midst of rehearsal Mister Manager bursts in with a sheet of music manuscript in hand. He chases to the piano and orders everyone to listen to the song. It is a dancing number with an ingratiating rhythm he has bought from a popular song writer.

"Listen!" he says. "I want this to go in just before the finale of the first act. Let Miss Very and the—the hotel manager sing it and then bring everybody on—principals and chorus for a dance. Top it off with a specialty dance by Miss Kern and Mr.—er—er—her partner. Author, give me a snappy comedy scene to go into this song."

The author sticks close at rehearsals in an effort to keep out of the show lines he doesn't think belong in it—lines that actors suggest—badly phrased, clumsy speeches that creep in in an attempt to emphasize the point of a scene or gag. The author would prefer to supply such lines himself. He has plenty of opportunity. The director decides suddenly that such and such a scene is too long. It must be shortened and still contain all the meat of the original scene. Freddie believes his first scene in Act II is too short to be effective. The director agrees. The author lengthens it, praying for heavenly guidance in order not to draw its comedy out too thin. Most of such changes are made at the time. The author's mind is expected to be a mine of bright lines from which he can extract, upon the spur of the moment and the director's necessity, clever *bon mot*, epigram, tender touch of sentiment or a routine of rib-tickling repartee. Scorn can rise to no higher height than in an impatient director's query: "Oh, you're one of those birds that has to lock himself up in a closet before he can write, eh?"

Putting the Show Together

At that, it's all guesswork—what the show will look like when it assumes cohesion. At present chorus and principals rehearse separately, the director rehearsing the principals in lines and stage business, the dance director teaching the chorus the business of the musical numbers.

"Practice clothes," is the order of the day for the girls. The little dancers and taller show girls labor and sweat, under the rapid-fire patter of the often sharp-tongued dance director, in every and any sort of costume. Here is one hennaed darling in a kiddie romper suit of blue-and-white-checkered gingham, her rounded legs bare, a pair of disreputable-looking ballet slippers on her feet. Here is a lithe little black-haired beauty in a one-piece boy's bathing suit, a pair of high-heeled sandals keeping her leg muscles—so she'll tell you—in their proper position.

The show girls, not often called upon for strenuous exertion, stand around with skirts pinned up at various heights, sufficient for the freedom of movement and comfort they desire, and watch the perspiration stream off the faces under the tousled hair of the dancing girls, the while they complain that the director hasn't as yet staged a number that will bring them downstage to parade their lure in the glare of the footlights.

"Ain't he going to give us anything to do except hold up the back drop?" they ask.

Some time during the third week Mister Director puts the show together, combines the principals and chorus at the same rehearsal to find out what the show is going to look like—and to see how much of it the company does not know. Usually it is plenty. And because defects and weaknesses appear which were unsuspected as long as the show was not rehearsed consecutively, as laid out, there are new changes to be made and learned.

At the beginning of the fourth week comes the rehearsal that causes strong men to weep—the rehearsal where everyone loses his temper and doesn't give a whoop who knows it; where, when Sanders and Bobart go up in their lines and ruin the director's pet scene—which he has had the author rewrite fourteen times—he stands up and shouts vehemently, "Don't drop that scene! Don't drop that scene! Fifty

Watch This Column

"Drifting" Pleases New York

"Drifting" is a highly dramatic picture in which PRISCILLA DEAN is "vitally effective" according to Alice Brady, who played the leading role in the stage-version. Miss Brady reviewed the picture at the beautiful Capitol Theatre in New York, and wrote: "I don't know when, on the screen, I have seen anything better than the uprising of the natives. ***'Drifting'*** leads to a wonderful spectacle."

* * *

MISS DEAN is splendidly supported by such effective actors as MATT MOORE and WALLACE BEERY, and the reviews of the picture in New York newspapers add a lot to my enthusiasm. It is even better in their estimation than I thought it was. When it comes to your town, please go and see it and write me your personal opinion—or criticism. Don't you think UNIVERSAL is choosing good plays and excellent casts?

* * *

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* * *

Don't overlook ***"Merry Go Round," "A Chapter In Her Life," "The Gumps," "Beasts of Paradise," "The Steel Trail,"*** HOOT GIBSON in ***"The Ramblin' Kid,"*** and ***"A Lady of Quality,"*** an exquisite romance starring VIRGINIA VALLI with MILTON SILLS—all UNIVERSALS. Theatre owners have found out that "Universal has the pictures" and that they can't show all that is best in pictures unless they show UNIVERSALS.

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times I've told you—you're dropping the scene! Am I suddenly incapable of making my meaning known, or are you incapable of understanding English? You're the most awful things in this scene! Amateurs couldn't play it worse! Miss Sanders, you're supposed to be a clever actress, yet you drop your voice on every important line. Up, up, up! For heaven's sake, keep your voice up! No matter if you don't know what the scene is all about, take it from me that you've got to keep your voice up! And you, Bobart, don't let them tell you you can't be funny. You're the funniest thing in this scene I've ever seen. Remember, you're part of the scene—not part of the scenery. Try, no matter how great the effort, try to show enough animation to prove you're alive at least. This is a musical comedy, not the third act of Camille. Now give me that scene again."

A Ragged Dress Rehearsal

The occasion for all the boiling over of tempers and temperaments is the presence of Mister Manager, who has come to see what his show looks like—come with a stenographer to take voluminous notes, come with the firm conviction that nobody in the whole wide world knows as much about producing a musical show as he does, come with the firm determination to prove it—which he proceeds to do by ripping the show to pieces, shifting musical numbers, scenes, specialties; insisting upon different readings of lines, different bits of business; taking out entirely a scene or a musical number the director has spent days in developing; demanding that his orders be followed implicitly and immediately—and coming back the next day to make sure his instructions have been carried out, at least as far as has been possible between the midnight hour when he has dismissed the company and 10:30 the following morning.

Comes then the dress rehearsal. For the first time the work of all the departments is assembled. The stage is set and lighted. Cast and chorus are in costume and make-up. The props—suitcases, telephones, books, stage money—are on hand to be used. In the pit an orchestra sits under the baton of the musical director. The curtain goes up after Mister Manager has said, "Now straight through the show; I don't want any interruptions." And the chances are a hundred to one that he will make the girls repeat the opening chorus three times before he'll stop finding fault with it and them and the music.

There is an old superstition of the theater that a ragged dress rehearsal presages a smooth first performance. As with most superstitions, this is merely a sop to ease the distresses of the ordeal. For under the lights, in costume, in the set, the show and people develop unguessed weaknesses or strength; they suggest new ideas to manager, director and author—ideas to be put into effect at once. So the dress rehearsal which has started at eight o'clock drags on until the rattle of early morning milk trucks sounds through the stage door and the weary actors shed their finery in the firm belief that if they get two weeks' salary out of the show they'll be lucky. To keep them from brooding too much, the director usually rehearses them steadily from then on until it is time to make up for the opening performance.

Not until that performance, played usually before a small-town audience, does the producer know with any certainty the value of his investment and its probable fate. One audience, by its laughter and applause, if any, can tell the producing staff more about a show than they've learned in four weeks of concentration on it.

Usually, and with intent, the show is too long—much too long. The first performance will run from 8:30 to twelve or after, the idea being that it is easier to cut and condense a show than to build up and lengthen it. Immediately after the curtain falls on the show after its first performance, manager, director *et al.* call the company on the stage and the process of taking out the deadwood begins. Through the following days and nights, bit by bit, sometimes in chunks, lines and numbers that fail to interest or amuse the audience are taken out of the show or rearranged in attempts to make them good. Instead of watching the show exclusively, director, author, Toots and Rimes watch the audience, and, making due allowance for the differing tastes of Broadway and Stamford, Connecticut, they let the audience's pleasure guide their efforts.

These are hard days and harder nights for the author. After every performance he must write and typewrite the changes, blends and other alterations decided upon as necessary, in order that the company may rehearse them the following morning. They are hopeless days and nights in one respect, for it is during these preliminary weeks out of town, while the show is being whipped into shape, that his story, his carefully built plot, is denuded, left skeletonized, exposed bleakly and barely to the gibes of critics and the pitying derision of connoisseurs.

The explanation is this: There is too much show; perhaps three-quarters of an hour must be deducted from the running time of the entertainment. The deadwood must come out. No one of good show sense will cut comedy scenes, will throw away laughs, unless under the strongest provocation. They're too hard to get, too valuable from a box-office standpoint. Can't cut comedy. No showman would consider cutting a musical number that draws enthusiastic encores. But when those numbers remain, the dialogue introductory to them must also remain. Can't cut those scenes. Whether they are hits or not, a certain number of songs are necessary to a musical show—as are the scenes that lead into them. There's more dialogue that can't be cut. With the premium universally placed upon them, the novelty scenes of a show are immune from the director's blue pencil. Can't cut them, my boy. What remains then in the script to cut? The plot scenes, d'ye see, friends?—the scenes wherein the story on which everything is built is developed.

Manager, director, everybody in the cast will tell the world that audiences don't come to musical shows to listen to the plot. Freddie Fulsom has taken advantage of his featured perquisites to fill up his part with funnyisms and gradually to delete most of the original plot lines assigned to him. Freddie's stuff is going so good the author doesn't dare monkey with it. So he makes the best of it—strips his story to the bone, tells it in the fewest possible number of lines, leaves its progress and the steps thereof principally to the imagination. He finds he has to outline it meagerly in one or two brief scenes immediately following the opening chorus, at a time when even those of the audience in their chairs cannot hear it for the buzz and bustle of late comers walking down the aisles and slamming seats.

He must let his plot ride with only an occasional reference until just before the finale of the first act, review it in less than a dozen lines at the opening of the second act, and then forget all about it until two minutes before the final curtain falls.

The Plaints of the Author

Dreading exactly that state of affairs, the author originally wrote The Girl and the Boy with his two principal characters, about whom his plot revolved, as comedy characters. By so doing he hoped to tell his story in comedy, clearly, completely, consistently and amusingly. He had labored over his scenes, fired with the ambition that of his book it might be said that at last there had appeared a musical comedy with a definite, distinct, delightfully plausible plot.

Pacing up and down Broadway, watching the well-dressed crowd of first-nighters filing in to see the première of his show, the author reviewed the things that had been done to that script.

Girl and Boy it was no longer. After experimenting with Starlight on the road, the electric lights above the entrance of the Broadway theater blazingly announced "Oh, Buddy!"

Next, the show's principal attraction. The manager has insisted that the secondary bell-boy part he had written be made a janitor and the star part. So situations had had to be built for Freddie Fulsom's comic genius.

Next, the author had written a boy and girl with certain definite characteristics designed to appeal to audiences as worthy of their principal consideration and enjoyment. He had woven his story about an engaging, light-hearted, glib young man and a fascinating, chuckle-provoking little minx whose chief charms were their youth, their ebullient spirits, their indefatigable sense of humor and their consuming love for each other. And those two parts—no longer star parts, but subsidiary and repressed—were being played by Sanders and Bobart; Sanders, pretty of face, figure and voice, saccharine sweet—on the stage—with the spirit and animation of a department-store dummy; and Bobart, a tenor, who read lines as though they were merely unavoidable nuisances to be endured in order to embrace the opportunity—and Sanders—"and what a lemon she is to work with"—in a sentimental song that would show off his voice. In brief, for the two parts the author had created to be the life of the show had been cast two people with voices, but not dancing ability; pleasing personalities, but placid—without pep or one little iota of comedy—in spite of Sanders' press notices.

The Broadway First Night

Fourth, fifth, sixth—*ad nauseam*—the author had had to replace lively dialogue with sloppy sentiment, had had to conform the action of his second act to a stage setting he disliked, had had to eliminate several scenes during rehearsals, before they were ever tried out in front of an audience, because manager or director didn't fancy them; had had to emasculate his story to vitalize a secondary rôle, to give it the strength to stay in view of the audience so constantly that the audience would recall it as of first eminence; had been forced to disrupt the continuity of his play so often in order to introduce musical numbers foreign to the play that the original atmosphere had been utterly destroyed and dissipated; had had to accommodate lines and situations to the ability of the actors playing them, with the result that of his original manuscript there remained ——

"What the heck is left of it?" the author asks himself as the strains of the overture reach him through the open front door of the theater. "What's left of the jolly little bunch of people I put together? Two of them have fallen by the wayside—one in Stamford; and the detective—the director didn't like that phony-check business of the boy's, so out it came, and the necessity for a detective along with it; and it was a comedy part, too—the detective perished in New Haven. The millionaire—he's gentle and refined now instead of comically choleric and bluff; more class, the manager says—has two daughters now where before he had one. The second was born, full-grown, three weeks ago because Fluffy Fluffson wanted a job.

"They've ruined the show I wrote. I'll never know whether it was any good or not. But it'll take just about two hours and a half to learn whether this hash into which everybody has chucked and stirred some little thing is any good or not."

So the author sneaks up into the balcony to watch the audience.

A few minutes after eleven, as he walks out with the audience, listening eagerly to their comments—for he knows that largely upon those comments depends the run or withdrawal of the piece—he smiles.

"Fulsom's awfully clever."

"Fulsom's about the whole show."

"Sanders is so sweet; too bad she hasn't more to do."

"Bobart sang wonderfully, didn't he?"

"Fluffy Fluffson must feel like apologizing to the audience for having to appear in such a rotten part."

"The book is rather silly, I thought; but it's a corking show just the same."

"Great entertainment."

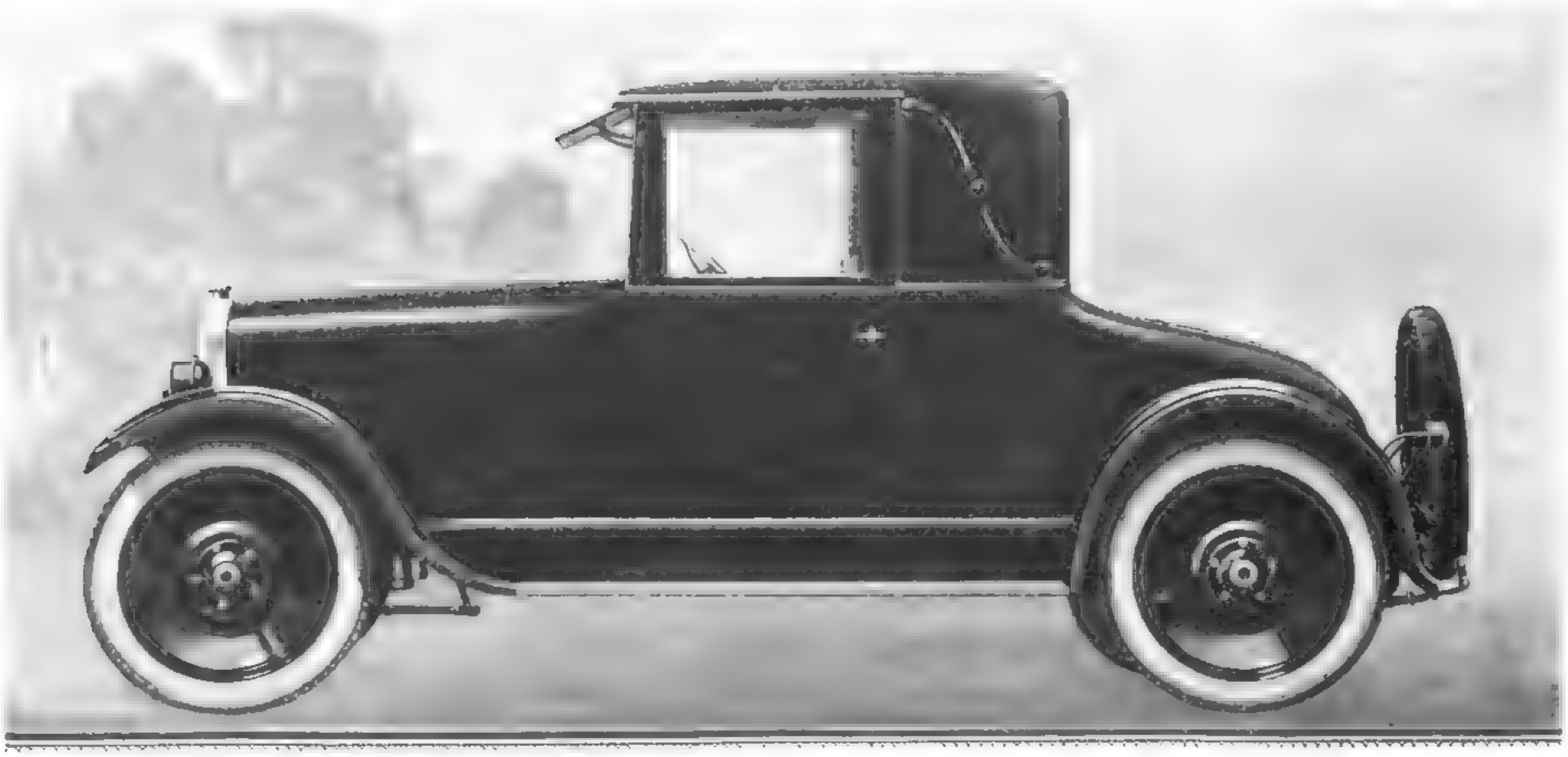
A friend slaps the author on the shoulder.

"You've got a hit, kid. All it needs is a little fixing up, you know—the usual touches to make it Broadway; but it's over—strong. You've got a great show."

"Thanks, but it isn't mine."

Does the author really say that? Don't make a body laugh! He knows it's a hit and that whatever credit is accorded the book is his, and he hopes for the luck to place a couple of other successes on Broadway. He knows that, irrespective of the criticisms of those librettos, if he can have his name associated with a few more successes the managers will become convinced that he knows his business—knows what the public will buy. And when that day comes, when managers begin sending for him, commissioning him to write librettos, the author hopes to put on a show the way he writes it and wants it.

That hope and the thought of his 2 per cent of the gross business Oh, Buddy! will play to are all that restrain him from making a hole in the East River the next morning after he has read what the critics have to say about his book, even though he agrees with them.



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WINNIE O'WYNN AND THE VULTURES

(Continued from Page 7)

"She is so sweet," murmured Winnie—"so sweet that it seems cruel that there should be such difficulty for her and you, dear Mr. Lomond. And she is so young. I think it is like a flower bud being caught in an east wind, don't you?"

"It is so kind of you, dear Miss O'Wynn, to think like that," he said. "Blanche is very courageous for one so young."

Winnie moved a little so that the moon shone full on her upturned face.

"I am so anxious to try to help you both, if—if you don't think it an impertinence."

"Impertinence! Oh, no; an honor, a charity, for which we can never be sufficiently grateful. Even if no fortune attends your efforts, Miss O'Wynn, nevertheless I shall owe so much to you for your interest."

Mr. Lomond was a man, it seemed, who lost no time. Apparently deeply moved, his soft hand fell impulsively on hers. She had him; she knew it instantly. The man was a vulture, and an overeager vulture at that. She felt a chill thrill of contempt as she stood there, leaving her fingers in the soft hand which obviously had never done a minute's manual labor.

"How can sound workmen listen to such people for an instant?" she thought oddly. "Why, he doesn't even pretend to have worked, himself!"

She knew she need no longer trouble about keeping her perfect face in the moonlight. It was the golden lure at which he had instantly pounced; not the lure of loveliness. Money! She was immensely rich! And so, even had she been the plainest woman that ever lived, she would have been lovely to him—immensely rich.

There was no need to vamp this man. Like many another who complains, squealing in public places, against vamps, he vamped himself. He was a self-vamper, so greedy, so shamelessly rapacious that he betrayed himself at once.

"My interest," she repeated after him dreamily. "Ah, but at my first glance at you, dear Mr. Lomond, at the first word you spoke, you reminded me so strangely of—of somebody whom I once knew—a dear friend—that, even apart from little Blanche, my interest—all my interest—was assured for you. I—I expect that you will think it very romantic, sentimental, of me to talk like that, but I do not mind. I am not ashamed to be thought romantic. Perhaps people who have never been burdened with too much money might say romance is nonsense; but they do not know. Money is not everything. I only know that all my money has never brought me any real happiness"—she sighed—"though Blanche thinks it is so important. But she is only a child; a sweet child"

She paused. Mr. Lomond drew in his breath quickly.

"Ah, yes, a child, a child," he said urgently. "I realize that. You are one of those rare people, dear Miss O'Wynn, who have a gift for illumination. You make things plain at once, like a bright white light." His hand pressed a little more closely on Winnie's. "Strange—it is so strange that never till this moment had it occurred to me that dear little Blanche is only a child, after all. Ah, yes, with all a child's impulsiveness and waywardness and charm."

He seized upon impulsiveness.

"Illumination!" he said, with the touch of theatricality that marked him. "But you are wonderful, Miss O'Wynn, making things so suddenly plain. Impulsive little Blanche! I wonder ——" He stared hard at her in the moonlight.

"It has occurred to me—you have planted a thought in my mind. Have I been altogether fair to little Blanche, to have swept her off her feet so? Miss O'Wynn, it would be so charitable if you would give me an opportunity to talk to you of this again. You are so—so lucent, a bright light shining ——"

His eyes were fixed on the house, on a light hurrying little figure crossing the lawn. Winnie turned, saw Blanche and understood why Lomond was working so very swiftly. Sighing, she confessed that she was going to London by the ten o'clock train next morning, heard him catch his breath, and then they turned to Blanche.

"Oh, it was nothing; only a little headache. I knocked at daddy's door, but mother said it was all right. . . . Have you made friends with Winnie, Dick? . . . We mustn't stay any longer. Mother is awake, and anything may happen. Good night, Dick."

She held her face up and the blackguard kissed her gently.

Winnie thrilled with a queer blend of anger and gratitude; gratitude to that wise, wise old daddy of hers who had taught her enough to save her forever from any such blindness as that which, for all their brightness, was in the eyes of Blanche.

Then they went in, whispering.

III

ON THE following morning Winnie selected a first-class carriage containing two other passengers. She had no intention of traveling to town alone with Mr. Lomond, who, with true vulture dispatch and precision, presently entered the carriage. The seat opposite Winnie was vacant and he took it with a faint air of relief.

She knew that Lomond intended to make love to her, and, serenely aware that it could not be unduly demonstrative in the presence of the other passengers, she maneuvered him a little. But presently, when she had permitted matters to reach the stage when a vague unspoken mutual understanding that she was his willing new queen seemed to be arrived at, she came to business. She leaned towards him with a perilous smile, her eyes romantic, but with a tiny frown between her brows.

"Please, there has been one thing puzzling me, dear Mr. Lomond. I can understand everything that little Blanche has told me about you except that funny point about your threatening to cause a strike if Mr. Forrester did not give Blanche a half share of his business when she married you."

Lomond allowed a shadow of anger to darken his firm good-looking face, and his bold gray eyes, steadier, leveler and more direct than those of many far honester men, gleamed for a moment.

"How dreadful it sounds, put in that way, Miss Winnie!" he said. "If that were true, I should look nothing but a rather despicable fortune hunter." He made a curious gesture of resignation. "And yet it is true—literally true, only not in that sense. I did threaten to call a strike unless Mr. Forrester gave Blanche a half share; indeed, I meant to insist on more—even on a controlling interest. But my motive was to protect Blanche. You see, dear Miss Winnie, Mr. Forrester is growing old and broken in health and—I say it kindly—old-fashioned. He is no longer capable of managing his business properly, cleverly. When their present contract has expired, I foresee the speedy downfall of the business. Badly managed, it will dwindle, die out. Was it to Blanche's interest to permit that? I wanted a half interest made over to Blanche, so that she would inherit a business that was profitable, not moribund. With fresh capital, which I could have obtained with my energy, my gift for business, and my talent for handling men, I could have made Forrester & Sons a great business again. But it would always have been Blanche's, not mine. Only Mr. Forrester is an obstinate man, set in his ways."

But still Winnie's little frown persisted.

"Ah, but that was kind of you—kind and chivalrous and self-sacrificing. Only please, if the business is moribund—doesn't that mean dying?—how could you persuade anyone to put in fresh capital? I—I don't understand business very well, but I know that if I wanted to invest—oh, anything, say twenty thousand pounds in a dying business, my business people would ask why I wanted to invest in such a business." Her eyes were like a child's. "I don't understand business very well, and perhaps that may sound absurd to you"

He shook his head.

"Oh, no, no! On the contrary, my dear Miss Winnie. But there is a reason why I could get capital interested in the business."

He checked, staring intently into the big innocent eyes so admiringly fixed on his.

"Oh, it is a secret; pardon me."

The red lips trembled and she turned her face away, looking out at the trim, green pastures sliding past. His eyes glittered.

"A secret—from you? No, indeed, Miss Winnie!" He believed he had her in his hand, so perfectly had he vamped himself; and what did the Forresters matter now?

"There is no secret; but I happened to know that Maravon's, a much bigger firm in the same kind of business, would be glad indeed to advance capital or do anything else that would give them an opportunity of getting control or purchasing certain important patents in some of the Forrester machinery—two in particular; inventions of Mr. Forrester himself—which they need badly for the perfection of certain machines, which, with those two patent devices included, would be infinitely better than Forrester's, but without these devices are useless. Maravon's need these patents and would pay generously for them. Unfortunately, Mr. Forrester quarreled with Maravon's some years ago over some small difficulty and will not communicate with them on any matter whatever. He is an obstinate man, and possibly, too, he is jealous of Maravon's. He would"—Lomond smiled—"cut off his nose to spite his own face, you see."

Winnie smiled very sweetly.

"I—I don't think I see very well, but it is all so fascinating. I think business must be very hard. Men have to be so quick and clever and tenacious, don't you think so, please? And I think it is so splendid of you to try to bring Maravon's and Mr. Forrester together again. Tell me some more, please. I hope you will be successful. It is so sad that quite nice people can be so obstinate, I think; and it would be so kind of you to save Mr. Forrester from himself—for Blanche's sake. And you would still do that, even if—even if"—the shell pink deepened in her cheeks and the big eyes fell—"even if you found that Blanche was too—too young for you?"

Lomond was charmed.

"Why, yes," he said gravely; and, a little off his guard, proceeded to tell her some more.

"After all," he informed himself, "the Forrester affair looks like being past history in a day or two—if I can speed up things with this little girl. I may get out of the Forresters a little pocket money—chicken feed; but my real future is sitting opposite, and the Forresters, father and daughter, belong, or soon will, to the past."

Winnie read that in his avid eyes as he began to tell her more.

"He is so confident of me that he is careless," she mused, listening attentively. "I think Mr. Jay will decide that I am an expert vamp, after all."

Which was precisely what the glassy-eyed agent did decide about half an hour later. Because as yet no wireless cry for help had reached her shrewd, swift and highly receptive brain from any lonely money concerned in the affair, or, to put it with more painful bluntness, because she could not yet see exactly where her ladylike little rake-off was hiding, she told Mr. Jay everything; and, as usual, the gentle one was staggered at the speed with which she had worked.

"It was so curious, I think, that I was asked to help because of dear little Blanche," she prattled happily, sitting at his big desk; "for, you see, Blanche had nothing to do with Mr. Lomond's plans when he first of all went to Altonbury with the intention of corrupting—no, please, I mean, undermining the loyalty of the Forresters' workmen."

Mr. Jay raised his heavy eyebrows.

"But, Miss Winnie, the whole trick of the thing is Miss Blanche."

But Winnie shook her head.

"Please, no. I think the trick of the thing is in the patents in some of Mr. Forrester's machinery, which a firm called Maravon's wish to secure."

Mr. Jay's eyebrows went so high that they nearly escaped into the sparse undergrowth of his hair.

"Maravon's! You say the Maravons are interested in some patents owned by Mr. Forrester, Miss Winnie?" he exclaimed.

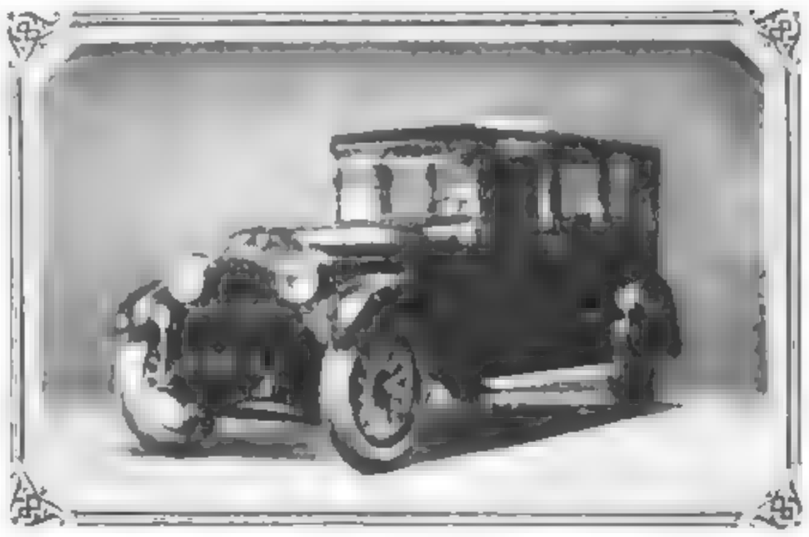
"Oh, yes," said Winnie, gayly careless. "Mr. Lomond told me so. That was the real reason he first went to Altonbury—to secure those patents for himself and sell them to the Maravons, who are a big firm, I think."

"Yes, a big firm," agreed George H. dryly. "Their concern is from eight to ten times bigger than Forrester's."

"He had undertaken to supply these patents to Maravon's—Messrs. Maravon; it seems so rude and curt just to say

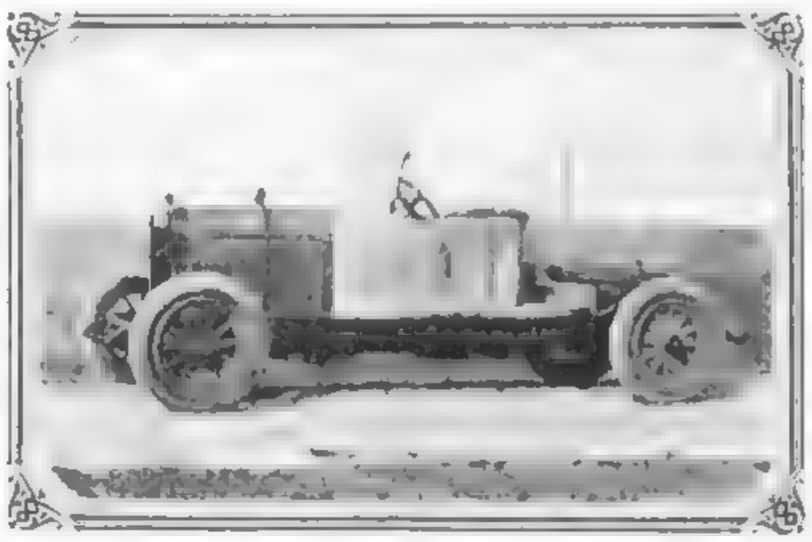
(Continued on Page 46)

The First LaFayette—



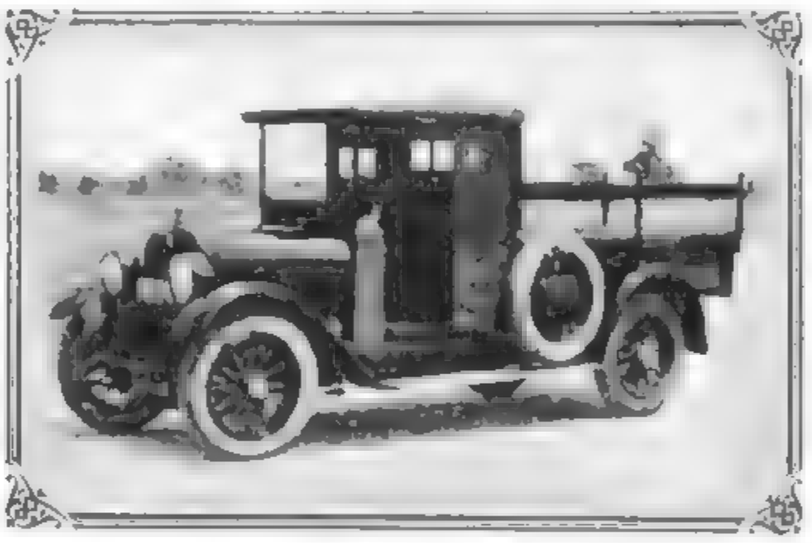
At the right is a photographic illustration of the first car ever produced by the LaFayette Motors Corporation as exhibited in the various automobile shows in 1919. Later this LaFayette was returned to the factory and employed as a test car.

—then 120,000 Miles as a Test Car—



For over 120,000 miles it was driven in this service—subjected to usage more severe than any to which the ordinary owner would ever have put it. Throughout this period it operated without the slightest repair being required by its electrical system.

—Now Over 20,000 Miles as a Truck—



In July 1922 the engine was removed from the test car and put into a new frame on which was mounted a truck body. And since that time this LaFayette motor has added more than 20,000 miles of heavy, laborious truck duty to its previous remarkable performance.

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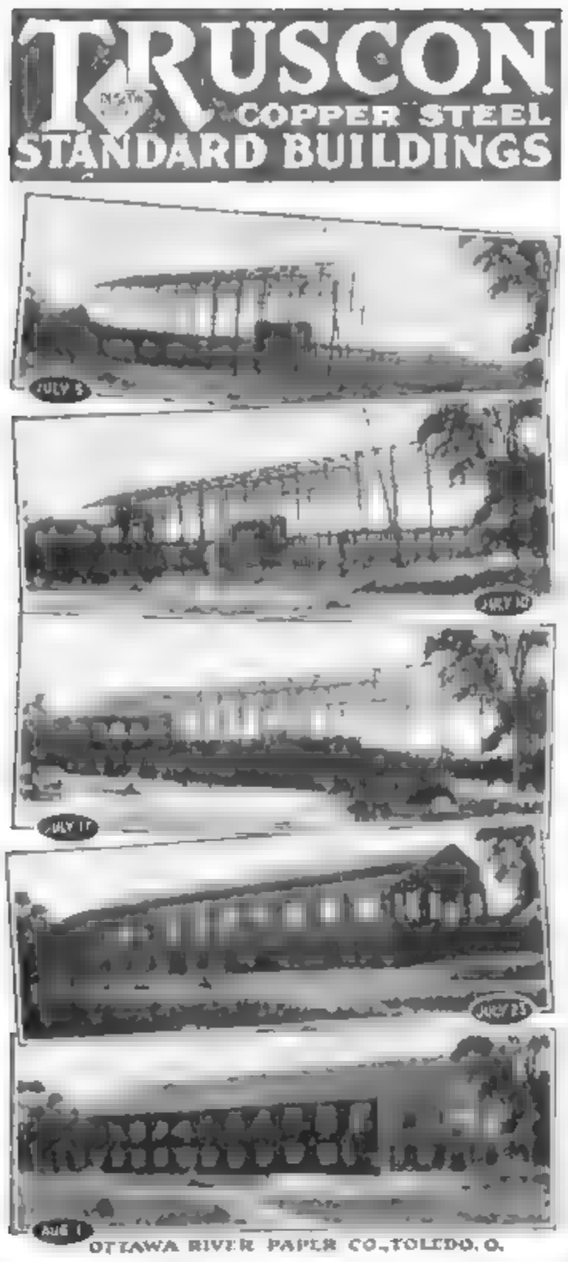
THE DAYTON ENGINEERING LABORATORIES COMPANY, DAYTON, OHIO, U. S. A.



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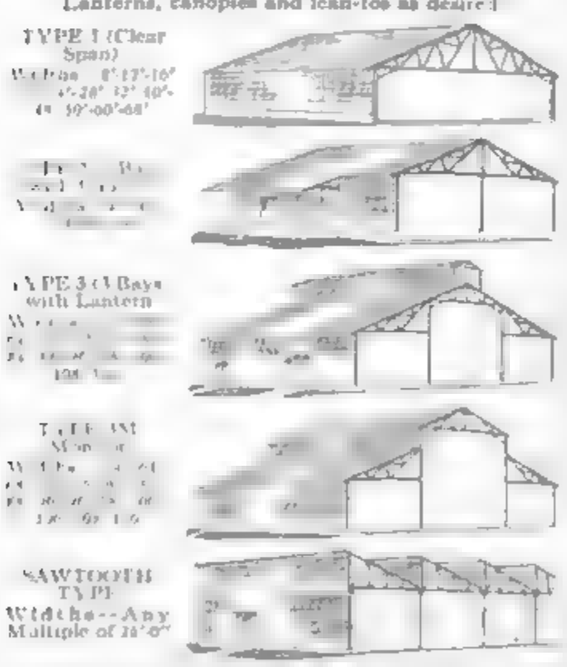

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(Continued from Page 44)

Maravon's, I think, don't you, please?—and they had agreed on a price. But Mr. Lomond never tried openly to buy them from Mr. Forrester. He was afraid he might be ordered out of the works. Mr. Forrester hates Maravon's."

Her eyes opened widely.

"Business men are so -so terribly frank, I think. So Mr. Lomond began to undermine the workmen in the hope of causing a strike that would make Mr. Forrester glad to consider selling. Then he and Blanche chanced to meet, and to fall in love, and that made it worse than ever."

Mr. Jay was beginning to look a little excited. His complexion was becoming more sanguine and his hard eyes harder.

"And that vulture Lomond told you all this, Miss Winnie!" he cried.

"Some of it, please, and some I guessed," she sighed.

"Well, it was a quick bit of va—I mean, he fell for—what I mean, he became confidential at a pretty high speed, didn't he? I maintain that I'm a quick worker myself, Miss Winnie; but you go at a gait that leaves me limping."

But Winnie shook her pretty head in smiling protest.

"Oh, no, please! But I really do think I have saved Blanche from him. You see, she happened to tell Mr. Lomond that I was immensely rich—that was all."

"Yes, yes; I'm glad; I'm very glad you have saved that little lady; a great triumph, yes, indeed," said Mr. Jay, without enthusiasm. "A very fine feat, Miss Winnie, saving her like that; but—um—how about the—er—patents deal? That seems urgent; what I mean, it looks as if a—a round sum of money is seriously involved in this aspect of the business. Have you—um"—he drummed with stiff, straight fingers on his desk—"given that aspect your attention, my dear Miss Winnie?"

She seemed faintly surprised.

"Oh, no, no! It is not my affair, please. I have not been invited to—to meddle, you see. But I have so much to do even yet to help little Blanche, to convince her that Mr. Lomond is insincere and treacherous and only a fortune hunter, and to help console her when I prove it to her." Her face was sad, and a little distressful. "I don't think, please, that I have time to think of business things; and besides, this is so different from the other simple things I understand—porcelain and racing and queer people and—and wolves. This is harsh and fierce machinery business, great steel things and big wheels and cogs and grimy workmen and blazing furnaces and spanners and engines and smeary black oil!" She shivered at the very idea.

The gentle Jay did not speak for a moment. He sat staring at her with a curious indecision in his rather protuberant eyes. He evidently believed that his face was totally expressionless, as a youthful poker inexpert sitting with his first four aces believes his face to be a stern, cold mask of indifference. But his ears were turning a gentle scarlet, and when presently he laughed what he evidently conceived to be a careless, easy-going, acquiescent laugh, it sounded about as sincere as the enjoyment of a convicted burglar gamely singing, en route to the jail, "I'm going back, back, back to my little gray home in the West," or fantasies to that effect.

"Yes, Miss Winnie, I see that; and I think you're right. Your wonderful instincts again. Blazing furnaces, factories, steel, iron, anvils, engines, sooty blacksmiths—yes, it's out of your class altogether, Miss Winnie. You'd be like a—a snowflake in—nuh, nuh—a piece of lace in a foundry, a bunch of lilies in a stokehole—ha-ha! You'll need all your dainty delicacy to handle little Miss Blanche, leaving Mr. Forrester to handle his machines and men himself. True, true, too true," he concluded, shaking his head.

Winnie sighed even as she smiled, rising. She saw perfectly that the misguided Mr. Jay had been tempted and had fallen. He intended to embark upon the risky enterprise of double-crossing her. Leaving her to the dainty, delicate, subtle feminine task of helping Blanche, the gentle George for his part intended taking a little flyer into the nasty, grimy, irony business side of things; doubtless in search of that round sum of money of which he had spoken so reverently and impulsively.

She skimmed over all that as lightly as a bird. What did it matter if Mr. Jay, the victim of a sudden surge of greediness, yet once more failed in his duty to her? The name of Maravon had touched a string in her mind that still vibrated. Mr. Jay would be punished in due course—something seemed to tell her that. He had as much chance as a snowflake in—nuh, nuh, as a bit of Mechlin in a foundry.

"Oh, yes, I shall do the very best I can to help Blanche fight against the disappointment!" she cooed, smiling very sweetly. "Now I must go, please. It has been so nice for me to be able to tell you of my success -er—as a vampire—a kind one. And, somehow, I am sure it will be a success, after all."

Mr. Jay leaned abruptly towards her.

"Miss Winnie, I want to say ——" he began, then stopped.

"Yes, dear Mr. Jay?"

But his impulse to confess weakened.

"I want to say good luck to you—and Miss Blanche," he ended lamely.

She thanked him softly, they talked for a little, and then she went away. For some time Mr. Jay sat lost in somewhat uneasy thought.

"I wonder!" he murmured presently. "Here's Maravon's badly in need of the patents, and there's Forrester's badly in need of money. I wonder if I was wise not to suggest her coming in. Nuh, nuh, it isn't in her line—not at all—she said so herself. Insisted on it, more or less. Refused to entertain anything to do with nasty, grimy business; emphatically refused it, so to speak. No harm in my taking her leavings, I suppose," he demanded aggressively of nobody in particular. "I usually do, don't I? If I can clinch a rake-off on a side issue like the patents, she'd be the last to deny it to me. Certainly, certainly she would, bless her—a fine little girl like she is. Well, then, why worry? Still, she refused to entertain it; that's what makes me uneasy. It looks as if she's well after it. If she is, my name's George Egg Jay. She'll scramble me for a million and fry me both sides at that. I wonder."

His wonder—or was it the stubborn remnants of what once had been a conscience?—completely spoiled his lunch. But time heals all things, and long before tea time the gentle G. Egg Jay was busy tortuously getting into touch with a responsible man at Maravon's. For he conceived that he had something to sell, and he knew that Maravon's could afford to buy.

IV

FROM the gentle grasper of Finch Court, Winnie went happily to her ever-loving if lightsome friend, Lady Fasterton, then in town. There was just time for a little chat before lunch with the irresponsible but charming May. It was about twenty minutes to one, and Winnie's confident expectation of finding her friend awake was not misplaced. She was awake, and had been partly beautified, though she had not risen. She was charmed to see Winnie.

"Oh, May darling, you look sweet this morning," said Winnie, looking like a flower herself

Lady Fasterton was thrilled.

"No, really? Do I? Thalie, my glass, please—no, no, the large one. Why don't you come to see me more often, Winnie dear? You bring such good news always. . . . Ye-es, it's the new hair, darling. I wondered —— Still, not so bad, I think; not so bad that it might not have been worse."

She put the handglass on the bed close beside her, ready for future reference.

"And what has the world been doing to my Winnie?"

Winnie smiled a little sadly.

"Oh, nothing to me, May; but I am trying to help somebody who is not being very kindly treated, I think; a nice little girl called Blanche."

"Blanche is one of my names, Winnie. That is an omen. Do let me help Blanche too. I haven't had a single bit of excitement since the day before yesterday, not counting yesterday."

She laughed, in high spirits. But Winnie only nodded very seriously.

"Thank you so much, May, for Blanche's sake. I will bring her to you perhaps in a few days. She is the most graceful little thing in the whole world. . . . May, dear, have you ever heard the name Maravon?"

May nodded promptly.

"Yes, darling; and so have you. It was James Maravon who wanted to buy your horse Barbarian from Fredegonde Dunoon—in the days before Freddy thought he was dying and so cleverly sold him to you—and sold herself at the same time."

Winnie had not known that, but she recalled now that once Lady May, gossiping, had begun to tell her something of the kind and had forgotten to finish it, or had been interrupted. Her blue, blue eyes brightened to sapphire.

"Ye-es, May, I think I remember now. Of course, I know that Mr. James Maravon is a famous race-horse owner. Is he a member of the great machinery-making firm called Maravon's?"

"He is Maravon's," said May instantly.

Winnie nodded.

"Do you know him, May darling?"

May shook her new hair.

"I've never met him. He has the reputation of being a very sharp, wide-awake man of the world; and those people always make my eyes so tired, watching them, don't you know. I think if I were you I wouldn't bother about meeting him, unless it happens to be important. That is what you are aiming at, isn't it, little one?"

"Yes, May," confessed Winnie with childlike simplicity and directness.

Lady May smiled.

"You irresistible little beautiful thing, kiss me. I wish you were my daughter, although you're the correct age to be my young sister. Have you a battle with James Maravon?"

"Oh, no, please!" disclaimed Winnie very hastily. "I was only wondering —— May, do you think that he would be unkind enough to crush a trade rival in order to buy that rival's business cheaply when the poor man went bankrupt?"

Her voice fell to a timid whisper at the last grim word. May Fasterton laughed.

"Why, naturally, little one! That is what business rivals are for—crushing, smashing and reducing each other to fragments in the usual friendly business way. That is what is called wholesome competition, and it tends to brighten business rivals up and make them smart and alert, and it is awfully good for that queer little timid mouselike creature called the consumer—awfully good for him, so they say."

Winnie's eyes were full of admiration.

"May darling, what a lot you know, really!"

It was Lady Fasterton's turn to open her eyes.

"I, child? I know nothing. Heaven forbid that I should know anything about business! I can hardly manage myself, much less a headful of business knowledge. What I said about business was only what I have heard men say, and I babbled it just as that idiotic parrot I had to excommunicate from the drawing-room used to babble profanity." She squeezed Winnie's slender hand with affectionate reassurance. "Probably it was all rubbish. It is quite likely that James Maravon is a reasonably good-natured, jolly enough sort of person. He can afford to be. I have heard people speak of him as Jimmy Maravon, which is promising."

Winnie recalled, then, something which pleased her. Once in her life she, too, had heard someone—on a race course—speak of Jimmy Maravon, and she recollected that it was her great friend, the Honorable Gerald Peel, steeplechasing expert.

Then a tiny silver-tongued clock struck one and Lady May reluctantly slipped out of bed.

"It always seems so foolish to leave one's bed; one always comes back to it again before many hours are over," she jested.

Winnie laughed.

"I want to use the telephone, please, May," she said.

Lady Fasterton slipped into her bath robe.

"Well, darling, you have lots of time and there are lots of telephones about the house," she smiled. "And you can do what you like in any of the famous Fasterton establishments. People always do."

So within the next few minutes Winnie was in telephonic communication with the Junior Sports Club, and a few moments later with the Honorable Gerald Peel, who, when in town, usually spent 90 per cent of his time at the club.

"Oh, Gerry dear, how lucky that you should happen to be at the club when it was so important to me to be able to find you!" murmured Winnie down the wire. The Honorable Gerald was the one man on earth with whom the little inadvertent vamp felt she could safely be herself. He was to her even as a brother.

"Oh, how's that, Win, old man?" said the laconic Gerald, wholly without emotion, for to him Winnie was even as a young sister.

(Continued on Page 48)

"Never cost me a dollar for mechanical replacement."
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New York *Paris*

Continued from Page 46

He, himself, had married—married steeplechasing and all thereunto appertaining. No girl yet had arisen whose beauty rivaled, in the Honorable Gerald's eyes, the beauty of an honest horse. Nor did there exist in the whole firmament of society one feminine planet, or in the entire constellation of the stage one temporarily fixed star, whose teeth, be they never so pearly, were so well worth Gerald's regard as the teeth of the jadiest slender-legged hack that ever dodged a hurdle at the last stride. And as with the pearls, so with the crowning glory. Winnie's hair was wonderful, but more wonderful to Gerald Peel was the mane of his least steed. In vain was the dainty foot, the trim ankle or the well-turned silk stocking displayed in the sight of the lean, lantern-jawed Gerald, for he could overmatch—wholly to his own satisfaction—the dainty *patte* with memories of a daintier and more perfect pastern, the trim ankle with a far, far finer fetlock or more handsome hock, and eclipse in his own mind the well-turned stocking with any one of a hundred cool, hard, slender shins.

Winnie regarded him as a youth of uncommon balance, and usually heeded his advice, loved his scant praise, and did her very best to avoid his unsweetened blame. He respected almost to the point of fear—though he successfully concealed it—her gift for dizzily swift thinking.

"Oh, how's that, Win, old man?" drawled the semicentaur.

"Why, you see, Gerry, I have been thinking of parting with Barbarian—you remember Barbarian, the big colt I bought from Lady Freddy Dunoon—yes, of course, you never forget a horse, Gerry—and I have just remembered that somebody once said that a Mr. James Maravon wanted once to buy him. Gerry, do you know Mr. James Maravon?" She listened with dancing eyes.

Yes, it appeared that the Honorable Gerald knew Jimmy Maravon. Who, for that matter, didn't? Well-known chap, anyway to all the habitués of the Junior Sports Club. Matter of fact, he was knockin' about the place somewhere at that identical moment. He, Gerald, had noticed him at the tape machine not five minutes before. Probably he'd be very glad to buy Barbarian—good horse, that. Pity to sell such a good horse. Win her some niceish races yet if she stuck to him. Still, hard times. He understood that. Was a bit under the weather, what he meant to say, himself. No doubt he could lunch with Maravon in a few minutes and see how the land lay. Hey? Let her come too? H'm! Dunno 'bout that. Oh, well, all right; he'd fix it up somehow. She'd better come to the club and pick him and Jimmy Maravon up there. Yes, she could bring May Fasterton. Make it the Savoy. Extravagant little hussy, hey? Did she follow him, what he meant to say? Still, all right, all right, once in a way. If she got a top-hole price for Barbarian she'd have to give a little dinner to square up for this Savoy lunch. So long.

Winnie put up the receiver, rejoicing.

"Gerry is a darling," she told a cat of Persian appearance close by, who ignored her Persianly, and so returned to May Fasterton, who, with the aid of her new maid, Thalie—the haphazard May had a new maid every few weeks—was languidly girding herself for the day—what was left of it.

The luncheon idea pleased May, who promptly changed gear and enlivened Thalie as that chic damsel had not recently been enlivened.

"So you are going to sell Barbarian, after all, child? What is he worth?"

Winnie was absent-mindedly noncommittal. She was thinking less of Barbarian just then than of those vital two patents so snugly concealed somewhere in the oily interiors of certain machines at the Forrester factory. It was not the worth of the race horse which concerned Wide-Eyes just then; it was the worth of those very coy patents.

She smiled a tiny smile to herself where she sat curled up in the big bay window waiting for May, for two pictures were passing before her mind like shadowy films upon a shadowy screen.

One was a drama picture of a handsome, thin-faced man with a magnetic voice, trying to plan some way to disentangle himself from a silken net of promises made to that slim, graceful, gliding little lover of love, Blanche Forrester—Mr. Lomond, who flattered himself that Winnie O'Wynn was for the likes of him; and the other was a comedy picture of a large, red gentleman with glassy anxious eyes, who, perspiring slightly and laughing rather brassily at every opportunity, was speeding every way in search of someone at Maravon's with power to buy and someone at Forrester's with power to sell those jolly little patents—gentle Mr. Jay, the man who vainly dreamed he could double-cross an inadvertent vamp.

V

IT WAS a jolly little luncheon party; very jolly, indeed. Mr. Jimmy Maravon proved to be almost exactly what Winnie expected him to be—a youngish man, carefully arrayed, with good manners, fairly good looks, and an air of being thoroughly capable of looking after himself and somebody else as well. Clearly, Jimmy was nobody's fool; and his hobby, undoubtedly, was sport of the kind which requires plenty of money applied to it before one extracts, so to put it, the full flavor. That is to say, Mr. Maravon's racing was saved from insipidity by the bets with which he plastered it; his studies of agile and muscular young fellows in short knickers punching each other into a state of temporary coma at the National Sporting Club were made piquant by the sums which he bet on one or the other boxers; and so forth in all his sport departments.

But, as Winnie very quickly ascertained, partly from the Honorable Gerald and later in general conversation, Mr. Maravon had by no means been so foolish as to loosen his grip upon the controlling interest in the big business left him some years before by his father.

Jimmy was distinctly a young gentleman competent to distinguish between a sweet, large blood orange and a small, insufficiently ripened lemon. Maravon's, Ltd., was no unripe lemon, nor did he treat it as such. Certainly he did not toil to any considerable extent at the works, but he had men there whom he could trust fairly confidently looking after his interests. He was president of the company, controlling shareholder, and he was always prepared—if one were sufficiently misguided to invite it—to show doubters who was boss and who was not boss. He explained something of this to Winnie as they grew more confidential with the progress of luncheon and the relaxing effects of dear May's persiflage.

"My friends say that I spend too much time playing about," he told the girl. "But I don't think I do. You see, Miss O'Wynn, I was fortunate enough to have a father who knew his own mind—and mine too." His keen face was serious for a moment. "He used to say —— But doesn't this bore you?"

"Oh, please, no, no! You see, my father was wise like that too," cried Winnie softly.

"He disciplined you, Miss O'Wynn?"

"Oh, yes, dear daddy disciplined me; and I am so—so passionately grateful to him for that."

Jimmy Maravon nodded.

"Quite. It was the same with me. My father made me work and learn. 'Boy,' he used to say, 'you are all veined with soft streaks like a Gorgonzola cheese is veined with blue streaks. They've got to be hardened up. You'll inherit a big business and I'm going to learn you'—he used to say learn you not because he didn't know he should say teach you but out of contrariness—'I'm going to learn you how to appreciate the income a big business produces. When you've satisfied me that you know how to do that, you can run away and play. You'll want a little playtime by the time I'm through with you, boy.'"

Mr. Maravon grinned.

"Well, that was true; I needed it. But I'd earned it. He had 'learned' me, the governor. I'm very grateful to him, now, for that ten years of penal servitude he gave me at the works: for I shall never fool away in sport, gambling or anything else more than I can see comfortably on the horizon of my future with the naked eye would you?"

"No, indeed, I would not," smiled Winnie.

"But all the same, I like a little flutter occasionally, and I don't much mind whether it's a sport gamble or a business gamble."

"Business gamble?" echoed Winnie.

"Oh, in reason, I mean!"

"But, please, is that quite safe?"

"No, Miss O'Wynn; but there aren't many legitimate business gambles. When a man comes to me with a proposal and explains that, of course, it's a bit of a gamble, I can usually find that there's a hole in it the size of the bottomless pit. It is a gamble, but it is not businesslike enough to be a business gamble. It's a safer gamble even to—to buy your horse Barbarian, for instance."

Winnie grew reflective.

"I shall be so sorry to sell him," she said. "Do you really want to buy him, please?"

Maravon nodded.

"Yes, if he looks as well as he did when I last saw him. You've got a good trainer in Dan Harmon, Miss O'Wynn."

"Oh, yes, he is splendid! I expect you will want to go to Newmarket to see Barbarian, please, won't you, Mr. Maravon? If you would like me to be there I can easily plan that. Lady Fasterton is going down to her house at Newmarket in a few days and she wants me to go with her. So we could all meet and see Barbarian together."

The hard-headed Jimmy evinced a somewhat livelier interest in the conversation. Winnie knew why. It had not escaped the big blue eyes or the quick instincts behind them that Mr. Maravon was really more interested in Lady May than in Winnie—a novel experience to Wide-Eyes, but one with which she was honestly pleased.

"Has Lady Fasterton a place at Newmarket?" he asked.

May, gossiping with Gerald Peel, heard it and answered for herself.

"There's a Fasterton place there, ludicrously named Hawksover Hall. It's my husband's, really; but I don't have him about the place much," she laughed, and turned to Gerald Peel again.

Winnie watched Maravon, noting his stare of frank admiration, and indulged in a little inaudible sigh of relief. Here, at any rate, was a man—a hard-headed, experienced man o' the world—with whom she need not trouble herself personally. There were many things she desired to glean from Mr. Maravon—and it was so sweetly restful to think that she need not bother herself with him at all. Dearest May had always been anxious to share in one of Winnie's little affairs, and here was a share in this complicated Maravon-Lomond-Forrester affair all ready and waiting for the lightsome lady. That was so nice, and everyone would be so pleased—especially May.

Winnie made great haste to fix a date upon which the viewing of Barbarian at Newmarket could be accomplished.

"May darling," she was cooing presently, "shall we be at Hawksover next Thursday, please, do you think? Mr. Maravon could come to see Barbarian on that day."

May glanced at Jimmy under languid lids. His interest had by no means escaped her attention.

"Oh, yes, Winnie. One has to be somewhere on Thursday, and why shouldn't it be Newmarket?" she laughed.

So that was fixed up, and shortly afterwards Lady May and Winnie returned to Fasterton House, permitted the Honorable Gerald and Mr. Maravon to depart in peace.

Left alone, the ladies looked at each other for a second. Then Winnie hurried across and kissed her friend rapturously.

"Darling, Mr. Maravon likes you ever so much better than he does me," she cried.

May nodded.

"Yes, I noticed it. The man must be mad," she said dryly, and touched a bell.

"Oh, no, no! He is much too experienced, please, not to have perfect taste, I think."

There entered an old if deferential ally of Winnie—none other than Butler Barlow.

"Barlow, send Thalie for my handglass—the large, tortoise-shell-backed one—immediately," commanded May.

"Thank you, your ladyship."

Barlow retreated again, according to plan.

Winnie was puzzled.

"Your handglass, dearest?"

"Better a handglass, little one, than a wineglass," said May.

The mirror arrived, and Thalie, the maid, was dismissed.

May in perfect silence studied her piquant, beautiful face, so like—and yet so unlike—Winnie's, for a full minute and from every angle. Finally she put down the handglass.

"He prefers my style of beauty to yours, does he, Winnie?" she said. "The man's a fool. I am certainly a pretty woman; an intriguing, even—at my best—an alluring woman. I like my lips; they're good

(Continued on Page 50)

DODGE BROTHERS
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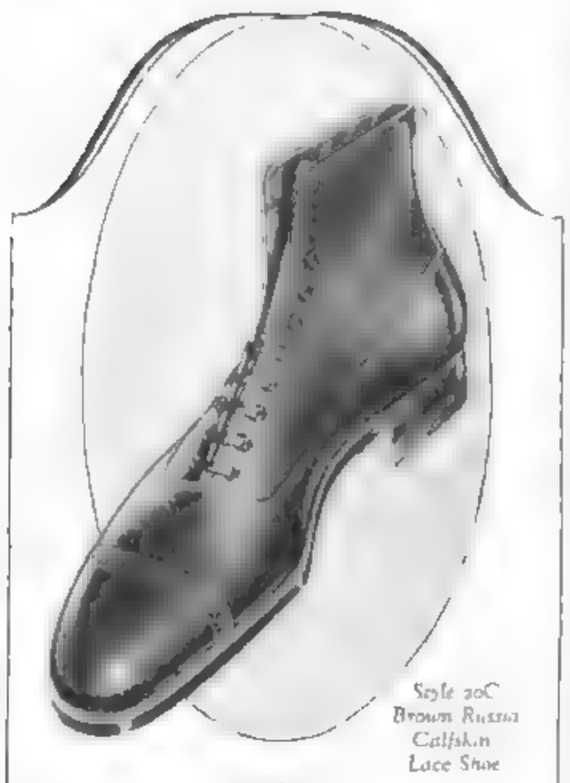

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Style B559D
Boys' Brown Elk
Blucher Lace
Shoe

(Continued from Page 48)

and they're well done. So is my new hair. Thalie is a good girl. My eyelids are not bad, either; but to prefer me to you, sweetheart, is the taste of either a fool or an insulting rake."

"Oh, please, May dearest, no!"

"This Jimmy person is not a fool. He must be an insulting rake. Still"—she hugged her little friend—"I'm charmed for once to have outdazzled my lovely little Wide-Eyes. It is such a refreshing and unexpected change. But the man's blind!"

"No, no, no!" insisted Winnie. "Oh, please, May, don't despise him so. You see, dear, I am very, very glad indeed."

May looked at her oddly.

"Glad, or generous, or just grateful, little one?"

"But Winnie stopped her with a soft and sincere kiss. There was a little pause. Then Winnie spoke.

"May darling, what is a—a vamp, exactly?"

"You, my precious one, you are a vamp," explained May candidly.

Winnie shivered.

"Oh, please, only an inadvertent one."

"Well, you are one—that's the point."

"Could you be a—a vamp, May?"

The Lady Fasterton smiled.

"My marriage settlements were so huge that Fasterton's quaking hand had to be guided by a lawyer and his clerk when he signed the documents," she said obscurely. "Why, darling, I flatter myself that I am one of the finest amateur vamps in modern society! Child, I had men reduced to making foolish signs for lack of speech when you were in short frocks."

Winnie, well accustomed to the wild extravagances of her friend, laughed sweetly.

"You see, dearest, it is terribly important to me—and several other people—to know something that only Mr. Maravon can tell; and it would be so—so dear of you if you could use your influence over Mr. Maravon to find out what we want to know."

"Certainly, darling. I don't mind. I will vamp him into a state of stupor with pleasure," said May casually. "What do you want extracted from him?"

But Winnie was cautious.

"May, he must not be allowed to know that you are interested in the information, trying to—to find out something," she warned.

Lady Fasterton smiled.

"Child, that is Rule One in the Book of the Vamp. Naturally he won't know. Is that all you require extracted from the Jimmy man—information?"

She yawned delicately, to indicate how facile was this task over which Winnie fussed so.

"Oh, yes, May, only information. You see, it is rather important for me to know two things that Mr. Maravon can tell."

"What are they?"

"Well, please, the first is this: Are the firm of Maravon's ready and willing to buy the patent rights of any of the machines in the—the moribund factory of Mr. John Forrester, of Altonbury, the people I am staying with now?"

Lady May nodded.

"And the other point—that happens to be a—a money question, too, May darling: How much, please, would Maravon's pay for these patents? That is all."

Her bright eyes lingered quite anxiously on those of her friend.

"Is that all you want me to find out, Winnie?" questioned May, a tinge of disappointment in her voice.

"Well, perhaps, if you could coax him to tell you whether he approved of a man called Lomond trying to make Mr. Forrester's workmen have a strike, and ruin Mr. Forrester, so that his factory would have to be sold, it would help me so much."

"Of course I will, darling. Is that all? Don't you want to know anything about Mr. Maravon's past life—his love affairs—any mysterious women in his secret life—anything illegal he may have done—something thrilling of that kind?"

Winnie shook her head, smiling.

"Oh, no, I don't want to pry, May," she disclaimed. "I don't think, please, that Mr. Maravon has had a very—very thrilling past."

Lady Fasterton looked disappointed.

"If I were a professional vamp, speaking quite openly in her off time, darling, I should say the thing is so easy that it would hardly be worth vamping a man for. You could make the extraction practically without anæsthetics. Why, really ——"

She moved as though to rise.

"Do you want the information quickly, little one? Because if you do we may as well tell Barlow to get Mr. Maravon's number. I may not be quite in my old form, but I have no doubt I could vamp the good James by telephone sufficiently for what you wish," declared the light-hearted lady airily.

But Winnie hastily denied being in such a hurry as that. Then they both laughed right merrily, because it was all so amusing.

"But seriously, darling, it won't be very difficult," prophesied May presently, and Winnie believed her.

Then a tiny clock musically warned Winnie that the hour for her return to Altonbury was at hand, and she permitted her friend to order round the car for her.

"You lucky little thing, going off adventuring into factories full of agricultural machinery," said May enviously, kissed her and let her go.

(TO BE CONCLUDED)

COMING BACK

Continued from Page 36

What with working for Liberty Loan drives, one after the other, I'll tell you we had no easy thing of it." Tanner rose and held out his hand.

The tight band of a gas mask was again pressing into Wildhack's temples; he drew hard at the strangling tube for the full breath that would not come. His body was cold, wet, half sunk in the mud of a shell hole. The stench from dead horses and dead men was in his nostrils. Somehow he reached the door. Leaning on his cane, his drawn face again white, he turned and looked at the well-fed Mr. Tanner.

"Yes," he said; "yes, I know you must have suffered."

Wildhack braced himself in the corner of the express elevator as it dropped down the long shaft at a speed he had forgotten. His head ached from anger; his breath, coming in short gasps, failed to ease his cramped lungs. Leaving the car he walked from the building and stood unsteadily on the overcrowded pavement. Two blocks before him lay City Hall Park. There would be space, freedom from this jostling mass of people. He fought his way slowly through, and gaining the park sat down upon a bench. The April wind struck full against his face; he drew the crisp air deep into his tightened lungs—a racking cough, then relief.

It was a full ten minutes before Wildhack rose from the bench. With a faster step than before his rest he crossed the park and, turning eastward out of Nassau Street, entered the old building where Hugh MacLaren, contractor, had his modest office. MacLaren was a friend who, he thought, might be the man to snap him up. The big, good-natured Scotchman stood up and smiled a broad welcome when Wildhack opened his door.

"MacLaren, I want you to give me a promise," John called from the threshold. "For God's sake, don't say you envy me my experience. I couldn't stand that again today."

"Sit down, Jack, and tell me what's got you up in the air." MacLaren glanced narrowly at his visitor. "No; forget it. Instead let me tell you what went on while you were away."

Rapidly, humorously, he told of things and people, news John had missed when in France. "Oh, yes, every contractor in town is complaining, as usual; right now there are some grounds. Things are slow. But there isn't one of us that can't afford a lay-off. Tanner, now, cleaned up a cold million on war work. I'll just whisper to you, John, me boy, that this profitable patriotism on the cost-plus plan wasn't any too bad. A few of us were able to stand up under the strain."

But while MacLaren talked, cordially and unhurried, Wildhack felt that even old Hugh was sizing him up, estimating how much he'd gone back. And when, frankly, John asked for work, the answer did not surprise.

No, nothing just now; but he would be kept in mind. What was wrong at Tanner's? Had two good jobs under way over there. If he heard of anything ——

And it was the same story at the next office. Twice more John entered and left places where he was known; nowhere was he wanted.

Late that afternoon the crowd in the Long Island Station, scurrying through the train gates like rats underground, buffeted and knocked about a discouraged and spent man, who leaned heavily on a stick and who moved too slowly to fit the place.

Nancy Wildhack was waiting on the porch when John reached the picket gate in front of their cottage. She ran down the gravel path and stood on tiptoe when she greeted him.

"Look, Jack dear!" She turned him toward the west. The sky was a smoldering field, streaked by ribbons of rose-edged clouds. "There is hope all lighted up for us." She searched his face. "Look before it's all burned out; then, after you've had the best dinner since—since ever, I'll let you tell me about that wretched Mr. Tanner."

She put his arm about her shoulders and they walked towards the house.

"Oh, Tanner's all right in his way. I ——"

"Stop, Jack!" Nancy interrupted. "Not one disagreeable word now. You didn't find the crowd in town too much for you, after all." Her dark eyes surveyed him swiftly before she bravely lied "You're looking fine." Then when they had reached the porch "Just one more look at our golden hope. No, Jack, not at me, the sunset."

"I'm looking at my best hope, Nance; at the most helpful hope a fellow ever had."

John was right. Nancy and he had known each other since early school days, which they had gone through together in a small Hudson Valley town. At twenty John had come to New York. Six years later, when he had made a name for himself among contractors, Nancy, shaking the rice from her hair, stepped on the train with John that was to carry them both to the big town. From upstate she had brought with her industry and thrift, traits rightfully hers through a long line of Van Ardens, her Dutch forebears. Efficient, plucky, devoted, she carried in her well-shaped head a brain that met trouble calmly and wisely. For a man thrown out of balance with affairs through war stress Nancy was the sort of wife most needed.

After the good dinner she had cooked for her husband Nancy set coffee before him.

"And here, Jack, is a present. The man in the tobacco store said they were all Havana."

John lighted the cigar and sent a cloud of smoke contentedly into the air. Nancy took a seat near him and began to sew. "Now tell me all about your day," she said.

John smoked thoughtfully for some moments. "See here, Nance," he began quietly, "I don't intend to get sorry for myself; as I told a fellow in town today, I'm going to forget it. But I can't stop other people from being sorry for me, and, damn 'em, they won't let me forget it! Everywhere I went today I saw it: 'Poor Wildhack; all in!' When I got out my glasses to read something MacLaren handed me, it was: 'That gas plays the devil with eyes, doesn't it?' It was fierce, Nance. And as for Tanner ——"

"Yes, dear," Nancy interrupted gently, "I'm right here beside you; don't shout."

"Well, Tanner," John said in milder tone, "put it up to me as cold as a fish. There was nothing else to do; a man named Emil Schulmann has my job. I told Tanner he could keep it."

Nancy drove her needle viciously into her sewing. "I never liked Tanner," she said soothingly; "there are better men to work for."

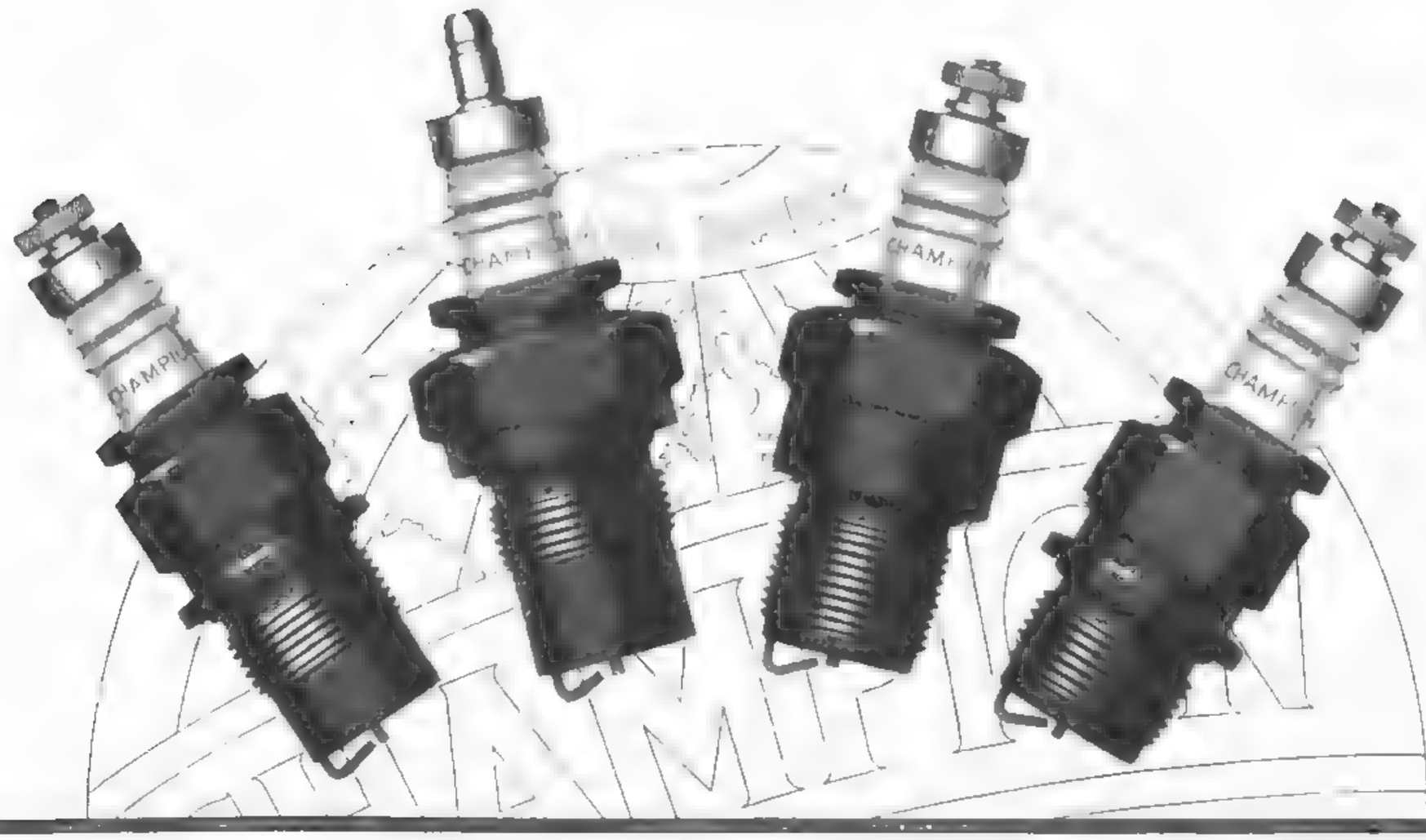
"But they're not looking for war wrecks. I went to several places; all of them turned me down."

Nancy's needle stitched rapidly. "They all knew your good record with Tanner, and turned you down, did they?" She looked up from her sewing straight into her husband's eyes and smiled. "Well, Jack, I'm glad of it."

"Why, Nance!"

"Yes, I'm really glad that you can't find work with any man." She put aside her

(Continued on Page 52)



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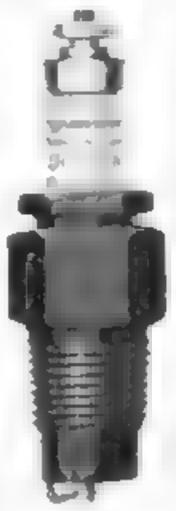

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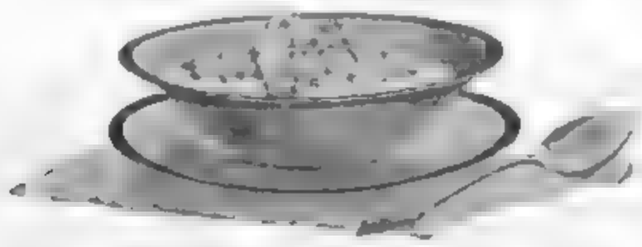
If you keep Puffed Grains ever ready, your people will be better fed.

Quaker Puffed Wheat



The Quaker Oats Company

(Continued from Page 50)

sewing and caught his hand. "In a few weeks, dear, you'll be thirty-two. Father used to say that if a man was not a boss by thirty-five he'd be bossed all his life. I want you to be a boss. That's what I had in my mind this morning, and you couldn't find a better time to begin than right now."

Her firmly spoken words brought some spirit back to John.

"I'm strong for that," he said. "But before I can begin to boss I've got to capture a contract, and afterwards I'd have to find the money to swing it."

"We'll make a start against that first 'hut' of yours right now." She spread before him the paper that once a week linked them with their old home town. "How's this for the contract?" She pointed to a headline:

KAATERSKILL BRIDGE TO BE BUILT
NEW COMMISSIONER'S PROMISE SOUNDS LIKE BUSINESS

Rapidly John read the column beneath this heading.

"It's nine years since I was with the engineering party that made the first survey," he said with interest. "It begins to look as if they might get busy with that bridge."

"Of course they will. Look at this."

Nancy turned the page. Beneath the advertisement for a horse liniment John saw the highway department's official announcement, calling for contract proposals.

"This means action. Let's have a look at the quantities."

His practiced eye rapidly scanned the items -excavation, concrete, steel, and on to the end, through the long list of required materials.

"Evidently they haven't changed from the original plan," he said. "Two shore foundations, a center pier and heavy steel trusses, just as we designed it eight years ago." Then, as suddenly as it had kindled, his interest died. "Well, what of it? It's only another fine job for Tanner or some of the rest," he said wearily.

Nancy took his face between her hands and smiled into his tired eyes.

"No!" she cried. "It's the first job, a good job, for John Wildhack."

"Impossible! That contract will run more than $700,000."

"I'm sorry it isn't a million."

"But you don't understand, dear; it's way beyond me. It would take $75,000 cash to finance a job as big as this."

"All right; we'll get $100,000," Nancy answered pluckily.

"How?"

"Borrow it, of course. What are banks for?" Then, more determined: "I'll show you, Jack, that you can do this! Now first, you know how to build this bridge. All right. And you know the—what do you call it?—topography, lay of the land, like a book."

"Yes, Nance; I made all the original soundings."

"Grand! That's two points. Now there are a lot of good men that have worked with you who will work for you if you get this job."

John frowned. "They would have if I hadn't lost my pep."

"You haven't lost it, you've only mislaid it!" Nancy said quickly; and continued: "There! We've got the experience, the talent, the organization. Now for the money." She brought out pencil and paper. "We own this house clear, worth every cent of"—she wrote—"$15,000. We have $5000 in Liberty Bonds."

"Worth about ninety now," John interrupted.

"All right, call it $4500, but cheer up. With what you have and what I've saved from my Red Cross salary we've got over $1500 in cash. That all makes $21,000; and besides we have—we have ——"

"Nothing."

"Yes, Jack; there's that timberland of yours up the creek."

John smiled. "About twenty acres, worth perhaps ten dollars an acre; no use to count —— Stop!" He reached for the paper and read aloud: "Foundation piles, pine or spruce, 70,000 lineal feet. Fender piles, oak, 8000 lineal feet." John dropped the paper. "Great Scott!" he said. Then again: "Great Scott!"

"What's it all about, Jack?"

John arose excitedly. "Nance, it means that we have a chance, a Chinaman's chance, to win this game of yours. That twenty acres is the only timber left anywhere near the bridge. It's spruce with enough scattered oak for the fender piles. Everybody will figure Southern pine and Jersey oak at five times the cost of floating our sticks down that creek."

"Give it to me in dollars." Nancy's practical pencil waited.

"Seventy thousand feet of spruce at, say, twenty cents, is $14,000; and 8000 feet of the oak at forty cents, call it $3000."

"Fine!" Nancy wrote $17,000 in her column.

"One moment. That patch of timber isn't money."

"It's an asset, Jack, towards this contract; even a hard-shell bank president could see that." She added the column. "Why, we're rich; we have $38,000 in yes, that's it—tangible assets, to start you as a boss."

Nancy sat up straight, a smile fighting the sternness she tried to show. "And here's where we start." She rapped on the table with her pencil and rushed ahead. "The meeting will come to order. All those in favor of John Wildhack as president of the John Wildhack Engineering Company say 'Aye.' Contrary, 'No.' Carried. Those in favor of Nancy Van Arden Wildhack as treasurer say 'Aye.' Contrary, 'No.' Carried unanimously, amid applause."

"Lady Chairman, I rise to a point of order." John played her game. "I submit that the action taken here tonight violates all precedent. It is customary that the person who originates and finances an enterprise shall be presid ——"

"Out of order!" Nancy ruled crisply. "The directors will now go into executive session." Then without stopping for breath: "As bids for this contract have to be submitted in five days from date, the directors direct ——"

"They never do," interrupted John.

"—— direct that the president proceed forthwith to Albany, secure plans and specifications, interview the president of the Kaaterskill National Bank and do all other things necessary and proper to prepare and submit a proposal for the said bridge with the said commissioner of highways upon the said date designated. All in favor ——" Bang! "Carried!"

"Some speed, Nance." But John's smile suddenly died. "Can't you realize, dear, that you would be risking everything you have, all we've been able to save, even if we could go through with this venture?"

Nancy rose and stood beside her husband, his head held close against her. "My venture," she said softly, "is worth more than anything we could ever lose."

The next morning Nancy walked to the gate with John. She had put his satchel in his hand, had given him his farewell, and stood watching as he walked slowly towards the station.

"Jack, stop!" she called suddenly, and opening the gate ran to him. "Didn't that notice say that the plans and specifications would cost ten dollars? Then wait."

She ran quickly back to the house. John returned to the gate. Today there was a change in his pale face; discouragement no longer dulled his eyes; his mouth was closed in a more determined line than when, the day before, he had stood before Tanner's office door.

Nancy came back, holding something in her closed hand. "I want you to pay for those plans with this." She opened her fingers; a gold coin lay on her palm.

"Why, dear, that's the luck piece from your wedding slipper."

"'Something old, something new, something gold, something blue,'" Nancy quoted. "The gold was for good fortune."

"Yes, but we oughtn't to part with this."

"Could we put it to any better use? I've a feeling, Jack, that if we start Wildhack & Co., with it we'll start right. So good-by and good luck."

Two days later Nancy was at the station to meet him. She took the large roll of blue prints he carried, and together they walked towards their home. "It's been good for you, this trip; you're actually sunburnt."

"Oh, I'm a near-athlete now," John answered. "But seriously, whether we can go through with this contract or not, I'm glad you pushed me into the game."

"Finding some of that lost pep, dear?"

"Well, getting into the swing this way helps a fellow to forget the war. This thing's going to be a hard fight, but it's a different kind."

"At home you're to tell the treasurer of Wildhack & Co. all about your trip."

(Continued on Page 54)

Published every other week. Inquiries which your theatre manager cannot answer regarding players and directors, will be answered by John Lincoln, Editor, 383 Madison Ave. N. Y. C.

News of First National Pictures

An Advertisement from Associated First National Pictures, Inc.

The purpose of this nation-wide cooperative organization of theatre-owners is to foster independent production, develop new talent and elevate the standards and art of the screen.

"PRESS-AGENTS not wanted" reads a sign in movieland. For this season's productions need no cheer-leaders. Produced by stars and directors whose reputations are established by screen successes, and adapted from picked stage hits and novels, First National pictures command praise without anyone's urging. With "Black Oxen," "The Bad Man," "Flaming Youth," "Why Men Leave Home," "Thundergate," "Ponjola" and "Her Temporary Husband" completed, or nearly so; with Norma Talmadge making "Dust of Desire" to follow "Ashes of Vengeance," Constance Talmadge doing "The Dangerous Maid," and Samuel Goldwyn finalizing George Fitzmaurice's production of "The Eternal City," while Richard Barthelmess enacts "Twenty-One," and Thomas H. Ince films "Anna Christie"—it looks as though every producer, star and director were reaching for the season's honors. When pictures speak so effectively for themselves, I beg to resign as a press-agent and merely chronicle what's being made and who the players are, leaving superlatives to the multitudes—after the productions have proved their worth. That's not nerve—but confidence!

Four Rôles For Moore

OWEN MOORE'S appearance in four distinctly different portrayals in "Thundergate" shames the actor who used to consider himself overworked when he had a dual rôle. And to make it more difficult—since Owen hitherto has specialized in comedy—each part is of dramatic calibre. He plays a two-fisted American engineer in China, a derelict, a Chinese mandarin, and finally a white man in yellow masquerade. That's versatility. In fact, the adaptability of all principals in "Thundergate" is to be admired. Sylvia Breamer, last seen as the dashing girl in "The Girl of the Golden West," is now the villainess, while Virginia Brown Faire, remembered as Shireen of "Omar the Tentmaker," shows to even more beautiful effect in the celestial splendor of a Chinese bride. Then she, too, must make a transition to western garb. Why? Well, see for yourself in "Thundergate's" novel climax.

He Called The Cops

DO THEY like "Potash and Perlmutter" in Baltimore, Md.? First day, the audiences left the Rivoli Theatre "overwhelmingly pleased"—in the words of Manager Guy Wonders. Second day, Mr. Wonders had to call for extra police to handle the crowds. Third day a thunderstorm broke, but hundreds waited in the rain to buy tickets. And as this is written Baltimore still roars over "Potash and Perlmutter."

What Starts Divorce?

JEALOUSY as the breeder and speeder of divorce has different dramatic treatment in "Jealous Fools," which Maurice Tourneur is filming. Hitherto Tourneur has gone in for spectacular novelties, and just as he made innovations in that field so can he be relied upon for radical departures from the conventions of domestic drama. And speaking of jealousy, how's this for a cast for many another producer to envy—Earle Williams, Jane Novak, Ben Alexander, Bull Montana and George Siegmann?

"Bad Man" Makes Good

"LIFE 'as been unkind to you. Too long 'ave you been marry wiz ze tired business man. You shall come wiz me to ze land of purple mountains where I will love you myself personal."

"And because you are marry, you do not wish to spik of love! Ees strange customs." Holbrook Blinn and Enid Bennett in "The Bad Man."

That's how the Bad Man makes love.

"One day ze lieutenant she are killed. I am lieutenant. Nex' day ze captain. I am captain. Byme-bye ze major—I become major. Pretty damn soon ze colonel. I kill ze general for myself."

That's the Bad Man's military record in his own words. And his idea of freedom is just as unrestrained.

"United States ees ze most unfree country what is. Every man, every woman is slave—slave to law, slave to custom, slave to everysing. You get up such time; eat such time; every day you go to work such time; every night you go to bed such time; every week, Madre de Dios, you take a bath such a time! And yet you call it free country. . . . Ees only one free country. Out here ze laws are best because every man make them for 'imself. Not like New York where everybody tells you what you cannot do until zere is nossing left what you want to do. I stay in New York once I live at ze big hotel. Ees before ze pro'ibition. I got plenty dronk. I 'ave 'ell of a good time. Sure I break ze whole ten commandments in one day wizout muss ze hair."

Picture this Bad Man, this Pancho Lopez. Picturesque of dress and speech, he stands—always at the right end of the gun—serene, savage, ardent, quaintly comical, violently chivalrous, oh! a regular Robin Hood of the deserts. Playwright Porter Emerson Browne imagined him, Broadway star Holbrook Blinn portrayed him. Together they sent "The Bad Man" roaring over a Coast-to-Coast trail of laughing thrills which Edwin Carewe has more than duplicated in the screen adaptation.

With a salvo of shots, Lopez arrives at Gilbert Jones' ranch just as Morgan Pell, a wealthy operator, is about to brand his wife, Lucia, because he believes she loves Jones. She does, too; hers has been a money-marriage. Far be it from Lopez to meddle with domestic affairs; he is there for loot. But matters change when he finds Jones is the man who saved his life six years before.

Now Jones has a ton of trouble. His ranch is mortgaged, with foreclosure a question of hours. During service overseas bandits have stolen his cattle. Pell, thinking this be oil-land, is trying to steal the ranch; while Lucia has discovered marriage a mistake, and Jones is too regular a fellow to steal her.

For his friend Lopez would fix all that.

Deliciously he does it in a story too fresh in humor, too surprising in dramatic twists to spoil by telling here.

Only the end will I whisper. After twelve hours of riot and near disaster, pursuit and panic, the Bad Man, making good, leaves a benediction for Lucia and Jones.

"For you I am Destiny, to beat 'ell. I thank you, for 'ere in your quiet home you 'ave give me the most peaceful day I 'ave spent in years."

"The Bad Man" is something to enjoy, not only while seeing it, but for days afterwards in recollection.

Jack Mulhall and Harry Myers in "The Bad Man."

Ben Breaks Through

WHAT ARE all the kids whooping for? Why, one of their gang has made good. Little Ben Alexander has scrawled his name on the dotted line of a contract that places him high among First National's featured players. For a twelve-year-old, that's going some. Analyzing Ben's success, the general opinion is that "Penrod and Sam" was the big factor. But the ability to put over such a performance was not won in a moment. For six years—in pictures and on the stage—Ben has been battling for recognition. Hard sledding often, but he stuck to it. For those of us who growl our way instead of working it, there is a sound corrective in the kid's career. Hat's off to you, young 'un!

After "Jealous Fools," Ben will appear in another Booth Tarkington story tentatively titled "Misunderstood."

Lines From Los Angeles

LEWIS STONE and Mary Carr have been engaged by John M. Stahl for "Why Men Leave Home."

Thirty-four designers and cutters are working on special wardrobes for the feminine players in Frank Lloyd's production of "Black Oxen."

"The Sea Hawk," by Rafael Sabatini, goes into production this month.

Where to see First Nationals

PITTSBURGH, PA.—Liberty Theatre, Regent Theatre and in the other big houses of the Rowland and Clark circuit, embracing Pittsburgh, Wilkinsburg, Titusville, Erie, New Kensington.

MILWAUKEE, WIS.—Saxe's Strand and Princess and in nearly a score of Saxe Amusement Enterprise theatres in Milwaukee, Waukesha, Green Bay, Marinette, Kenosha and Oshkosh.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.—Starting with the magnificent Stanley Theatre, and then throughout the entire Stanley Company circuit, covering eastern Pennsylvania and Atlantic City, Camden and Burlington, N. J.

Just as people are judged by the company they keep, so the standard of motion pictures is gauged by the class of theatre in which they are shown. If it's the best house in town, you'll find First Nationals on the screen.

* * *

FROM the way stage producers are importing comedies, you'd think that in all America there lurked no home-grown laugh. Then you find a hilarious affair like "Her Temporary Husband" and root for the native chuckle. Director John McDermott is filming this comedy with such pretentious sets as are found only in special dramatic offerings. Owen Moore, Sid Chaplin and Sylvia Breamer appear.

A swim à la silhouette. One of the surprising features of Warner Fabian's novel "Flaming Youth" is the midnight dip when the lights go out. In the film version this scene has the unique treatment illustrated here. With Colleen Moore in the principal rôle "Flaming Youth" is almost ready for national screening.

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(Continued from Page 52)

With the blue prints under her arm Nancy stepped out briskly. John kept even with her for a short time, then his pace slackened and he dropped behind.

"Good-by. See you tomorrow," he called cheerily, but his smile was sad.

Nancy flew back to him. "Oh, I'm sorry! Forgive me! You look so well today, Jack, that I forgot." She took his arm and matched her step to his slower one.

After dinner she spread the bridge plans upon the table. "Now, Mister President, we're ready for your report. How is Wildhack & Co. coming along?"

"To tell the truth, Nance, The Wildhack Company isn't coming along at all." John paused, then snapped out, "We've struck a snag."

Nancy looked up quickly, her eyes bright. "Good! Now the old Jack Wildhack's talking. He's up against it, but he'll play through."

"We started off all right, just like a French seventy-five, but we ended like a dud. I got the plans, paid for them with your lucky piece, then I talked with the division engineer; he doesn't know as much about that bridge as I do. After Albany I went down and saw Van Slyke, president of the Kaaterskill National; an enthusiastic icicle, he is! But the old man sure does want the bridge; he owns some property on the other side of the river. Besides, my father did him a good turn once.

"Anyway, he agreed to put up the bidding check for us." John paused. "Now get all set for this, Nance. If we land the contract Van Slyke's bank will lend us $50,000!"

"Oh!" Nancy sprang up and kissed her husband. "Oh, Jack! Fifty thousand—just like that!"

"Well, not quite that easy. The old boy wants 8 per cent, and we've got to assign all our monthly estimates to his bank, and deposit all the money we have there, and besides ——" John put his arm about her.

"Yes, Jack."

"We've got to give him a mortgage on our house."

"Well, that's better than selling it," Nancy answered cheerfully.

"In spite of all this, he wouldn't agree to anything until he'd satisfied himself about that timber; we went out in his car. Nance, he saw enough trees on our land to build two bridges. Oh, he's a shrewd old crow. He showed me a good trick, all right; he suggested a small sawmill to get out the timbers for the sheet piling and all the other rough lumber. That clinched the business. But he'll have us lashed to that bank with knots we could not untie. Make no mistake about this: If anything goes wrong we'll have to shoulder the loss, not Van Slyke."

"All this sounds too easy. Where's the snag?"

John frowned. "It's coming, two of them; and it looks as if they'd sink your new company."

The telephone rang. Nancy answered it.

"It's Peter Hicks, Jack. He's at the station."

"Fine enough! Tell him to jump into a jitney and come right over. Nothing could be better than to talk this over with him."

"Now for those snags," Nancy demanded cheerfully, returning to John.

"They're really serious, dear. Every bonding company in town has turned me down flat. That's bad enough, but this is worse: I couldn't get a price on steel! Four companies sidestepped. 'Not ready, Mr. Wildhack. Perhaps tomorrow.' Not ready!" John repeated bitterly. "I'll bet they've quoted Tanner a week ago." He fell moodily silent.

"Well, what's the answer, Jack?"

"Steel is the biggest item. If they won't give me a price tomorrow we're frozen out, that's all."

"What about the bond?"

"I'll make old Van Slyke's bank go security for us." John closed his teeth hard.

"Oh, Jack, you're coming back, coming back fast!" Nancy cried happily.

They were still discussing the steel shutout when Peter Hicks arrived. After his greetings were over he turned to John.

"You took out plans for the Kaaterskill bridge yesterday. Schulmann was in Albany; he hotfooted it back to the boss, and Tanner's up in the air, wondering who you're figuring for."

"Well, who do you think?"

"Search me. We know every company that's bidding except the one you're working for."

Nancy, who had watched the men in suppressed excitement, broke in.

"We don't mind telling Peter, do we, Jack? Well, then, Mr. Hicks, Jack is working for the best contracting firm in the country." She dropped him a curtsy. "The John Wildhack Engineering Company."

Peter Hicks looked blankly from Nancy to John, then a wide smile spread across his homely face.

"Gee, that's great! But, Jack, can you ever swing it?"

"Of course he can!" Nancy answered. "Especially if you'll help us, Peter."

"Steady there, dear! Don't forget that Pete's working for Tanner," John reminded her seriously.

"Oh, bother Mr. Tanner!" said Mrs. Wildhack.

"Well, of course I am working on the figures for him." Peter was gloomy. "But there are some things I can tell you. I said Tanner was up in the air. That was this morning. During the afternoon the Ridgway Steel Company's man came in, and afterwards Tanner and Schulmann had a ha-ha, hearty-like, all by themselves."

"The answer's easy," John said grimly. "The Ridgway crowd refused to quote me this morning. They've told Tanner I was figuring on my own. No wonder he laughed!"

"Well, here's something else." Peter lowered his voice. "There's a deal on over this bridge."

"I wish I knew that for sure." John spoke rapidly. "If there were, it would make it easier for us."

Peter shook his head. "No, John, it wouldn't; I'm just getting wise. Our crowd's strong enough to ask the steel people not to quote you or any other newcomer, and I believe they've done it. There are only a few contractors in the state today in shape to bid on this bridge. Last night men from all these companies crowded into Hugh MacLaren's dinky little office, and they fixed up a combination or my name isn't Hicks."

John rose and paced the room; Nancy and Peter watched him in silence. He stopped abruptly and brought his fist down hard on the table.

"Good!" he cried. "I hope they have. It'll mean at least an extra 20 per cent tacked to any bids they make. That cuts down our risk, lets us add 15 per cent to take care of the unsettled labor conditions. Now if we could only get a bond and that steel price"—he turned to Nancy, his face flushed—"we might win out!"

"Bond? Why worry about that?" Peter asked.

"No company will write one for me."

"Oh, man!" Peter rose and hopped about on his club foot. "Don't you know—I think it was while you were in the hospital—that the governor signed a bill that lets contractors bond themselves? Bang! There goes Mister Bond-Trouble." Peter sobered. "But steel, that's different; that's a stump that you can't get over."

"Never fear, Jack will find a way to root it out," Nancy said confidently.

But the next evening when he reached home John was forced to dampen her confidence.

"Oh, yes, they were kind enough to quote," he said savagely. "Looked me serenely in the eye. 'Structural steel, twelve cents a pound,' they said."

"Well, what's wrong about that?"

"It's all wrong. They've stacked against us. They've quoted Tanner and that bunch somewhere around five and a half cents. The difference puts us out of the running."

Nancy was sewing; she glanced sidewise at her excited husband.

"When anything's as unfair as this—this mean trap they've set—there's surely some way out."

"There's one way, but it's too risky."

"We'll take it," said Nancy.

"No, dear, we can't; it's twenty to one it would mean financial suicide."

Nancy plied her needle in silence for some time before she said, "Tell me the way, Jack, and let me choose."

"Oh, Nance, what's the use! Contracting at best is always a risky gamble; to bid without a price on the main item is close to insanity."

"Yes, go on," Nancy urged.

"Well, perhaps if we figured a cent and a half above the market price, and our contract price came out pretty close to the next bid, some steel company might—might, I say—sell to us after we had landed the job."

(Continued on Page 56)

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(Continued from Page 54

"Then it's settled; we take the chance," Nancy said with quiet determination.

"Nance dear, you're the gamest girl on earth!" The look in John's face would have made any wife proud. "But before deciding, remember that if the steel companies refuse to sell to us we'll have to welsh on the contract, make good the bidding check to Van Slyke, which will come to over $21,000, lose this home, and end up worse than broke—discredited. Now, are you willing?"

Nancy went to John, her brave eyes shining, and bending over him gave her answer.

"All right then, the die is cast. Now we'll begin the real work, Nance."

"The real work? What have you been doing?"

"To look over the site and to get material prices is only the easy part; help me now, dear, with the hard part."

During the rest of that night and on into the early morning hours John, with Nancy checking his calculations, worked steadily at the big task. And the next day they went at it again. The bids were to be opened at noon the day following; they had not an hour to waste. At last, late in the afternoon, every item in the contract had been estimated and the figures carefully checked. The adventurous Wildhack Company knew, as nearly as any contractor ever knows, what the work would cost. Two questions, only, now confronted John: Would their figure be the lowest? And always this thought harried: If low, could they carry on, or would the steel people wreck them?

"Get out the proposal blank, Nance. You call off the items and I'll give the bidding prices, then you write them down in that clear hand of yours, lead pencil first, ink afterwards."

Nancy began the important task. When the lumber items were reached she read:

"Sheet piling, 40,000 feet at ——"

"One hundred and ten dollars," John called.

"Four-inch decking, 105,000 feet at ——"

"Ninety-eight dollars."

"Temporary guard rail, 60 feet at ——"

"Seventy dollars. Stop, Nance! Don't write that!" John sprang to his feet and took the proposal from her. He studied the item excitedly. Then came a long whistle of surprise.

"Well, I'll be jiggered! Without warning they suddenly switch from feet, board measure, to lineal feet. Dangerous; it nearly caught me! Write that price in at *seventy cents*."

"What's the difference in money?" Nancy was a practical woman.

"Very likely enough, if we hadn't caught that little joker, to make us lose the job. At $70 per thousand feet board measure, that unimportant rail comes to $4200. At the lineal-foot price, seventy cents, it's only $42."

"Luck is with you, Jack." Nancy gave a confident shake of her wise head.

When they had reached the end of the long column both began adding carefully to find the important total.

John first dropped his pencil. "What do you make it, Nance?"

"I get $774,260.06."

"Check!" John cried. "Our treasurer is some little estimator. One minute," he added, figuring again rapidly. "We'll raise the reënforcing steel enough to make our total $777,777."

"Sure we can spare the seventy-seven cents?" Nancy looked sidewise at John, her eyes sparkling.

"Yes, Nance; the old 77th Division was too big a thing to bother with pennies."

In Albany the next morning the locked proposal box was carried to its usual place in the hallway on the second floor of the Highway Building. In the letting room on the first floor were gathered material men, representatives from bonding companies, contractors; all were expectant. In lowered voices these men discussed the one question of that day: Who would be the lucky contractor to land the big bridge?

At 11:45 MacLaren, Tanner and Schulmann entered the building together; MacLaren went directly to the upper hall and looked sharply about: Two or three clerks; a woman—probably a stenographer—on the bench in the corner; no contractors. He took a large envelope from his brief case, but before dropping the proposal in the box, peered through the narrow opening. The clock at the head of the stairs showed twelve minutes to twelve when his envelope slid into the box. Returning he met Tanner halfway up the stairs. "It was empty," he said without halting, and passed on.

After reaching the second floor Tanner and Schulmann stood by a writing desk near the secretary's office. They waited, talking in an indifferent manner; but Schulmann held a fountain pen and a folded proposal blank ready for use.

Pennock, the assistant secretary, came from his office, watch in hand.

"Eleven fifty-two, gentlemen," he announced.

A young man hurried up the stairs and dropped the second envelope into the box. He bowed to Tanner and Schulmann, who exchanged glances of "All is well."

A stout man, panting after his climb, reached the hallway. He smiled towards Tanner before leaving his proposal; his smile was returned by a satisfied nod.

"Eleven fifty-five," called Pennock.

Tanner spoke in low tones to Schulmann, who quickly unfolded the proposal and wrote in a figure on the first page, then on the last line of the second page, the total.

"Eleven fifty-seven."

Schulmann walked to the box and with a confident air left his envelope. "Only four," he said to Tanner. Both men turned and went down the stairs.

"One minute to twelve!" Pennock called in a loud voice.

The girl who had been absorbed behind her newspaper rose from the bench in the far corner and walked quickly towards the proposal box. The large envelope covering the bid of The John Wildhack Engineering Company was visibly shaking in Nancy's hand, but she managed to drop it through the opening.

"Twelve o'clock, bidding closed!" cried Pennock.

Followed by the recording clerks he carried the box to the letting room, where the commissioner had already taken his seat at one end of the long oak table.

When Nancy reached the lower hall John was just entering the building. She ran to him.

"Oh, Jack, I'm so glad you're with me at last!" she whispered. "It was hard, waiting—waiting."

He pressed her hand. "If Tanner had known I was bidding he would have made his price at least $15,000 lower. I know that he and Schulmann were ready to put in a lower figure if they suspected any real competition. You've done good work today, Nance."

John saw how bravely she was fighting against suspense, that tears were not far away.

"Buck up, dear," he said gently, "it'll all be over in a few minutes. I'm just as nervous as you are."

When they entered the room, Tanner exchanged glances with Schulmann, whose answering look was more a sneer than a smile. MacLaren waved a friendly hand to them. Pennock unlocked the box and turned the bids out on the table.

"There are five proposals for the construction of the bridge," he said.

"Look at Tanner," John whispered.

"Yes, I'm almost paid for that dreadful waiting," Nancy answered.

At the word "five" Tanner had turned in surprise, first to Schulmann, then to MacLaren; his moving lips shaped the word with an angry twist.

"You've given him a jolt, Nance." John's nervousness had lessened, his eyes were smiling at her. "It's all clear to me now; Tanner is the man the gang chose to take this job."

Pennock called: "Proposal of Hugh MacLaren & Co." He read through the long column of items rapidly, paused, then cried distinctly: "Total, $803,820."

Nancy squeezed John's hand; he smiled back at her. "That's a relief; it shows we're not too low."

The next bid came to $783,100.

"Too close for comfort," John whispered.

The third proposal was slightly over $820,000.

"That's fine, Jack, but I can't stand it much longer. Oh, why doesn't he hurry!"

Both started nervously when Pennock called: "Proposal of The John Wildhack Engineering Company."

John watched Tanner intently during the reading of his bid. Schulmann's bland face showed nothing, but Tanner's was an open book: Surprise at the dredging price, something very near consternation at the figure for piling, a relieved smile when steel was reached, uneasiness again at timber. Pennock came to the end and called out the total: "$777,777."

A murmur ran through the room; so far John's long string of 7's was the low bid. Nancy smiled happily, but John's heart fell. Tanner's satisfaction was as plain as an electric sign; Schulmann was sneering.

"James F. Tanner & Co.," called Pennock. Rapidly he read item after item. John leaned forward, eager to catch each price in this bid. Once during the quick recital he started, his fingers about Nancy's hand tightened. At last the end!

"Total amount bid," Pennock cried and paused, then distinctly: "$774,989."

Nancy, who with John had leaned forward, fell back; her hands flew to cover her eyes. Above the sound of whispering voices in the room someone near them said aloud, "Tanner gets it."

"Steady, Nance, wait!" John said through set teeth.

The commissioner rose. "As soon as we have checked the proposals, the contract will be awarded. It appears that James F. Tanner & Co. are the successful bidders."

John got to his feet. It was an effort to speak, but when he found his voice the words came clear:

"May I ask Mr. Pennock to read again the price for temporary guard rail in the last proposal?"

"Forty-eight dollars," Pennock replied.

"No; Mister Commissioner, that's the total; it's the unit price that governs. Please read that."

Pennock looked at the proposal, looked up from it to John, then carried the paper to the commissioner.

John, Nancy, Tanner and Schulmann were all standing now.

The commissioner took the proposal, carefully adjusted his glasses and read the line Pennock pointed out to him.

"Why—er—it's written here, eighty dollars," he said finally.

"Then the total for sixty feet of rail should be $4800, not forty-eight," John answered, "and the true total of Tanner & Co.'s bid is really $779,741."

"Oh!" was all that Nancy said, and she suddenly sat down.

Someone laughed nervously, then excited exclamations broke out in all parts of the room: "Quick figuring!" "The boy's got him!" "Wildhack's right!"

Tanner turned on Schulmann a scowl that sent that bland gentleman to his seat, wilted.

The commissioner rapped on the table. "Order, please, gentlemen. It appears that you are correct," he said to John. "The written unit price is the only one the law permits us to recognize. Will you come to my office in half an hour? We'll have the proposals checked by then."

MacLaren was the first to reach Nancy and John. After he had congratulated them he whispered: "You beat us to it, boy. If the commissioner balks on giving you the contract you can tell him that I'll go in with you." John thanked him.

"Not at all. I'm Scotch, me boy, and I know a cartload of dollars from a crate of carrots."

Others then crowded about with congratulations, and John, being human, enjoyed overhearing someone say that it was an expensive day for Tanner when he gave Schulmann that young man's job.

Finally, and this completed the victory, came the steel men. When could Captain Wildhack be seen? Would he be good enough not to close until they had revised prices? John smiled and promised to wait.

The commissioner rose when John and Nancy entered his office.

"Young man," he asked, smiling, "I'd like to know who the dickens is Wildhack & Co.?"

"All of it's right here in your office, commissioner." And John told him how he had arranged to finance and manage the contract.

"Good! I'm confident you can carry the work through. Your proposal is in order and the contract is yours." The commissioner pressed a button on his desk. "Now give me ten dollars."

"What, sir?" John was amazed.

"Ten dollars, young man!"

John gave him a bill.

Pennock entered with a small package.

"Let me have that, Mr. Pennock." The commissioner turned to Nancy. "Here's your gold piece, Mrs. Wildhack, and may it bring still more luck to the new company." He bowed. "Especially to its treasurer."

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(3) From coast to coast, reliable garages and auto supply houses feature Gargoyle Mobiloil and hang the Complete Chart on their walls. No other oil is sold by such a large percentage of the better garages.

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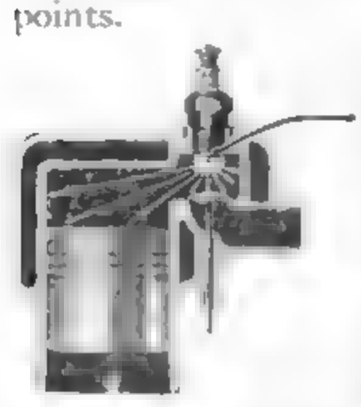

It follows if part of the current never reaches the spark plug points due to its leaking away through the porcelain, or because carbon accumulates, either there will be no spark or it will be so weakened that it will not properly ignite the mixture.

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Incorrectly designed plugs cause poor performance. Old or worn-out plugs will cause a gradual loss of power until finally your engine does not pick up and get away as it once did.

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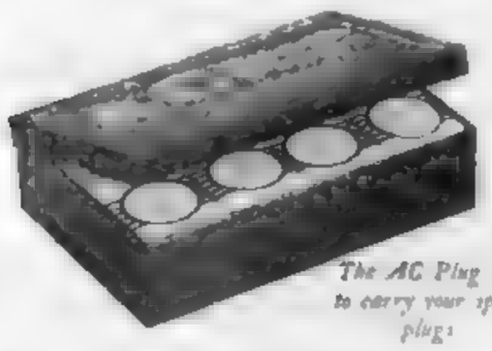
Carrying spare plugs without risk of damage is now provided for by the *AC Plug Kit*—a compact, substantial metal box, illustrated below. Obtain yours free, with a set of AC's.



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U. S. Pat. No. 1,135,717, April 13, 1915 U. S. Pat. No. 1,216,139 Feb 13, 1917 Other Patents Pending

A MISSION IN THE RUHR

Continued from Page 15

He spoke severely, as a matter of discipline, but secretly he agreed a little with his argumentative sergeant. After six months in the Ruhr he was beginning to see the danger of it. It would do no good to France, perhaps, if Germany broke up in anarchy.

"Politicians in Paris!" said Sergeant Michel with a fine expression of disgust. "That dirty breed! While they're arranging the ruin of the world you and I, *mon lieutenant*, languish in this signal box without women, without love, without any joy of life.

"Now, if I had the misfortune of being president of the French Republic ——"

Lieutenant Delavigne never had the advantage of knowing what his sergeant, Henri Michel, of Montmartre, would have done to save the world if he had been president of the French Republic. The man's words were interrupted by the appearance of Colonel Dubois, commanding the 150th Section of mitrailleuses, accompanied by a general whom the young lieutenant recognized with awe.

Both Lieutenant Delavigne and his sergeant sprang to their feet at the unexpected and terrifying visit of these exalted officers.

It was Colonel Dubois who spoke first, with a friendly nod to the young lieutenant:

"This is the young man, general. He speaks German perfectly, and you can see for yourself that he is a handsome fellow. I can vouch for his intelligence."

Lieutenant Delavigne blushed deeply at these amazing compliments, but remained silent with his hand at the salute.

The general, an elderly man with a tanned face, much wrinkled, and a little white mustache, gazed searchingly at the young lieutenant, with a friendly and amused smile under his shaggy eyebrows. Then he nodded in a fatherly way to Sergeant Michel and said.

"You can leave us, my friend. We wish to have a little private talk with your lieutenant."

Sergeant Michel saluted rigidly, made a right-about turn and went down the steps of the signal box.

The old general sat down in the cane chair and lit a cigarette.

"How goes it in this guard post?" he asked pleasantly.

"Very well, *mon général*."

"But rather boring, eh?"

"Excessively, *mon général*. Nevertheless ——"

"Quite so. You know your duty. Boredom is part of it for all of us. All the same, you would prefer a less isolated post, a little human society? Perhaps even the company of a pretty woman?"

Lieutenant Delavigne was utterly abashed by these questions. He wondered if it were the general who had gone mad or himself. A little human society! The company of a pretty woman! What had that to do with military discipline or a machine-gun section? He stammered an answer:

"It is a trifle lonely at times, *mon général*"

The old man's eyes were fixed on him with a twinkling amusement.

"You will be interested to hear that you have won a beauty prize, *mon lieutenant*. I made inquiries as to the best-looking officer in the Army of the Ruhr—the most debonair, the most irresistible to any woman of taste. Your name was reported to me, among others, by Colonel Dubois. I am happy to tell you that I agree with those reports."

Colonel Dubois and the general laughed together heartily, while the young lieutenant blushed more deeply and looked ready to die with embarrassment.

"Doubtless it is a joke, *mon général*," he said faintly.

The old general finished his laughter and puffed at the cigarette, which he had put into an amber mouthpiece.

"Not altogether a joke," he said more seriously. "I have need of a good-looking young officer, but also one who speaks the abominable German language—in itself a heroic achievement for any Frenchman—and one who has intelligence, discretion and a cool head. Colonel Dubois tells me you have those qualities. Do you agree with him?"

Lieutenant Delavigne agreed with his colonel perfectly. But modesty forbade an open avowal.

"I speak German, *mon général*, and my intelligence is, perhaps, slightly superior to that of the average imbecile."

The general seemed satisfied with this self-judgment.

"Good! I have already tried one or two average imbeciles on this mission and they have failed miserably. It is for you to succeed."

"What is the mission, *mon général?*"

The old general outlined the mission in a dry official way, as though giving orders for a military operation, and before the end of it Lieutenant Delavigne was very pale.

"You will proceed to take up your billet in the house of the Fraulein Anna von Kreuzenach—what a break-jaw name! As you may know, she is the daughter of Herr Heinrich von Kreuzenach, who is undergoing a sentence of ten years' imprisonment for inciting his factory hands to resist French orders. As you may not know, this young lady is one of the most dangerous enemies we have in the Ruhr, owing to her influence with the working people and her intimate association with the monarchists in Berlin and Bavaria. She is the confidante and confederate of the notorious Captain Freiheit, who has just escaped from prison and is organizing a royalist rising in East Prussia which may spread to other parts of Germany and increase our trouble in the Ruhr. That is for your information. Now for your orders. You will endeavor to win the confidence of that young woman. I may tell you, from personal observation, that she is extremely attractive as a sample of German womanhood, and speaking without prejudice, *mon lieutenant*, it is my opinion that beauty is without frontiers. You will persuade her that you have pro-German sympathies, owing to your Alsatian origin. Colonel Dubois tells me that your people are of Alsace, though you yourself were born and bred in Paris. Very well. You will turn that to advantage. You will obtain some information from the young lady about the monarchist plans. You will discover the whereabouts of Captain Freiheit, and the inner workings of his organization. You will learn the identity of all visitors to the lady's house, you will keep your ears open to their conversation, and you will report all your information direct to me at headquarters."

Lieutenant Delavigne's pallor increased towards the end of this monologue.

He stammered out a few startled words:

"An affair of espionage, *mon général!*"

"Exactly," said the general dryly. "For the sake of France, which is playing for big stakes. I wish you good luck, *mon lieutenant*. Needless to say, if you succeed——"

Colonel Dubois patted the young lieutenant on the shoulder.

"A great chance, my friend! Better than this signal box, eh? And amusing work. The winner of the beauty prize!"

He laughed heartily again with the general.

The old general gave the lieutenant a slip of paper. On it was written the address of the Fraulein von Kreuzenach. Arrangements had already been made for Lieutenant Delavigne to change places with Lieutenant Murger, who had failed so ignominiously. He could sleep there that evening, and explain his position as a liaison officer with the British command in Cologne. He could take the sergeant as his body servant.

The general touched his kepi and left the signal box with Colonel Dubois.

Lieutenant Delavigne, alone again in the signal box, stood motionless, staring through the narrow doorway above the wooden steps.

"Name of a dog!" he said presently. He did not like his job.

II

BEFORE a week had passed, indeed within twenty-four hours, Lieutenant Delavigne, of the French Army in the Ruhr, had decided that he preferred his old guard post in the signal box to the palace of Heinrich von Kreuzenach. It was less idiotic and humiliating.

As far as creature comforts went, there was, of course, no comparison. He found that he had been allotted—by orders of the French Army of Occupation—a magnificent suite of rooms in the great square house opposite the gates of the Kreuzenach factories, where once a hundred thousand men had made the heavy guns for the German Army, and then, after the Armistice, typewriters, plows, railway engines, safety razors and every imaginable article that could be fashioned out of steel to invade the markets of the world, until passive resistance had put an end to their labors.

It was ridiculous, thought Lieutenant Delavigne, to have a bedroom large enough for a ballroom, and a drawing-room containing a grand piano which he could not play, to say nothing of the great gilt-framed mirrors which reflected his beauty from all angles—he was certainly, he agreed, a good-looking fellow—and innumerable gilt-backed chairs with embroidered silk, large pieces of Dresden china on ebony pedestals, wonderful clocks which chimed the hours, and portraits in oils of Heinrich von Kreuzenach and his blond wife, and his whiskered father, and his bearded grandfather, and other ancient specimens of the family which had made a fortune out of armaments and steel.

It was still more ridiculous for Sergeant Michel, late of Montmartre, to occupy two rooms hardly less ornate and to sleep in a bed of rosewood and pink silk which would have been more suitable for some German Gretchen with yellow plaits and a silk nightdress tied up with blue bows. Sergeant Michel himself saw the humor of the situation.

"That little devil Marthe," he said, "will call me a sacred liar when I tell her that I snored under a pink coverlet in a German palace. As for Susanne, she'd look as pretty as a picture in this room with her hair down her back."

"The family," said Lieutenant Delavigne, "doesn't seem very sociable. And we're not popular, *mon vieux*, in this German household."

"Wait a bit, *mon lieutenant*," said Sergeant Michel. "If I don't get a smile before the week's out from that straw-colored chambermaid downstairs, I'll never wink at another girl along the Place Pigalle. Though I'll admit she glared at me today as though I were a bit of evil smelling dirt."

"The Fraulein Anna looks very haughty," said the young lieutenant.

He did not add, what was in his own mind, that she also looked extremely beautiful—so beautiful that to a young Frenchman who had been boxed up in a lonely signal station for six months, staring at coal heaps and derelict wagons, she was, in spite of her German blood, like the vision of Beatrice to Dante in exile.

He had come face to face with her in the big marble-pillared hall downstairs when Sergeant Michel was carrying his luggage from the taxicab outside. She was a tall girl, of perhaps twenty-two or three, with a mass of spun-gold hair neatly coiled in tiny plaits, and blue eyes—as blue as the cornflowers in Provence—and a rather thin face with a straight little nose and a proud sensitive mouth. He thought that mouth of hers the prettiest thing he had seen in Germany since the occupation of the Ruhr, in spite of its pride.

She spoke to him simply in French in answer to his salute, into which he put a touch of gallantry and deference:

"I am the Fräulein Anna von Kreuzenach. Now that my father is in prison—unjustly condemned, monsieur! I am responsible for the household management and all arrangements here. When you have any complaints about my servants or your comfort, please address them to me."

"I shall have no complaints, Fräulein," said Lieutenant Delavigne, with the greatest respect and in very good German. Fräulein Anna looked surprised and smiled faintly before she answered in her own language:

"You speak German, sir? The last French officer who was billeted here had many complaints. About the lack of food, which your troops are preventing from coming into the Ruhr, so that our poor working folk are hungry; about the incivility of my servants, who, I admit, have no ardent desire to serve uninvited guests from the French Army."

"He was a fool!" said Lieutenant Delavigne. "Utterly unreasonable! I regret exceedingly that my presence in this house may cause you some slight inconvenience. The situation in the Ruhr is as painful to

(Continued on Page 81)

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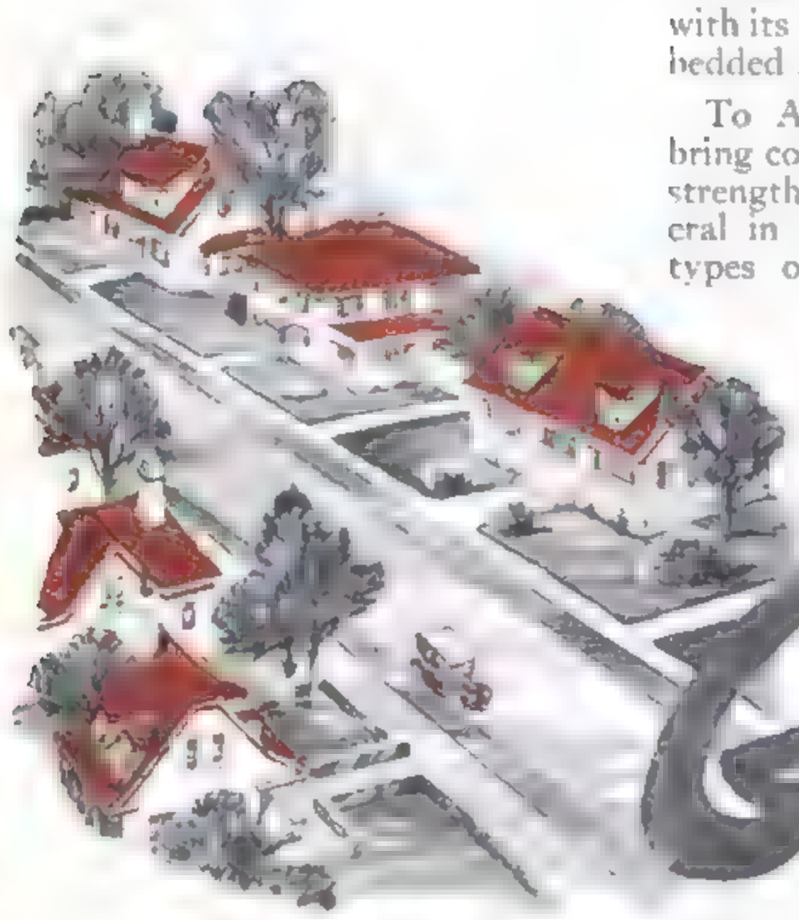

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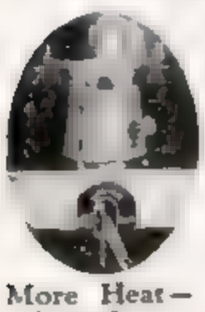

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FLORENCE
OIL RANGE

(Continued from Page 58)

French officers—to many of us—as it may be to the German population."

"As it is painful," said Fräulein Anna von Kreuzenach. That proud mouth of hers quivered. "And intolerable," she added. "Intolerable and outrageous."

Lieutenant Delavigne bowed gravely.

"We soldiers have, of course, no control over the political situation. We obey orders, however regrettable. As it happens, I am an Alsatian. I am not altogether in favor of this French action in the Ruhr."

He was speaking according to the part laid down for him, by military command. His orders were to ingratiate himself with this lady, to pretend to pro-German sympathy, to establish confidence. That thought, the remembrance of his mission, came upon him with a kind of shame, and a deep blush crept up to his forehead. It was not quite a clean game, this, though it was done for France.

Fräulein Anna gave him a quick, searching, candid glance and then lowered her eyes.

"One day," she said, "France will regret the things she is now doing. They are not worthy of her spirit or ideals. And they are very dangerous—to France."

She seemed inclined to go on speaking. It was as though the sympathy expressed in Lieutenant Delavigne's voice and words—his chivalry, as it seemed—had loosed some pent-up emotion of pride and indignation. Then some thought seemed to startle her and check her. The line of that mouth which the lieutenant liked so much hardened.

"I must go about my work," she said, and with a slight stiff bow and her head raised passed young Delavigne and went into a room between two marble pillars.

Three days went by without his getting another glimpse of her. On the fourth day he met her at the top of the stairs leading to the bedrooms, but in answer to his quick deferential salute and his obvious desire for a little conversation she only bowed again, with a touch of color creeping into her face, and did not even glance at him as she passed by.

Sergeant Michel was able to gather a little information, because he made frequent excursions to the servants' quarters on pretense of cleaning the lieutenant's boots, borrowing a brush for his clothes, inquiring about the shops in Essen where he might buy razor blades, and various unnecessary things. One of the menservants spoke fairly good French, having been billeted behind the German lines in France during the war, and was not altogether unfriendly. He seemed inclined to practice up his French again and became distinctly less hostile when Michel told him, with a certain amount of sincerity, that he considered the French occupation of the Ruhr bad business for France and averred his belief in the brotherhood of the working classes across all frontiers, for the sake of world peace and the happiness of common folk.

"And that's a fact," said Sergeant Michel to Lieutenant Delavigne, "though I would willingly cut that fellow's throat for his hatred of France."

From this servant, Hans Zimmermann, the sergeant had picked up a few little items of knowledge which might be useful. Fräulein Anna's sitting room, for instance, was on the right of the big hall downstairs between the two pillars. She locked the door every time she left it and kept the key at her girdle. In this room she received every morning the managers of her father's factory, officials in charge of the public soup kitchens and relief works, and other visitors. According to the man Zimmermann she paid over money from her father's private fortune to maintain the passive resistance of his factory hands. She had been adored by the people of Essen because of her charity and good works long before the time of the French occupation. Her father had been hated then, although now his imprisonment had softened people's hearts towards him.

One queer thing in the family history was about her brother Siegfried. The French-speaking servant had let that out. This Siegfried was a young fellow of sixteen or so, who hated his father like poison and was up to his neck with all the communists in Essen, who wanted to smash the great industrialists, take possession of the city and all its works, raise the Red flag and refuse to pay a single mark either in reparations to France or in taxes to the German Government.

"Monsieur Siegfried, in fact, seems to be a child after my own heart," said Sergeant Michel, who was proud of his revolutionary sentiments, although in reality a most law-abiding citizen and loyal soldier of France.

As it happened, by a curious chance, it was through this boy Siegfried that Lieutenant Delavigne was able to establish more friendly relations with the Fräulein Anna, and to study her personality, which became to him a perplexing and engrossing study—not altogether good for his peace of mind.

It was the seventh day of his ridiculous mission. He was returning with Sergeant Michel from luncheon in a French mess—where his brother officers were very curious as to his mysterious departure from the machine-gun section—when at the corner of the Essenerstrasse he saw a crowd of German miners gathered round a good-looking young man standing on a coal wagon with broken shafts. He was obviously making a political speech, in flagrant violation of French orders, which prohibited all political demonstrations and the assembly of street crowds.

"If you'll take my tip, *mon lieutenant*," said Sergeant Michel, "we had better get down a side street and turn blind eyes to those ugly-looking swine. Otherwise they may want to eat us for dinner, and I can't see any of our comrades in the neighborhood."

"This is interesting," said Lieutenant Delavigne. "That is young Siegfried von Kreuzenach, if I am not mistaken. I have a portrait of him in my bedroom. He is uncommonly like the Fräulein Anna."

He stood on the edge of the crowd, whose sullen eyes stared fixedly at the young orator so that they took no notice of the French lieutenant and his sergeant.

That boy there on the coal wagon was a picturesque figure, a fair edition, thought the French lieutenant, of that young Camille Desmoulins who—more than a hundred years ago—in the gardens of the Palais Royal in Paris had stood on a tavern chair and called the mob to destroy the Bastille, as a symbol of tyranny. This tall German boy with straw-colored hair and blue eyes and a rather girlish face was beside himself with passion, and his voice rang out above the heads of the mob around him.

"My comrades, how long are you going to submit to this slow starvation and surrender of all your pride and dignity as men? Have the German people become slaves? Are you going to lick your chains? Are you going to remain the victims of a cowardly and corrupt government, bought by war profiteers and swinish gamblers who make fortunes out of the falling mark, while your women wither for lack of food and your children die for lack of milk?"

There was a growl from the mob, low and ominous.

"*Nein! Nein! Gott verhüte!*"

"We are beset with enemies," cried the boy. "The French Army of Occupation has us at their mercy. They plant machine guns in our streets, expel our workingmen with their wives and families, rob the population of its wages and blockade the Ruhr to starve us into submission!"

There was a groan from the crowd and cries of "*Gott strafe Frankreich!*"

The boy laughed with a kind of wild scorn.

"Your greatest enemy is not the French Army. They would be powerless against the uprising of the German people. Your worst enemy is that government in Berlin, which is gambling with the lives of its people as they gambled and lost in the Great War. They have brought Germany to ruin by their financial frauds—that paper money which will not buy food for your stomachs nor clothes for your bodies. They have exploited their people for the interests of big business. They have made you the victims of their economic warfare with the great powers. Gun fodder in war! Slave laborers in peace!"

Again there was a sullen roar from the mob.

The boy tossed his hands above his head in a mad delirious way.

"Away with them! Rise in defense of your lifeblood and your women. Declare a commonwealth of workers. Seize the factories, the banks, the mines, and take possession of the wealth which your own industry creates. There is not a French soldier in the Ruhr who will dare to resist your right to democratic liberty. Their claims are not against you, but against the masters of your souls—the war lords, the profiteers, the industrial magnates, the gamblers of world finance—who use you as machines to make their wealth, and refuse to pay their taxes and their debts. Be men, German workers of the Ruhr! Be free men!"

A storm of passion rose in the crowd, suddenly, as though a wind had swept them. It was clear that this boy's words had lit a flame in their hearts, but whether of rage and fury with him or against him it was hard for any outsider to see or understand. Certainly some were against him—one group which seemed to be dominated by an immense fellow with neck and shoulders like a bull and a head with close-cropped hair. It was this man's voice which bawled loudest.

"A traitor! A traitor to the Fatherland! A dirty communist! *Schweinehund!* Tear his heart out and give it to the dogs!"

This big fellow made a rush at the cart where the boy stood. The group about him was fighting fiercely with the other and larger part of the crowd. These miners used their fists like sledge hammers. The noise of their thudding blows against each other was louder than the shouting. Heads were being cracked and faces bashed.

Lieutenant Delavigne blew his whistle. It was answered from a side street and a patrol of French infantry appeared, with a young lieutenant running ahead. From the surging crowd the big man with the bull neck forced his way with six or seven others while blows struck them from every side. They were holding something, a limp and bleeding body, which they shook brutally as they went.

"Stand back there!" shouted Lieutenant Delavigne.

He drew his revolver and fired over the heads of the foremost men. Startled and sullen, they fell back, letting their victim drop on the cobblestones. It was the boy who had stood in the cart speaking wild mad words. He lay there senseless, his flaxen-colored hair dabbled in blood which oozed from a gash on his forehead.

The French patrol had come up, and their officer, very pale and panting, spoke to Lieutenant Delavigne.

"What is it, *mon lieutenant?* Shall I fire on these swine?"

"It may be unnecessary," said Lieutenant Delavigne.

It was obviously unnecessary. At the sight of the French soldiers the crowd of German miners dwindled away rapidly, sneaking down the side streets or disappearing into doorways.

"It was a slight argument on German economics," said Lieutenant Delavigne to the other young officer. "This child got the worst of it."

He bent down over the boy and searched his breast pocket. It was stuffed with letters addressed to Siegfried von Kreuzenach.

"I live in this lad's house," he told the officer in charge of the patrol. "Will you detach two of your men to carry him home?"

"With pleasure, *mon lieutenant*. Doubtless you will make a report?"

"Without doubt."

In the marble hall of the great house of Heinrich von Kreuzenach the boy, still senseless and bleeding, was laid down by the French soldiers. A maidservant screamed at the sight of him. Lieutenant Delavigne spoke to her.

"He's not dead. Only slightly hurt, I think. Go and fetch the Fräulein von Kreuzenach, and ask her not to be alarmed."

When the lady came she was certainly alarmed. Her face was very white and she gave a cry as she stooped over her brother and lifted his head.

"It's nothing," said Lieutenant Delavigne. "A nasty knock on the head and a cut that bleeds a little. If I could have a wet sponge ——"

"Bring it. Quickly!" said the Fräulein Anna to the servant maid.

When the sponge was brought, Lieutenant Delavigne knelt down beside the boy and wiped the blood off his face and sprinkled the cold water on his forehead. It revived him at once and he opened his eyes and groaned.

"You see!" said the lieutenant. "He's better already. No need for a doctor, even."

His eyes met those of the young lady for a moment.

In the eyes of the Fräulein Anna von Kreuzenach there was gratitude and a little wonder.

"You are very kind," she said in a low voice.

Presently, when the boy was quite conscious again, Lieutenant Delavigne turned

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to his sergeant and said, "You and I will carry him to his room, Michel. Go steady."

"Trust me," said Michel. "I know how one's head aches after a knockout blow. I once fought with an apache in the Rue Blanche ——"

"I will show you the way," said the young lady.

She led them upstairs to a room near her own and they followed, carrying the boy, whose head was limp on the lieutenant's shoulder. He was not heavy, for a lad of his age, but it was awkward turning the corner of the staircase with him and he groaned again when they jolted him. But he smiled faintly and said "*Danke schön!*" when they laid him on the bed in his room.

Fräulein Anna kissed her brother on the forehead and then held his hand. Lieutenant Delavigne saw that she had tears in her eyes and that her lips trembled.

"My dear brother!" she said. "My dear, rash, unwise little brother! How do you feel now? Would you like to see a doctor?"

The boy shook his head and murmured something in a sulky way

Lieutenant Delavigne saluted and left the room with Sergeant Michel, closing the door very quietly behind him.

In their own rooms Michel lit a *petit caporal* and winked at his own image in one of the mirrors.

"Excellent business!" he said. "You and I have played the good Samaritan, *mon lieutenant!* We risked our lives for this son of a boche. It will give us a better standing in this house of the enemy."

"It was not for that I tried to rescue the child," said the lieutenant with unnecessary heat. "It was a question of humanity."

"I agree," said Sergeant Michel. "I hated to see those swine mauling that white mouse. All the same, it's strange that after serving four years in the trenches and killing boches like bugs—just as they killed us—you and I, monsieur, should feel a little pity because a young bochelet is being mauled in a street fight. . . . It is the natural chivalry of the French spirit, no doubt."

"I didn't like the look of that crowd," said Lieutenant Delavigne. "They were angry beasts."

Sergeant Michel laughed.

"They begin to show their teeth. To roar a little on hungry stomachs, poor devils! . . . Monsieur, you and I stand without much safety, on the edge of a volcano. When it bursts, this city of Essen won't be a health resort."

With that prophecy Sergeant Michel sloped away to his own room, to lie on the bed with the pink silk coverlet and read his latest love letters from Marthe, Suzanne, Yvonne and other ladies in the Paris slums.

Presently there was a tap at the door and the lieutenant answered it.

Outside in the passage stood Fräulein Anna von Kreuzenach. She spoke in an emotional way, rather breathlessly:

"I thank you a thousand times, monsieur. Pardon me because I forgot these thanks in a moment of alarm because of my brother's wounds."

"I have done nothing, mademoiselle, except my duty," said Lieutenant Delavigne.

She hesitated and seemed anxious to explain something which was difficult to say.

"Doubtless you will have to make a report on this affair—to your military authorities?"

"That will be necessary, I fear."

"Yes," said the lady. "But perhaps you will be good enough—kind enough—to leave out my brother's name? At least not to let it appear that he was the cause of any riot. If he were imprisoned—or expelled from the Ruhr—I should be most deeply distressed."

She raised her eyes to those of Lieutenant Delavigne with a kind of pleading.

"He is so young, monsieur! Such a boy—and so delicate! He is not accountable for his actions. All these tragic happenings—the hunger and misery of our people, the severity of your army, the ruin of Germany—have broken his heart and made him a little mad, I think. He talks wildly—as youth talks. He is an idealist because of his love for the working people, who suffer so much, but he is in revolt against those who wish to save Germany by other means than mob risings and anarchy."

"Even against his own father, is he not?" asked the lieutenant quietly.

She seemed startled by that question and afraid.

"People have told you that?"

Lieutenant Delavigne nodded and said, "We hear things."

"It is true, alas!" said Fraulein von Kreuzenach. "He thinks my poor father has not acted in the interests of the people, but merely in defense of his industry and wealth—to escape reparations and defraud the French." A faint smile touched her lips. "It is possible that you agree with him in that!"

"Candor compels me to agree, *mädige Fräulein*," said the lieutenant.

She made a little impatient movement with her head.

"All the world thinks so! I only know that my father is an honest man, loyal to what he thinks the interests of his country, ready to die for it, if need be. But my brother ——"

"He is a communist, it seems?" asked the lieutenant.

She answered quickly and passionately:

"He is a schoolboy, monsieur! A child who plays with fire, not knowing its danger. A young poet with impossible fantastic dreams of liberty and the rights of the people."

The lieutenant permitted himself another question, which he spoke with a touch of irony:

"You do not believe in liberty, mademoiselle?"

"I believe in the old loyalties, monsieur—loyalty to the Fatherland, loyalty to the spirit of duty and discipline, loyalty above all to the only virtues which can save Germany and the world."

"What are those, mademoiselle?"

"Justice," she said, "and charity."

"They are good virtues," the lieutenant agreed, "but differently interpreted, *gnädige Fräulein*. French justice seems injustice to Germany. German justice seems fraudulent to France."

"But charity?" she asked. "Charity and fair play? Is there no compassion in the world for hungry men, despairing men, and the cry of the women and children?"

With an impetuous gesture she put her hand on the lieutenant's sleeve.

"Monsieur, I warn you that, if France interprets justice so harshly and has no thought of charity, there will be an outbreak of blood and fire in Germany which will set Europe alight and be unquenchable in the tears of the world." She spoke with an intense conviction as though she saw the terror of which she spoke. "I know my people," she said, after a moment's silence. "I know what is in their minds and hearts, their despair, their anger, their hatred, their anguish. I know those who are inciting them to action, one way or the other, with faith in violence, mob rule or monarchist risings. I am in touch with both sides and I know that, if we do not get relief by world justice—quickly, quickly!—there will be an anarchy here in Germany that will shock humanity itself."

"Those are grave words, mademoiselle," said Lieutenant Delavigne.

He spoke gravely. This young man who thought himself so beautiful, who craved in his heart for the amorous pleasantries of life, who had come into this house with orders to captivate this lady by his gallantry, forgot that side of his nature and his own vanity in this vision of the conflict that might come out of these teeming cities of the Ruhr. This lady spoke of what she knew.

"Those are grave words," he said again.

"They are dangerous words," she answered. "Why do I say them to you? First, because you are kind, monsieur! And secondly, because you are here as a spy upon me, to report my words, movements, actions, to your headquarters. Well, then, report my warning, if you like! It is good for France to know. Only, if you are chivalrous, you will not make a victim of my little brother Siegfried."

Lieutenant Delavigne was stricken speechless for a moment. Those words accusing him as a spy made him hot and cold by turns.

"I trust you have made that accusation lightly," he said. "A spy! Surely, mademoiselle, you do not wish to insult me, after what you are pleased to call my kindness?"

The insincerity of his words shamed him as he spoke them. He felt a queer sense of sickness in his stomach.

She smiled at him.

"Forgive me," she said. "'Spy' is too strong a word in time of peace. Let us say—observer. After all, it is your duty to France."

He stammered something about the honor of a French soldier and she nodded and held out her hand.

(Continued on Page 64

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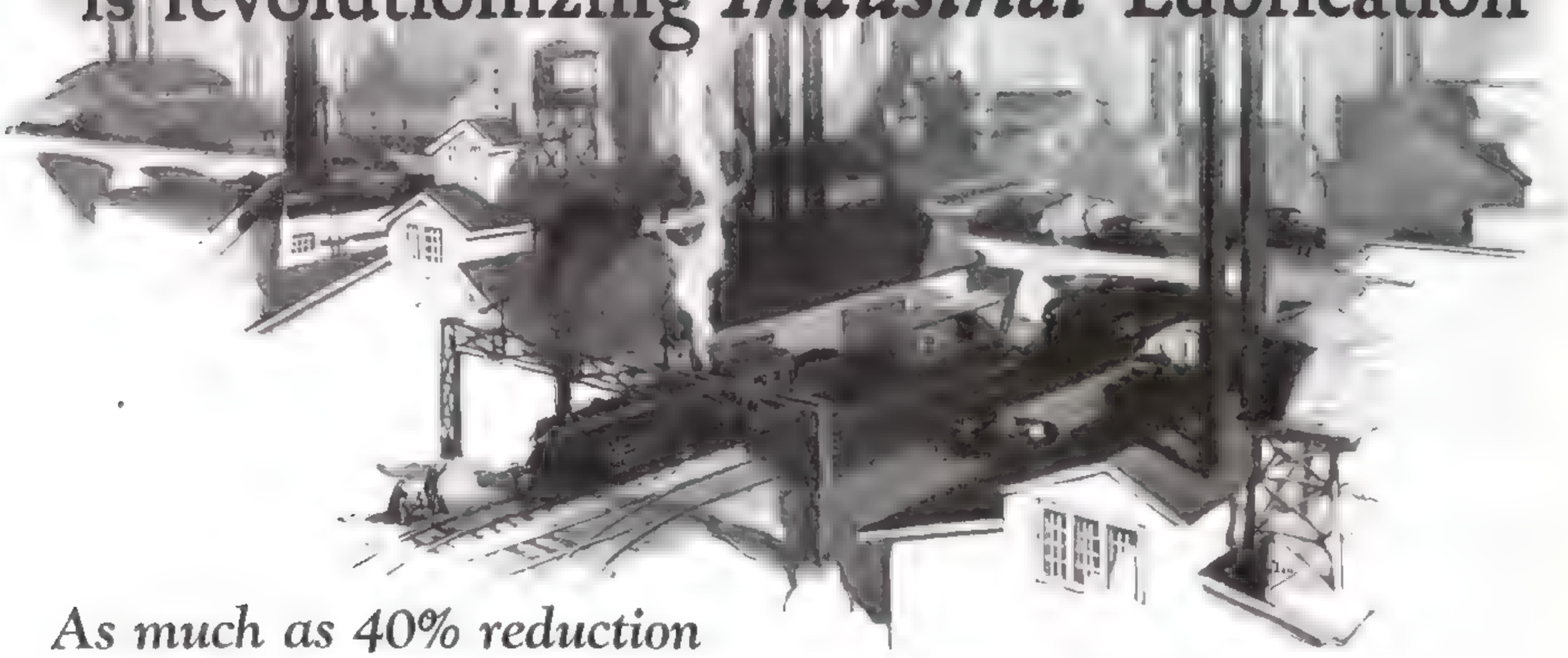

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Continued from Page 62

"For what you did for Siegfried, grateful thanks, *mon lieutenant*. If you would sit with him a little it would be a further kindness. He will be lonely, poor boy."

She slipped away from him down the marble staircase.

III

LIEUTENANT DELAVIGNE wrote out a report, three days later, on information obtained in the household of Heinrich von Kreuzenach. It was not sensational, but it revealed a serious state of things in the city of Essen and generally in the Ruhr. It would, perhaps, only confirm the knowledge already in the hands of the French authorities; yet even that might be of value as additional links of evidence in the proof that the population of the Ruhr was boiling up for an explosion of human passions, which would certainly affect the interests and authority of France.

It was extraordinary—and consoling to Lieutenant Delavigne that he had not been obliged to play the spy to obtain the facts in the report. There had been no need of melodrama—listening at doors, stealing private papers, searching for secret drawers and all that stage business of the spy in action which he had imagined would be necessary.

On the contrary, he had obtained much that he wanted to know, much that was worth knowing, from the very people who should have been most hostile to him—young Siegfried von Kreuzenach and the Fräulein Anna herself.

At first he had been embarrassed and disconcerted by the candor of that boy Siegfried. It had seemed mean and contemptible to a man of sensitive honor to sit by the bedside of a sick boy—for he had been grievously bruised in that street brawl—playing the sympathetic friend and listening to all kinds of revelations, which would be used in a secret report to the French Army of Occupation. The boy seemed utterly careless, deliberately reckless of all his blabbing. He made no secret at all of the communist agitation and organization at work in the Ruhr. Rather he gloried in its growing strength and imminent action.

"France thinks she can tame us by hunger," he said with an ironical laugh. "What an absurdity! The workers were tame enough when there was food enough—as tame as fat sheep—but hunger is making them fierce at last, *Gott sei dank!* and soon you will see a revolution in Germany which will sweep the country like a flame. I pray for it! It is our only chance of liberty. French oppression will overreach itself. It is playing into the hands of every honest German who wishes the liberation of his Fatherland from foreign enemies and the scoundrels who have betrayed it from within."

He gave the names of the leaders who were inciting the workers to revolt against their own government. Lieutenant Delavigne memorized them and afterwards wrote them down, almost sorry that that boy had blabbed so much. They were of all classes—professors, artists, foremen of mines, railway men. The leading spirit of all seemed to be a schoolmaster named Schultz, who, according to this boy, was a man of genius, a great orator and a born organizer.

Always he went about among the workers in Essen, Düsseldorf, Oberkirchen, Bochum, inflaming their passion, preaching the gospel of liberty, enrolling them in his Storm Troops of Free Workers. There was another man—a Russian from Moscow—who formed with Schultz and a miner named Feuerbach, a committee of three, controlling the revolutionary movement and its plan of campaign.

"We have a million men ready to rise when the signal is given," said young Siegfried von Kreuzenach. "Our first action will be to depose the civil authorities and the industrial magnates."

"Including your honored father?" asked Lieutenant Delavigne, gazing at this boy with surprise and incredulity.

Siegfried von Kreuzenach laughed.

"My honored father is safe in prison. So much the better for him! And so much the better for Germany, who would only be brought to ruin by his monarchist plots and old-fashioned schemes of reaction by which the workers would be more surely enslaved. Even now those monarchists are getting ready for another ridiculous *putsch*. This time they'll be taught a lesson!" So the boy prattled on, wildly, with amazing revelations.

Lieutenant Delavigne warned him once, against his own interests.

"You tell me too much, young man," he said. "After all, I am a lieutenant in the French Army."

The boy laughed.

"Do you think I care? Do you think I don't know that every word I say will be reported to your headquarters? That is why I'm telling you. It will do France good to know that her tyranny is to be challenged by the uprising of the German folk, seizing their own destiny. What can your Army of Occupation do with sixty million people in revolt? Nothing but get out of the way of its fire and hell!"

"Fire and hell won't help Germany," said Lieutenant Delavigne.

"Yes!" said the boy, with a passion in his eyes. "Out of that fire the spirit of the German people will rise free and strong."

This boy's fanaticism, his wildness, his childish indiscretion, seemed to the French lieutenant pitiable as he lay there in bed with his blond hair on the pillow and his girlish look. But what was more astounding was the conduct of the Fräulein Anna. She came sometimes and sat by the bedside of her young brother, although he was silent and sulky in her presence and spoke ironical things about her monarchist sympathy and her spirit of reaction.

"You are a woman," he said once, "and like all women, afraid of a little violence and incurably sentimental. Germany won't be saved by sentiment."

"It is because I want Germany to be saved," she answered, "that I abhor all these plans of violence—on both sides. It will lead to worse ruin and rivers of blood."

"A little bloodletting will do no harm," said the boy.

She looked at him in a despairing way.

"Siegfried! You child! You poor ignorant child! You are too young even to remember the horror of the war. Tell him, *mon lieutenant!* Tell him of the agony of the trenches and the foul truth of war."

It was strange that she seemed to have no enmity to this French lieutenant, though she had called him a spy and believed that the actions of the French Army in the Ruhr were intolerable and outrageous. She spoke to him rather as a man of sense, who could rise above the passion and prejudice of national sentiment and see the pity and the danger of this state of things in Europe.

"It does not lead to peace," she said more than once. "It does not help humanity."

In spite of himself, and because of that appeal to something higher than national pride, Lieutenant Delavigne responded to her attitude of mind. Perhaps, after all, there was more at stake in this business than French claims for reparations and French justice. Perhaps Europe was at stake, and the safety of civilization. Perhaps this French adventure in the Ruhr, legal and just as he thought it, might lead to a spreading anarchy which would involve France herself and many nations, as this girl seemed to think. It was impossible to play the gallant with her. It was ridiculous to twist his little black mustache and think of his manly beauty, in the presence of this German girl whose eyes were straight and disconcerting in their candor and whose speech dealt with the gravities and sufferings of peoples in conflict.

One evening she spoke to him outside the door of her room.

"I am afraid," she said.

"Impossible to believe!" he answered lightly. "You are so fearless, *gnädiges Fräulein*."

She said again, "I am afraid," and he saw that her face was white even to the lips.

She glanced round the great marble hall with its ugly black pillars on the ground floor where they stood and then, as though satisfied that no one could hear them, spoke again in a low voice.

"You are an enemy of my country, and yet kind and understanding, I think. It is because I think so that I am going to tell you something, which seems like treachery to my Fatherland—which indeed is treachery to one of its best and bravest men."

He was astounded and utterly bewildered.

"Tell me," he said.

She beckoned him and led him through a door between the pillars and stood there in this room furnished plainly as an office, with her hands on her bosom. She was greatly agitated and distressed.

"There is a man," she said, "who is coming to this house tonight. He is my lover.

(Continued on Page 66)

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He is the man whom I love best in the world."

Lieutenant Delavigne bowed stiffly. Instinctively he disliked the lover of this German girl, as he disliked the lovers of all pretty women. That was his French temperament and his vanity of youth.

"He has not come to Essen for love of me," she said. "He has another passion, greater even than love."

"Is there such a passion, mademoiselle?" asked Lieutenant Delavigne gallantly.

She looked at him gravely.

"As a French officer you know it," she answered. "For you it is *la patrie*, for a German, the Fatherland. Even love is nothing to the passion of patriotism, for which men and women will risk everything and die gladly. Is it not so?"

"When one's country is in danger," said the French lieutenant.

"Germany is in danger," said the Fräulein von Kreuzenach. "It is on the edge of ruin. This lover of mine thinks he can save it. . . . He is Captain Freiheit."

At the mention of that name Lieutenant Delavigne was startled. Everyone in Europe knew that name as that of the leader of the monarchist rising which had endeavored to overthrow the republic and had caused a week of civil war and bloody folly in the outskirts of Berlin. That was two years ago, when there was still enthusiasm for the republic. Freiheit's royalists had been wiped out and some of his brother officers had been stamped to death by the mob when they were taken prisoner. Freiheit himself had been condemned to ten years' imprisonment, but had recently escaped, through the connivance of his guards. He had appeared in Bavaria. It was known that he was in close touch with Ludendorff and the old officers of the German General Staff. He had been a visitor to the Crown Prince in Holland. He was the most active agent of the monarchist plots in Germany, and time had worked in his favor. The French occupation of the Ruhr, the pitiful weakness of the German Government and the financial collapse of Germany under a monstrous inflation of its paper money, had killed the republican spirit in Germany, except among the extremists of the Left, who proclaimed the red gospel of Bolshevism as the only alternative to monarchist reaction. Captain Freiheit was the hero of middle-class Germany and of all the nationalists who looked to the traditions of the old régime as the one hope for escape from anarchy on the one hand and from France on the other.

"He is coming here tonight?" said the French lieutenant. "To this house in Essen?"

He stammered out the words incredulously. Surely that visit would be known at French headquarters. The fellow would be caught like a rat in a trap.

"He has been here for a week—in the city," said the girl. "Needless to say, he is in disguise and working under another name. You see, I am betraying him to you."

Lieutenant Delavigne stared at the girl. She was very white, even to the lips.

"Yes," he said, "as a French officer it will be my duty ——"

He broke off his somewhat pompous sentence and asked a startled question in a human, boyish way.

"Why do you betray your lover, *gnädiges Fräulein?* Even German women ——"

She laughed bitterly at those last words.

"Even German women ought to be loyal to their love? Yes! I think they are as true as French women, monsieur."

She made a gesture of impatience.

"Let us talk without nonsense! I will tell you plainly why I betray my lover. It is because I wish to save many good lives and to stop a conflict which will lead to agony and blood."

She raised her hands with a little moan.

"Have we not had enough blood and agony? Can there never be peace for women and children?"

She seemed to forget the presence of the French lieutenant and spoke in a low voice, so that he could hardly hear her words.

"I think of the women and children and the poor simple men who are being rallied to one side or the other. Communism! That madness! And monarchy, with its call for revenge and its defiance of France! What hope is there in such desperate acts? What possible result except a murderous struggle and utter ruin and misery beyond words? Surely if I can stop it—or hinder it—I am serving the spirit of peace, without disloyalty?"

She moved to a tall writing desk, a heavy old-fashioned thing with many drawers, and, stooping a little, pulled out some papers fastened together with a piece of blue tape.

"Sir," she said to the French lieutenant, "here is the plan of Captain Freiheit and his friends for an armed rising in the Ruhr. You will see that it is a desperate scheme and highly organized. The communist minority will be powerless against such a well-armed force, although they will fight like wolves at bay, if my brother Siegfried is right. Captain Freiheit will be here at eight o'clock this evening. It may be in the interests of France to arrest him in this house. If I give you these papers which reveal his plans I only ask one thing in return."

"Yes?" asked Lieutenant Delavigne coldly.

"Your word of honor that my betrayal of Captain Freiheit—my dear lover!—will never be revealed."

"My word of honor as a gentleman and a French officer," said Lieutenant Delavigne.

He took the girl's hand and raised it to his lips.

"It is a betrayal for love's sake," he said. "To save innocent blood and shut the gates of hell."

He spoke with no sham emotion, but sincerely.

"What can one woman do against the rising tide of passion?" asked Anna von Kreuzenach, and then she wept a little.

IV

THE French lieutenant made his report and handed in his papers to the old general who had come to the signal box with Colonel Dubois. That is to say, he handed them to the general's aide-de-camp in the hotel which was French headquarters in Essen, and said, "This matter is very urgent, *mon capitaine*, and of great importance."

The young officer smiled faintly in a supercilious way and kept the papers waiting in his desk for quite a time before he condescended to take them to the general.

Lieutenant Delavigne smoked several cigarettes, looked at the last number of L'Illustration and read the advertisements of face creams and hair tonics, in an absent-minded way, for half an hour afterwards. All his thoughts were concentrated on the amazing betrayal of Captain Freiheit by this girl, Anna von Kreuzenach, who loved him. For him, Armand Delavigne, it was, of course, amazing luck. He knew that! Fate had lifted him out of his obscurity as a lieutenant of a machine-gun section. This knowledge he had brought was of vital importance to France and to the world. In the papers which the Fräulein Anna had given him were the plans and date of a monarchist rising which would undoubtedly result in civil war in Germany. If that happened France might whistle for reparations.

Sergeant Michel's talk about the edge of a volcano would be out of date. The volcano would be in full eruption.

It is not surprising that a young lieutenant of the French Army should feel himself exalted by the importance of his mission and flatter himself that his tact and sympathy and good looks had procured this information. But that egotism, natural and inevitable to a young officer, was submerged beneath a wave of admiration and pity for the lady who had sacrificed the loyalty of love for one man to the larger loyalty of love for the German people, for humanity and for the cause of peace. Wonderful and pitiful!

"The general will see you," said the supercilious officer, opening the door leading to the inner room.

Lieutenant Delavigne stood inside the doorway, with his hand at the salute.

The general was at his desk, signing some papers, while he held a cigar in his left hand. His gold-embroidered kepi lay on a chair at his side, and the buttons of his tunic were undone.

He slashed at his signature, dropped the pen, and looked up at the lieutenant with a glint of amusement under his shaggy eyebrows.

"Come in, *mon lieutenant*, and shut that door behind you."

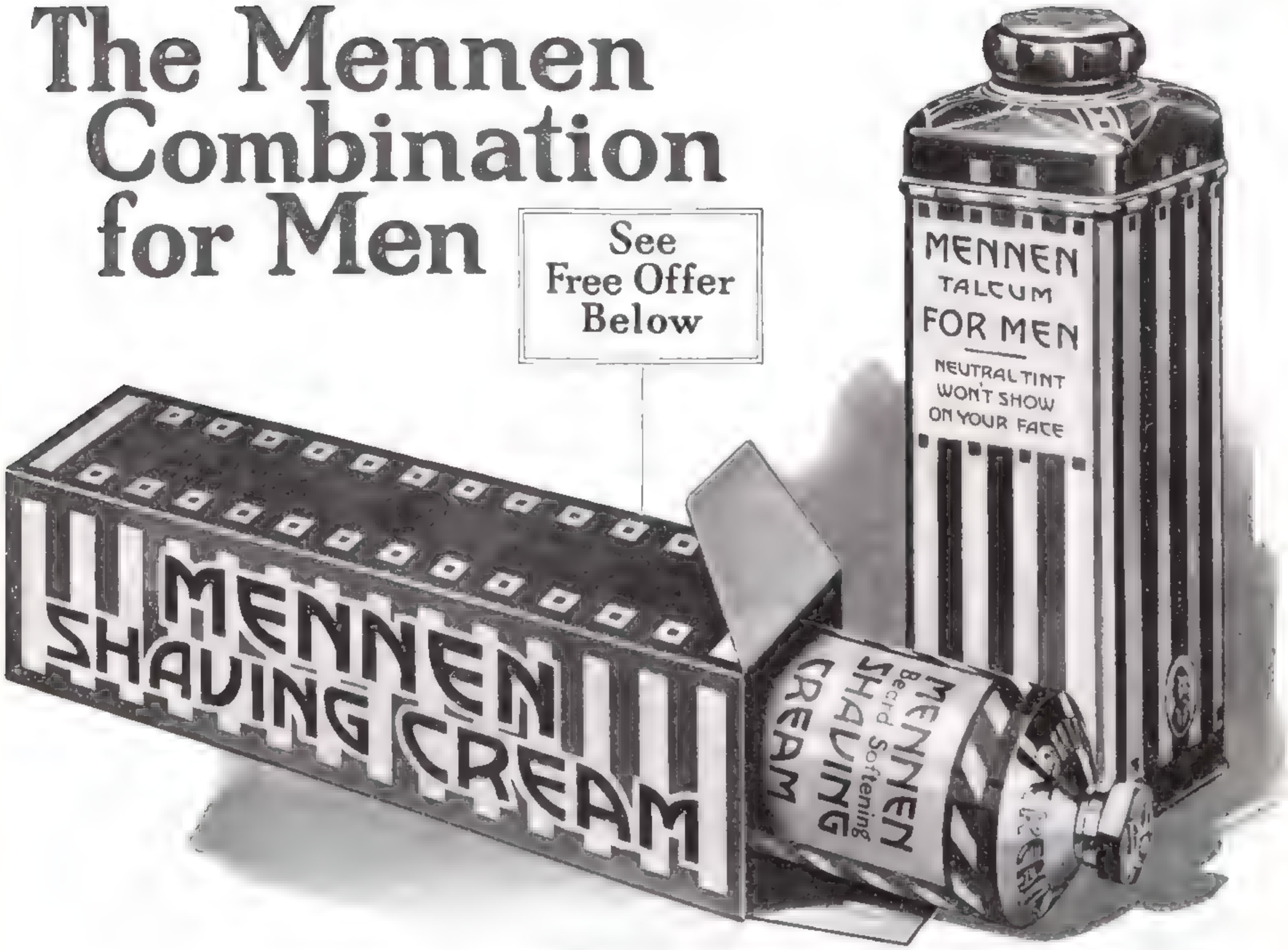
Then he rose from his chair and patted the lieutenant on the shoulder.

"*Très bien!* You have brought some useful information. I thought your good looks would establish confidence and get on the right side of a pretty lady! The best lovers are the best spies."

(Continued on Page 69

The Mennen Combination for Men

See Free Offer Below



WHAT you want to know about a shaving cream is what effect it will have on *your* beard, using *your* razor and the water *you* have available, and not what it may do under ideal laboratory conditions.

Here is what I promise you specifically and definitely about Mennen's. I guarantee that *you* will get these results every time you shave, in any part of the world. If Mennen Shaving Cream does not deliver *all* these effects, send the tube to us for an immediate refund.

The water in your locality will unite freely and abundantly with Mennen's in the form of moist, dense, creamy lather. The hardest test is with cold water—try it that way.

Mennen lather quickly and thoroughly softens the beard ready for shaving, without rubbing-in. No matter how long this lather stays on your face, it will not irritate the skin or require more water. With Mennen's you will get a more satisfactory shave and greater speed and comfort than you have ever thought possible. Lastly, the wonderful emollient Boro-glycerine will soon make your skin look better and feel better than it has for years.

The Mennen Company promises these detailed results and guarantees to make good if the cream does not.

Buy a tube of Mennen's today. Try it a week. If your shaving troubles don't disappear, send tube to us for a refund. For a small free sample, send the coupon.

50c in the big economical home size
35c in the convenient travelling size

A COMPANION comfort that should be in every man's kit is Mennen Talcum for Men.

A fresh shaven or vigorously washed skin is likely to shine—Mennen Talcum for Men removes this shine.

You can put plenty of Mennen Talcum for Men on your face and it will not show. That is because it is specially tinted to blend with your skin. It is a he-talcum specially compounded for men. White talcums are apt to look like kalsomine on male features.

Mennen Talcum for Men is made by a special process. The high absorbency of this special powder dries the skin scientifically and frees the pores of irritating moisture—also its special medication improves the condition of your skin. The drying effect of Mennen Talcum for Men is most important in cold weather as a preventative of colds and chapping.

Use it plentifully after bathing and washing.

You'll also find that the delicate film formed by Mennen Talcum for Men is most effective in protecting a newly-shaved face from winter cold and stinging winds.

Mennen Shaving Cream and Mennen Talcum for Men form a great combination—used the world over by men who prize comfort and healthy-looking skin. A combination sample offer appears below. Send the coupon.

A large tin of Talcum for Men costs
25 cents at all druggists'

Jim Henry's

FREE OFFER

Samples of the Combination for Men

Special Offer Coupon

The Mennen Company, 346 Central Ave., Newark, N. J.

Send me without charge a combination sample package, containing Mennen Shaving Cream and Mennen Talcum for Men

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

BUSINESS ADDRESS _____

IN YOUR OWN TOWN

A RECEPTION IN YOUR HONOR

IN your town and in others—everywhere from Maine to California America's modern laundries are holding "Open House" for you and your friends. They invite you to come and see them.

If you are one of the millions of women using laundry service, they want you to know, through a visit now, the methods by which your clothes are made clean and lovely. They want you to follow a family bundle through the careful steps of modern laundry service; to see how clothes are cleansed and sterilized, without rubbing, in great billows of mild, pure suds; to see them rinsed in floods of clear, soft water; to see the moisture removed in ingenious spinning baskets; to see how things are starched and dried and ironed.

In short, they want you to become personally acquainted with the men and women, the machinery and methods, that are responsible in so large a degree for the health and comfort of your family.

And if you are not at present a user of professional laundry service, the same sincere invitation is extended to you to inspect the splendid progress the laundry industry has made; to see the light, airy, sanitary conditions under which clothes are laundered; to meet the people whose efforts have made American laundry service the finest in the world.

During your visit no doubt you will discover facts about laundries that you never realized before; perhaps you will learn ways of lightening *your* household work, of conserving *your* time and strength, perhaps even of making your laundry dollars go farther than before.

Today, make sure the laundries of your town have a place on your social calendar—arrange to be their guest the week of October 22. You are assured a cordial welcome when you call; you will be well repaid for your visit.

THE AMERICAN LAUNDRY MACHINERY COMPANY
Executive Offices, Cincinnati

VISIT YOUR LAUNDRY

October 22 to 27

(Continued from Page 66)

Lieutenant Delavigne blushed deeply He did not relish the general's jocular remarks or that mention of spies. There was something gross and vile in the idea that he had filched this knowledge while playing the gallant and using his face as a thief's mask. But what could he say? Impossible to confess that these papers had been given to him by the lady because she wanted her lover arrested and put out of harm's way.

The general put on his gold-rimmed pince-nez and glanced at the papers.

"We knew a good deal of this," he said. "We had all the threads of the plot in our hands, barring the date for the rising. That is important, though of course it is liable to change."

He was not astounded or excited by the revelations in those papers. Lieutenant Delavigne was disappointed because the general was so calm and unimpressed.

"As for Captain Freiheit," said the old man, "I see you write in your report that he will visit the Fräulein Anna von Kreuzenach at eight o'clock this evening That is an error."

"Pardon me, *mon général*," said Lieutenant Delavigne, "I have that information beyond all doubt."

"You contradict me, eh?" said the general. He spoke with a slight touch of impatience. "You think he will keep his appointment?"

"It is fixed," said Lieutenant Delavigne, "with the lady herself."

The general smiled and shrugged his shoulders.

"Fate has decided otherwise. Captain Freiheit was killed two hours ago by the communist leader Schultz. We have arrested the murderer."

"Killed, *mon général*?"

"Shot through the head in a busy street."

The general stared down at his desk and drummed his nails on his blotting pad.

"Whether it is good for France—and it is my duty to think only of that—I cannot tell. It saves me from the necessity of arresting the murdered man. On the whole I am in favor of nonintervention between German communists and monarchists. If they like to kill each other in large numbers, so much the better for France. If they plunge Germany into anarchy and disrupt the German *Reich*, again so much the better for France. That is my own opinion. What the government in Paris thinks is another matter. Sometimes they think one thing, sometimes another. As a plain soldier I know nothing of politicians and their ways of thought."

He put his hand again on the lieutenant's shoulder.

"You have carried out a difficult task with intelligence and zeal. Your promotion will follow."

"*Merci, mon général!*"

Lieutenant Delavigne saluted stiffly.

But in that moment of exaltation because of this promise, he had a sense of pity for a German lady whose lover lay dead. Her betrayal for a larger cause had been made in vain Death had arrested Captain Freiheit and put him out of harm's way.

There was a tinkle at the general's telephone and the old man picked up the receiver and listened.

He answered "Yes! yes!" and "No, no!" and then snapped out some orders.

"The machine-gun section will be reenforced. Do not open fire unless the mob"—he used the word "*canaille*"—"attacks our guard posts. After that, sweep them ruthlessly—without pity. This is the beginning of the big thing perhaps. So much the better. History will march. . . . *Très bien!*"

He laid down the receiver and lit a cigarette.

"The communists have broken loose already," he said. "Rioting, pillaging, burning. Get back to your machine-gun section, *mon lieutenant*. The music of the mitrailleuses is the best tune for a soldier's ears."

Lieutenant Delavigne did not proceed directly to his old signal station. He returned to the house of Anna von Kreuzenach to fetch his kit and Sergeant Michel. The music of the mitrailleuses was very loud in the direction of the Kreuzenach factories, and out of the darkness in that quarter red flames shot up and the sky throbbed with the glow of fire. The volcano was in eruption—the volcano of a people's passion.

One spark of it touched the body of the French lieutenant. A stray bullet struck him in the side as he walked towards the front door of the big square house opposite the factory gates. He staggered and put his hand to his side and cried out "*Mon Dieu!*" before falling on the pavement in a twisted way. He tried to rise, but fell back again and writhed a little because of sharp pain, until he lost all physical sensation and was conscious only of self-pity and great weariness.

It was Sergeant Michel who found him senseless two hours later and carried him indoors with foul curses, and then bent over him with a cry of "*Mon lieutenant! Mon camarade!*" Outside, the sharp staccato hammering of machine-gun fire grew louder and came clear.

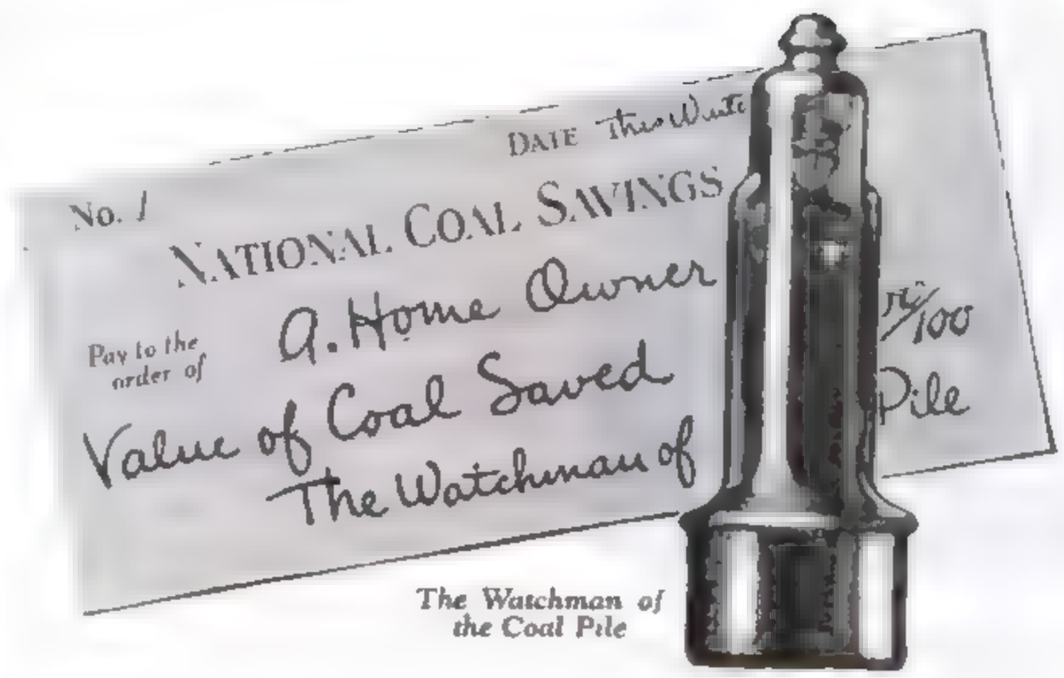
In the big hall with its ugly pillars of black marble the Fraulein Anna von Kreuzenach, who had lost her lover that day, knelt beside the man who had been a spy in her house, and put her arm under his head and raised it, when for a few moments he recovered consciousness.

He smiled and spoke faintly.

"On the other side," he said in French, "there is, perhaps, no problem of the Ruhr! . . . No frontiers of hatred, mademoiselle!"

They were the last words of a French lieutenant, and rather gallant, I think.

Sunset on Cody Canyon Above Shoshone Dam, Idaho



The Watchman of the Coal Pile

The more coal costs the more you need HOFFMAN VALVES

THE air-valves on your steam radiators either save coal or waste it. It pays to know which they are doing, with coal at present prices.

The purpose of these valves is to clear the radiators and pipes of all air so that the steam flows easily and quickly into the radiators. If the valves fail to perform this function, blockades of air obstruct the path of the steam. It is then necessary to burn *extra* coal in order to increase the steam pressure sufficiently to *force* a way through these blockades and get any heat in the radiators. Obviously, this is a big waste of precious fuel.

How you can tell faulty air-valves

—if the valve hisses and leaks steam;
—if the valve drips and spits water;
—if the radiator or the pipes bang or thump;
—if the radiator is only half hot in spite of a good fire.
These danger signals mean that you are wasting coal. It is time to replace those inefficient valves with Hoffman Valves, "Watchmen of the Coal Pile."

Why Hoffman Valves are best

THERE are many reasons why Hoffman Valves operate as no other valve can. But the principal reason is this. The Hoffman Valve holds the patent on certain principles of operation which no other valve can use. Yet these principles are *basic* and *must* be used if a radiator valve is to operate perfectly. Year after year, home owners write us that Hoffman Valves have made their steam-heat 100 per cent efficient, silent and coal-saving.

Each Hoffman Valve is rigidly tested under actual operating conditions before it leaves the factory and is guaranteed in writing to give you five full years of satisfactory service.

Send for a trial valve or the descriptive booklet. The coupon at the bottom will save your time.

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more heat from less coal

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☐ Enclosed is $2.15 for one No. 1 Hoffman Valve to try on my worst radiator. If not satisfied I can return the valve and receive my money back.

☐ Please send me the booklet, "More Heat from Less Coal."

A universal topic —Sauerkraut

"OH—one thing more, Mr. Jones—have you any sauerkraut?"

"Indeed, we have, Mrs. Smith. And we're selling lots of it, too. Everybody's eating sauerkraut nowadays."

"I guess they are. My husband was interested in one of the advertisements and sent for the booklet. If you once read that booklet you'll be interested in sauerkraut all right. It's really wonderful the health value there is in it."

"That's what everybody says. We have it up at the house two or three times a week—we're all very fond of it. But I didn't know there was a booklet about it."

"Oh, you ought to send for one. It tells all the surprising things the doctors have been finding out about sauerkraut. Our doctor says it's a natural conditioner."

"Yes, I know lots of doctors are recommending it. They are paying so much more attention now to the right foods."

"Then the booklet has lots of recipes—new ways of preparing sauerkraut. So many people don't know anything but the sacred spare-ribs and sauerkraut. There are all kinds of delicious salads and other dishes made with it."

"I'll certainly have to get the booklet for Mrs. Jones. How much sauerkraut shall I send you, Mrs. Smith? I'd better send over a quantity. Then you won't have to be ordering all the time."

* * * * * * * * *

The facts about the value of this simple vegetable food are surprising. Its lactic ferments have a tendency to prevent the growth of the harmful germs which so often cause serious ailments. By cleansing and disinfecting the intestinal tract and restoring normal functioning, sauerkraut often has a very beneficial effect, even in serious ailments.

All these facts are told in detail in the booklet, "Sauerkraut as a Health Food." It's interesting. Mail coupon now for your free copy.

(Sauerkraut may be purchased at groceries, delicatessen stores and meat markets.)

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Please send me postpaid your free booklet "Sauerkraut as a Health Food," with new tested recipes.

Name

Address

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THE LUCK OF THE MINGS

(Continued from Page 13)

at the little table, on which were set coffee and liqueurs, rose from his easy-chair to shake hands with John Henry.

"How do you do, Mr. Thoresway?" he said pleasantly. "Let me introduce you to my daughter."

The girl moved her head languidly, and her eyes met John Thoresway's with an interest in them.

Morden Masters waved his hand to the easy-chair on the other side of the little table and said, "Have some coffee and a cigar and we'll look at your jade comfortably."

John Henry gave the easy-chair a little twist so that sitting in it he could look at the girl, and sat down. Morden Masters poured him out coffee and a liqueur and gave him a large and admirable cigar.

Then he said, not in a hopeful voice, "And now we'll look at the jade."

John Henry unwrapped the vase and handed it to him. He took it carelessly enough and looked at it with unexpectant eyes. To John Henry's joy they opened wide, staring at it; and with a jerk he sat bolt upright.

"Why—why! But hang it all! It is!" he said in a hushed, astonished voice.

He stared at it and turned it round with the caressing fingers of those used to handling beautiful things. Then he looked at John Henry and said, "How on earth did you get hold of it?"

"I bought it at Gleneby's. I liked it," said John Henry.

"I should think you did," said Morden Masters. "You bought it at Gleneby's? For next to nothing, of course, or I should have heard of the sale. What do you want for it?"

John Henry looked at him. He liked him. He was a gentleman. He said frankly, "Well, to tell you the truth, sir, I haven't the slightest idea what its value is."

"And I'm sure I haven't," said Morden Masters, still looking at the vase with eyes from which the astonishment had not yet passed. "You know how it is—objects of art have no definite value. It depends on how much a man wants them. I'll give you a thousand for it. But it's only fair to tell you that it's a historical piece."

"Right," said John Henry quietly. It says much for his control of himself that he did not shout it, but his eyes were shining.

Morden Masters smiled at him and said in a kindly tone, "Then we're both happy."

The girl rose and came to the table and took the vase from her father and looked at it. Then she held it up, balanced on her hand, and got the proportion.

"But it's charming," she said. "And all the luck of the world on it. What is it?"

She was the possessor of the charming voice.

"It's known as the Luck of the Mings—the joss-stick holder from which the Ming emperors took the joss sticks they burned in front of their gods in the temple in the palace since the very beginning of the dynasty," said Morden Masters slowly. "It was carved by a holy man, and an uncommonly accomplished holy man he must have been—a great artist—between 1346 and 1368. He spent twenty-two years on it, working on it off and on, I suppose. If you bear in mind that he worked with sand and a hand drill on one of the hardest stones there is, there is nothing surprising in that. Then he gave it to a disciple, the young bonze Chu Yuen-chang, who founded the Ming dynasty, telling him that as long as he and his descendants kept it the luck of the world was theirs. And that is exactly what happened; today people would tell you that it was a coincidence. But Shun-chi, the Manchu prince who took the kingdom from the Mings, had this vase stolen for him by a priest before he made his effort."

He paused, gazing at the vase with almost loving eyes.

"And did the luck follow the Manchus?" asked John Henry.

"Well, a similar coincidence occurred," said Morden Masters dryly. "This vase was carried away by some European soldier at the looting of the palace during the Peking expedition; and now there are no Manchu emperors."

"I wonder if it was a coincidence," said John Henry doubtfully.

"I don't," said Miss Masters.

"Myra's a romantic," said Morden Masters, smiling at her.

"Well, the luck has certainly worked with me," said John Henry.

"Ah, but you liked the vase," said Morden Masters.

"I liked it very much," said John Henry with feeling and on a note of regret that it was his no more.

Myra smiled at him and went back to her divan; and they talked for rather more than an hour—about luck and strange coincidences and jade and crystal and chalcedony. It is not often that three people meet for the first time and find themselves so much in sympathy; and when John Henry rose to go, with a check for a thousand pounds in his pocket, Morden Masters invited him to dine with them on the Sunday.

John Henry accepted the invitation, and then he said, "By the way, I ought to tell you that there's a Chinaman, a Chinaman called Sing, after that vase."

"There would be," said Morden Masters in a tone of cheerful indifference.

John Henry came out into Fitzjohn's Avenue feeling that he was in a brighter world than he had known for many a long day. A thousand pounds meant freedom; if he used it judiciously he might be his own master again for good. He would certainly do his best to use it judiciously. But it was not only the thousand pounds that made the world brighter; the fact that Myra Masters was in it had an uncommonly illuminating effect. Though it was little more than an hour since they had met, his mind was rather fuller of her than of the thousand pounds.

At any rate she and the thousand pounds wholly filled it.

But not for long. He had gone barely fifty yards down the avenue when he received a jolt. He had noticed a taxi waiting before a house on the opposite side of the road to Gordon House and about thirty yards higher up. It came briskly past him; and as it passed, the lamplight fell on the cockney face of the driver who had followed him from the city to Regent's Park. In twenty seconds he understood exactly how Mr. Sing had been too astute for him. The Chinaman had himself run across the park; but he had sent the taxi round it. The driver had seen John Henry cross the road from the park to Primrose Hill, marked his course across the hill, picked him up crossing the Primrose Hill Road, and followed him to Ainger Road.

The next morning, therefore, he rang up Morden Masters and told him how he had thought that he had shaken Mr. Sing off, but that astute gentleman had tracked him to Gordon House and probably seen the jade vase in his hand as he went to it, and also seen that he had come away from the house without it.

Morden Masters said, "Thanks very much for letting me know. They're pertinacious beggars; but Sing won't get the Luck of the Mings."

John Henry was quick to act; and on Saturday morning he transferred himself and his belongings to a flat of three small rooms in Oppidan's Road. On the Sunday evening he found Hathaway, another collector, who had come to see the Luck of the Mings, dining at Gordon House. He was pleased His mind had remained quite as full of Myra Masters as of the thousand pounds; and he thought that his presence would give him more opportunities of talking to her only.

As they were eating their oysters Morden Masters said, "I've seen your Chinaman, Sing, all right, Thoresway. In fact, ever since you were here the house has been full of Chinamen. Mr. Sing—a good, simple soul, who at first assured me that you had sold me a soapstone vase as jade—has been three times to take it off my hands. And two tall, thin Chinamen, who speak no English, have been twice with an interpreter; and this morning there came another tall, thin Chinaman, also without English and also with an interpreter. They want the vase; and the prices they are offering for it are rising. Mr. Sing has got up to three thousand, the two Chinamen have got up to five, and the last Chinaman got up to seven. I think that all of them want to become emperors. But I can't see my way to letting them have the Luck of the Mings to start trouble with. China's quite a distressful enough country as it is without dynastic commotions. Besides, I want it myself."

"I should let the highest bidder have it and be done with it," said Hathaway, a frail-looking old gentleman, earnestly. "They'll have it off you. It's a certainty. I know the Chinese."

"They won't—not unless they come in force and search the house," said Morden Masters confidently. "I keep it in my secret cupboard; and only Myra knows where that is."

John Thoresway found the dinner excellent and the evening delightful. As he had expected, the collectors became immersed in their subject and left him and Myra to entertain each other. They did so without difficulty; they had so much to learn about each other; and both of them were eager to learn it.

For the next four days John Henry gave earnest thought to the manner in which he could best make the thousand pounds the foundation of a fortune. With the experience he had gained he could make a comfortable living out of an intensive garden. But he found that he had suddenly lost the desire to live in the country. Myra Masters lived in London. Besides, during the last two years he had been acquiring a more valuable experience, experience in Oriental objects of art. They were more interesting than a garden, more beautiful than flowers—at least he found them more beautiful—and they were certainly far more profitable. Also they looked a path to meeting Myra Masters.

For it would be difficult to meet her. He did not move in the same circle as she; in fact, he did not move in any circle. But he had to make his call after dining at Gordon House; he resolved to try to arrange some further meeting when he made it. He was impatient to see her again, but he could not call before the Saturday or Sunday. He saw her sooner than he expected.

At about eleven on the Wednesday night he was smoking his final pipe and considering things in general and Myra Masters in particular, when he heard a loud knocking at the front door far below. He was not interested; no one could be knocking for him at that hour. But three minutes later he heard a quick, light footfall on the uncarpeted flight of stairs to his flat, and there came a knock at his door. He opened it to find Myra on the threshold, a troubled and anxious Myra.

"How do you do, Mr. Thoresway. Thank goodness I've found you in!" she said, rather breathless from the quick ascent of the stairs, and entered.

He pushed his easy-chair forward for her; but she shook her head and went on: "It's the jade vase. Last night my father went to dine with the Founders' Company, and never came home. We have been hunting for him all day. I got Scotland Yard to help. We couldn't find him; but about half an hour ago a Chinaman came with this letter."

She handed him a sheet of note paper. On it he read:

"Bring the vase. But do not come alone. Bring someone reliable with you. M. M."

"I thought of you at once," she went on, gazing at him with anxious eyes. "You seemed mixed up with the vase—in a way. And—and—I thought you—you seemed the right kind of person to come with me. Will you?"

"Rather!" said John Henry.

She breathed a short sigh of relief. It was not deep. She had expected him to come.

He took from a drawer in the Sheraton bureau—his only good piece, a family piece, of furniture—a leather-bound life preserver which had served him well in trench fighting.

"It's always well to be ready for trouble, though I don't expect any," he said cheerfully. "Have you got the vase?"

She slipped her hand under her cloak and drew it from under her arm.

"I think I'd better have it," he said, taking it from her; and he put it into his hip pocket. It bulged it well out. "Where do we go?" he said.

"The Chinaman who brought the note is in the car to show us," she said.

They went quickly down the stairs to the car, a large Rover. A Chinaman in a bowler hat was sitting beside the driver, and an uncommonly low-class Chinaman he looked As they stepped into the car he said to the driver, "East India Dock Road."

They settled down and Myra said in a very grateful voice, "It's very good of you

(Continued on Page 72)

★THE LAST LOVING TOUCH—A STRONG GOLD GIRDLE—WAS $1 EXTRA—NOW NO CHARGE

You Can Tell Who's Who by the Pen he carries

Yes, a Glimpse of Parker Duofold Locates the Leaders—the Over-size Classic with the 25-year Point—Balance and Smoothness your hand can't get away from!

PEOPLE get a man's measure pretty quickly nowadays from the pen in his pocket. Out in the world or on the college campus, just a glimpse of the black-tipped, lacquer-red Duofold tells Who's Who, in any crowd. It tells who can afford a $7 pen, but more than that—who the good pickers are.

How about it—shouldn't you, too, own a Duofold? Though people don't mention it, they may wonder. But Duofold's classic shapeliness and fine old Chinese color will leave no doubt about your taste for Excellence.

Yet you don't even need eyes to pick the Duofold. Go to any pen counter—try this super-pen and 4 or 5 others, *without looking!* You'll be surprised how your hand will know Duofold. You can't get away from its balanced swing and super-smooth, 25-year point.

For this is a point of extra thick gold with a Native Tasmanian Iridium Tip that costs us over $2,000 a pound. This is 3 times more than ordinary. A point that needs no "breaking in." A point no style of writing can distort—hence a pen you can lend without fear.

One Duofold registered 13,000 hotel guests and the point remained like new. No pen before ever stood a test half so severe.

A hard pen to lose on account of the color. A large ink capacity on account of the Over-size barrel.

Strong Gold Girdle now included—was $1 extra before. Neat Gold Pocket-clip or Ring-end also free.

Step up, or save up, and buy one on 30 days' approval. Lacquer-red, black-tipped; or flashing black all over. Look carefully for this stamp: "Geo. S. Parker—DUOFOLD—Lucky Curve"—and avoid pens made to deceive.

Parker Duofold LUCKY CURVE

With The 25 Year Point

OVER-SIZE **$7**

Duofold Jr. $5 Same except for size

Lady Duofold $5 With ring for chatelaine

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By COLLEGE LEADERS

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Princeton's Star Kicker

Glenn W. Miller
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Harry G. Kipke
Michigan's All-American Star '22—Capt. '23

Walter F. Koppisch
Columbia's Star Athlete and Football Capt.

"Brick" Muller
California's Star Football and Track Man

C. J. Thorson
Winner Ten Eyck Prize for Speaking, Yale University

John H. Thomas
Chicago's Great Line-Plunger

Henry N. Pratt
Adv. Mgr. Harvard Crimson, '22-'23

Ernest G. Hamer
Football Capt. Pennsylvania, '23

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GENERAL OFFICES WASHINGTON D C
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to come along like this, for, after all, it's no business of yours."

"But I'm only too pleased," John Henry protested. "It seems a hundred years since anything happened—anything exciting The only thing is, if there's trouble I don't like having you there."

"Oh, I shall be all right," she said confidently. "Besides, if you're there, there isn't like to be any trouble."

"I expect not," said John Henry; and he sincerely hoped that there would be none.

They plunged into speculations about the business; which of the Chinamen who had tried to buy the vase had kidnaped her father, and how had he done it? The car ran south, then east through the city and along the interminable dinginess of the Commercial Road, into the even dingier East India Dock Road. Halfway down that road it turned to enter one of the dingiest streets in the world. John Henry stopped it. Two policemen were standing a little way down the road; he got out of the car and went to them. With the responsibility of the girl on his shoulders he was taking no chances.

"I'm going down that street to get a gentleman out of pawn," he said. "I don't expect any trouble, but there may be. It doesn't look a nice neighborhood."

"It isn't," said one of the policemen.

"So if we're not out of the place in ten minutes, you might call to ask what's keeping us."

"Very good, sir. We will," said the other policeman readily.

John Henry walked quickly back to the car; the two policemen strolled slowly after him. Seeing that the street was a narrow cul-de-sac John Henry made the chauffeur back the car down it, so that they could get right away, if need were. Their destination was the house which, running across the bottom of the street, made it a cul-de-sac. The Chinaman knocked at the door. The two policemen were coming down the street.

John Henry got out of the car and said to Myra, "You had better stay in the car while I fetch your father."

"Certainly not! I'm coming with you," she said, stepping quickly out to his side.

The door opened into an unlit passage; and the light of the street lamp fell on the face of another low-class Chinaman. The passage looked uninviting and it smelled uninviting; but there was nothing to be gained by hesitating. John Henry entered with Myra on his heels. He held the life preserver short. There was not much room to hit in that narrow passage. It was better suited for short-arm jolts—with the loaded end. The Chinaman opened a door on the left at the bottom of it and stood aside for them to enter a long low room, lighted by a smelly oil lamp. A small table and two chairs stood on the other side of it; grubby-looking divans set with dirty cushions ran along the walls.

At the table sat Mr. Sing, smiling at them with a smooth benignity.

He bowed to them graciously and said, "You have brought the vase?"

John Henry hesitated; then he said, "Yes. But I give it only to Mr. Masters."

It was a quite reasonable way of dealing with it, and should give Mr. Sing everything he wanted. But he seemed to be in a captious mood. Perhaps it was that the vase had given him considerable trouble, or perhaps he wished to display his authority in his own house.

At any rate he snapped, "Give me the vase!"

"Nothing doing," said John Henry coldly.

The shutter of smoothness rolled up from over Mr. Sing's face and he banged on the table. The door opened, and there entered a big European and two Chinamen.

"They've got a jade vase. Take it from them!" said Mr. Sing in a grating voice.

John Henry hesitated for perhaps three seconds. No; it was no use handing over the vase till he had recovered Morden Masters. He caught Myra's arm, drew her, almost jerked her, into the right-hand corner, and faced the attackers.

The European, a big man, came forward, crouching a little, but with an easy swing; the two Chinamen hung a little behind him. In the middle of the room he stopped short and let his hands fall to his side.

"Blimey! If it ain't Black John!" he exclaimed.

"Harris—Frank Harris," said John Henry, recognizing the most troublesome private he had ever handled, an impudent ruffian, but a first-class fighter.

"It's me, sir, all right," said Harris; and turning to Mr. Sing he added, "You can leave me out of it, Sing. I know what's good for me; and Black John on the job with his little leather stick isn't—not by no manner o' means. I'll just take a seat and see him knock the stuffin' out of the rest of you."

With that he dropped onto a divan and took out his pipe.

The two Chinamen fell back. If Frank Harris was afraid of this Englishman it was not for them to tackle him. Mr. Sing scowled on all of them.

Myra shifted her position a little to get a view of John Henry's face. His expression was unpleasant; but she found it pleasing in the circumstances. It explained the hesitation of the Chinamen and the attitude of Frank Harris—it and John Henry's build.

Mr. Sing snapped his fingers impatiently and a trifle helplessly; and, as if at a signal, the shutter of smoothness came down over his face. He gave an order in Chinese, and the two Chinamen left the room. In three minutes they came back with Morden Masters. He was looking pale and shaky, and his left hand was bound up in a handkerchief.

"Give the brute the vase," he said to John Henry in a shaky voice.

"Give it him?" said John Henry, looking at Mr. Sing with unpleasant eyes. "I thought he offered you three thousand for it." He frowned on Mr. Sing and said sharply, "The check."

Mr. Sing looked at him and said nothing at all. Quietly he took a check book from his pocket and wrote out a check. He held it out. John Henry took it, looked at it, pulled the vase from his pocket and handed it to him. Mr. Sing thrust it into his pocket without looking at it, and rose.

"Good night," he said smoothly.

John Henry lost no time. Giving the Chinamen no chance of getting behind him he shepherded Myra and Morden Masters out of the room and down the passage. Myra opened the house door.

As she did so there came a rush from the outside, and seven or eight men, Chinamen all, burst into the passage and in their rush carried the three of them down it and back into the room, though John Henry, with one arm round Myra's waist, applied several short-arm jolts with the loaded end of the life preserver to those he could reach. As they were rushed into the room he caught a glimpse of Mr. Sing's serene face as he threw something at the lamp. There was a crash and they were in darkness. The Chinamen were squeaking and scuffling around them. Frank Harris' voice came from the far corner in surprised profanity.

Then a hand pawed John Henry's coat; and in accents of relief at having found him, Mr. Sing murmured in his ear, "Take care of it for me. I will pay. I will come," and thrust something at him.

John Henry stuck the life preserver between his teeth and took it. It was the jade vase. Again he thrust it into his hip pocket.

A gruff voice in the doorway said loudly and sternly: "'Ere! What's all this? Are you all right, sir?" And the torches of the two policemen lit up the room.

The light displayed every Chinaman locked in the arms of a fellow countryman, and Frank Harris very flat against the wall in the corner. But it did not display Mr. Sing. He seemed to have left.

"I'm all right," said John Henry; and he made haste to make sure that Myra and Morden Masters were unharmed.

They were; and once more he shepherded them through the door and down the passage, out of the house and into the car. He tipped the policemen, and the car started.

Morden Masters was indeed shaky. He told them that the brutes had hammered his finger nails—two of his finger nails—till he gave in and wrote the note to Myra. His pressing need was a doctor to deal with them.

As they came to Gordon House he said, "At least two of that three thousand pounds is yours, Thoresway."

"I don't see it," said John Henry quickly.

"I do," said Morden Masters. "If it hadn't been for you the brutes would have got the vase for nothing"

"Of course they would," said Myra quickly. "And won't you come to dinner tomorrow, to be thanked properly? We must see to daddy's fingers now."

John Henry accepted the invitation.

He reached home very much refreshed. He had not enjoyed so stimulating an evening for years Forthwith he set the jade vase in its place in the middle of the mantelpiece. Again it gave him the greatest pleasure. It was almost as if an old friend had come back. He felt that he was the right man to have it; it would bring him luck; he was sure of it. Sing had been a fool to try to fight a man who had that vase in his pocket, and then when he did get it from him he should have stuck to it and he would have beaten the other Chinamen. He hoped that he would be a long while coming for it. Then he began to wonder whether it brought luck in love.

He dined with Myra only at Gordon House the next night. The doctor was keeping her father in bed. They continued their inquiry into the things they wanted to learn about each other with even greater enthusiasm.

Mr. Sing's check had been cashed, and John Henry came away from Gordon House with another check, this time for two thousand pounds. It was a good house.

Next morning he gave Mr. Walton notice. Mr. Walton said that he was sorry to lose him, but since he was going to deal in objects of Oriental art he was consoled by the fact that he was getting a new customer.

In the afternoon, to John Henry's delight and surprise, Myra came to the office. She had felt that he ought to know at once that a detective had been to Gordon House. Mr. Sing's body had been found in the Thames; and it was evident that there had been foul play. Since the two policemen of the East India Dock Road had noted the number of the car the detective had been able to come to Morden Masters to inquire whether he could throw any light on the murder. Morden Masters could only give him a description of the three other Chinamen who had tried to buy the Luck of the Mings.

John Henry thanked her warmly for coming to tell him. He was glad that he had not told her that he had the vase. He thought that she would have been anxious for him. They drove to Bond Street, and he gave her tea.

He came back to the office troubled in mind. It seemed likely that the three Chinamen had extracted from Mr Sing the secret of his disposal of the Luck of the Mings. They would be after it. They should not have it He felt that he owed it to the murdered man to balk his murderers. But they were not easy to balk; and he did not want his finger nails hammered.

On the way back an idea came to him and he went to William Jones.

"Look here, there's trouble about that jade joss-stick holder I bought at Glenebby's," he said. "Three Chinamen have come from China for it and I don't want them to have it."

"They'll get it," said William Jones with cheering decision.

"They won't," said John Henry with no less decision. "Now you know everything about these things. Is it possible to have a really good copy of it made—not in jade, of course, but in some good strong composition?"

William Jones scratched his head. Then he said, "The Chinese do it, of course; that green stuff that women are so fond of. It isn't jade, of course, but jadeite, that green stuff. But I do know a man——"

"Come on," said John Henry.

A taxi took them to his flat for the Luck of the Mings, and on to a pleasant villa on the edge of Regent's Park. They were shown into a room adorned with medieval church plate. In it they found Mr. Boyle, a pale and gloomy gentleman of forty with a rather truculent air. He received them gloomily. William Jones told him what they wanted; John Henry gave him the Luck of the Mings.

He considered it at length with gloomy eyes; then he said sententiously, "A snifter. Can do. It'll cost a tenner."

"I'll give you twenty if I can have it in twenty-four hours," said John Henry, thinking that the Chinamen who would be emperors would make no longer stay in England than they could possibly help

"Right-o. This time tomorrow," said Mr. Boyle; and he conducted them to the front door.

John Henry did not return to his flat that night. He was not ready for visitors. He slept at the Great Central Hotel. When the office closed next evening he went for the copy of the Luck of the Mings

He found Mr Boyle waiting for him. On the table stood two Luck of the Mings Mr. Boyle greeted him gloomily and nodded towards them John Henry examined them He knew the real Luck of the Mings at once, but he was astonished by the copy's

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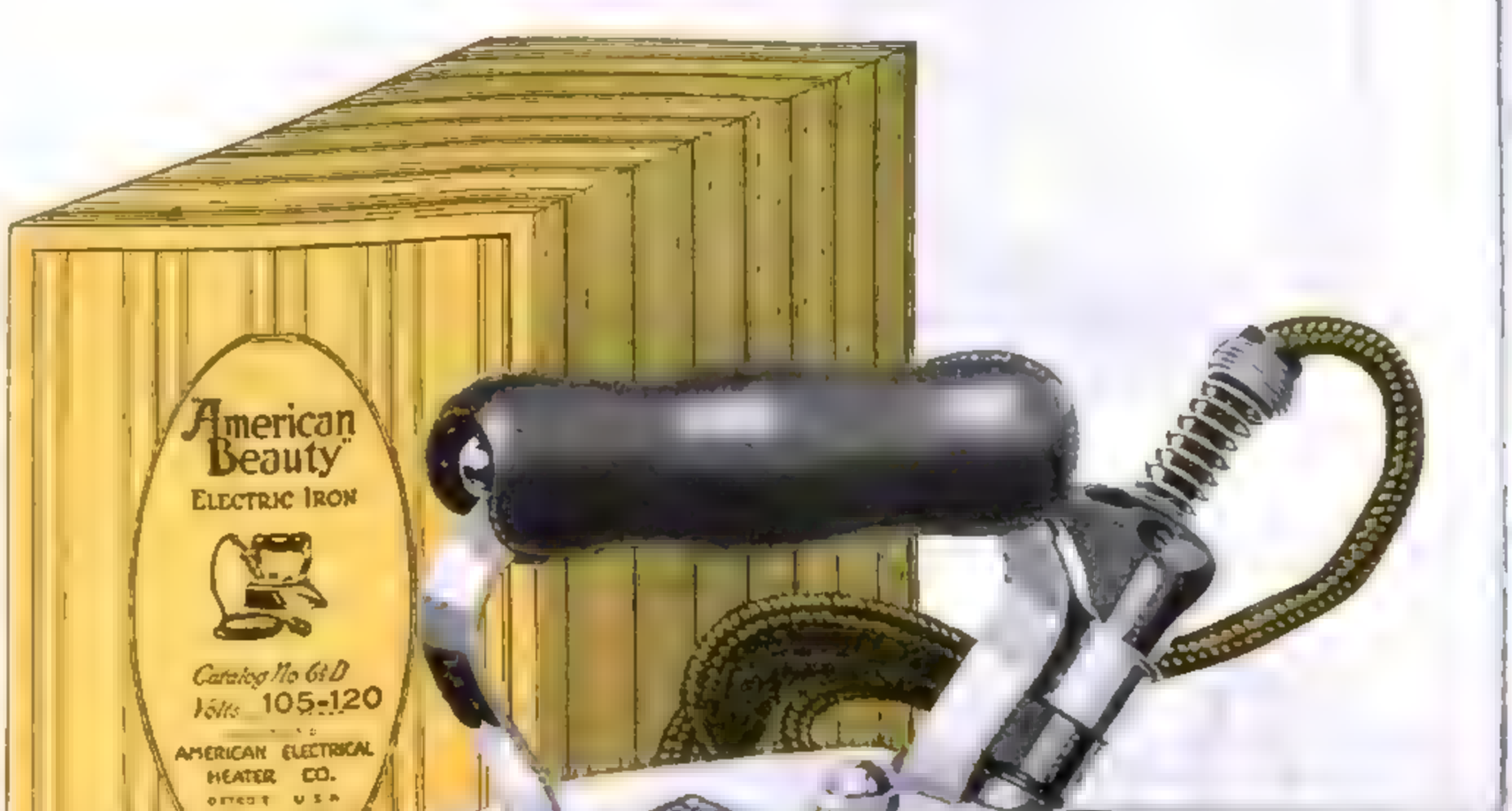

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admirable likeness to it. Without the original to compare it with he would not have known that it was a copy. Certainly it would serve his purpose excellently, for it was unlikely that any of the Chinamen who were hunting it had ever handled the original. He felt that he was now in a position to deal with them without getting his nails hammered.

He gave Mr. Boyle his twenty pounds and congratulated him warmly on his masterpiece.

"I suppose I mustn't ask what it's made of?" said John Henry.

"Mostly jade—rough pieces melted down—or I'd never have got the texture," said Mr. Boyle. "It's wonderful what a help an electric furnace can be. Of course the casting was easy enough, and so was the painting"

John Henry drove to his flat easier in mind. He set the copy of the Luck of the Mings in the middle of the mantelpiece; the original he placed at the bottom of the trunk in his bedroom. Then he cleaned and oiled and loaded his old service automatic and put it in the drawer of his table.

The next day he began to hunt for fine Oriental objects of art and a gallery in which to display them. He had astonishingly good luck. He had a feeling that the Luck of the Mings was attracting kindred masterpieces to itself or to him. He knew that this was superstitious; but he had it—to find a *clair de lune* bowl in Notting Hill!

Myra Masters displayed the liveliest interest in his enterprise. Boldly he asked her to help him hunt. She showed herself delighted to do so. He was even more delighted to have her with him; and he found her greater knowledge and experience of the greatest help.

They were uncommonly pleasant days; but over them hung the shadow of the three Chinamen who would be emperors. And it was a deepening shadow. He had come to understand that he had been wrong in expecting them to act quickly. They were not in the position of Mr. Sing, but strangers in the land, and ignorant of the language. Naturally it was taking them time to plan their coup. But the delay was exasperating, for he was impatient to say things to Myra which could not be said while this shadow hung over him. It would not be fair to her.

Then one morning, as he was on the point of going hunting, the bell of his flat rang, and on going to the door he found a portly well-dressed gentleman on the threshold.

"My name is Carruthers, Carisbrook Carruthers. I have come from the representatives of Mr. Sing on a matter of business," he said suavely.

"Come in," said John Henry with a sigh of relief.

Mr. Carisbrook Carruthers sat down and looked round the room. His small and close-set eyes fell on the jade vase on the mantelpiece. He stared at it. Evidently it had been described to him.

He put his finger tips together and said, "Mr. Sing's relatives have learned that just before his — er — er — unfortunate death ——"

"Call it murder," interjected John Henry.

"Ah, well, murder—he intrusted an Oriental work of art to you in the shape of a jade vase; and I have come on their behalf to claim it."

John Henry nodded towards the mantelpiece and said, "Oh, yes. But I can't for the life of me think why everyone is making such a fuss about that piece of jade. They can't even be sure that it's authentic." He paused; then he added in a guileless voice, "I suppose you've brought the documents to show that these people are the genuine representatives of Mr. Sing, and not his murderers."

"No—no. I took it that the assurance of a man of my standing that they are his heirs would be sufficient," said Mr. Carisbrook Carruthers in cold and haughty accents.

"Then you took it wrong," said John Henry firmly. "I'm not going to let that piece of jade out of my hands till I know that it's perfectly safe to do so. I don't want to be called on by Mr. Sing's real heirs to replace it."

Mr. Carisbrook Carruthers mounted the high horse at once and with alacrity. The assurance of a man of his standing was enough for anyone, and he must insist on the vase being handed over to him at once. John Henry invited him to continue to insist as long as he liked. Mr. Carisbrook Carruthers appeared to measure John Henry, and at once to decide that violence would prove unproductive, for he became suave again and said that his clients were prepared to pay a reasonable sum—say, a couple of hundred pounds—to John Henry for the trouble he had had in the matter.

John Henry would have loved dearly to sell Mr. Boyle's masterpiece to them, but he could not quite bring himself to do so, though they richly deserved it, and it would save him trouble, probably a good deal of trouble. He refused the offer. Mr. Carruthers again became haughty and said that in that case his clients would at once commence legal proceedings to recover the vase.

John Henry said that that would suit him perfectly, since, to do so, they would be compelled to establish the only fact he wished to know before handing over the vase. Mr. Carruthers assumed a very darkling air and bade John Henry beware, his clients were not men to be trifled with.

"I will beware," said John Henry; and Mr. Carruthers went away muttering and dissatisfied.

For his part John Henry was quite satisfied, even pleased; the shadow was about to lift from his life; and he would be free to tell Myra the things he was so eager to tell her.

But he must not let things seem too easy to the Chinamen. He locked Mr. Boyle's masterpiece in his trunk, took the Luck of the Mings to the safe-deposit vaults in Chancery Lane, and left it in one of them. He also took the precaution of insuring the other Oriental masterpieces he had acquired against burglary. He had a feeling that the agents of the Chinamen would not be particular only to carry away Mr. Boyle's masterpiece.

For three days nothing happened. On the third night he was up late, cleaning a jade Taoist spirit gong he had found in the Chalk Farm Road. At a few minutes past one something fell on the floor with a bang and a click just inside the door of his flat. He thought that something had been thrust through the slit for letters. He went to see what it was. He opened his sitting-room door to admit a rush of masked figures; and before he realized what was happening a dozen hands had gripped him. What had fallen on the floor was the lock of his front door, sawed round and carelessly allowed to drop.

In the grip of so many hands he stood quiet. Three of his captors were Europeans, three Chinamen.

Then the voice of Frank Harris, badly disguised, said, "It's no good making a fuss, captain; we've come for that there piece of jade and we're goin' to have it."

John Henry cursed them freely—to produce the right atmosphere; then he growled, "Don't turn the place upside down, confound you! It's in my trunk. The keys are on the dressing table—the biggest key."

"Now you're talking," said Frank Harris in a pleased voice.

The shortest man, a European, loosed John Henry and went into the bedroom. In two minutes he came back with Mr. Boyle's masterpiece.

On the instant the three Chinamen loosed John Henry, and one of them snatched it. They passed it from one to the other, talking in high excited voices. John Henry made no effort to shake off Frank Harris and the tall man who gripped his left arm. Things were going quite as he wished. Then the tallest and leanest of the Chinamen spoke in Chinese to the short man.

"You're to loose him," said the short man.

They loosed John Henry, but stood ready for trouble.

The tall Chinaman stepped forward, holding out a small packet to John Henry, and said a few words.

The small man said, "He says, 'We pay; we do not steal.'"

John Henry took the packet in some astonishment. This was not what he had expected.

Carrying Mr. Boyle's masterpiece the tall Chinaman led the way out of the room. He went quickly, the two others following.

The three Europeans hesitated, looking at one another and the packet.

John Henry jumped to the table, jerked open the drawer, and snatched the revolver out of it.

"Outside!" he said.

They went.

John Henry opened the packet. It contained ten five-hundred-pound notes. He almost gasped, and then he smiled. And then he sighed. He sighed for the three poor Chinamen. They had gone to conquer an empire with Mr. Boyle's masterpiece.

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Conklin

Pens - Utility Sets - Pencils

MY BOOK AND HEART

(Continued from Page 25)

words so that the reader may enjoy them without thinking them. While I lay there in mortal anguish, but enjoying the complete relaxation from duty, conscience and every virtue, ideas flowed through my mind like a bright stream. I made no effort to detain them. Let 'em roll! Even at the time I had the sense to suspect that they might be full of dope wiggletails. For I was surviving on strychnine and getting whatever ease there is in morphine, which in my experience was very little except mentally.

Faith and Lundy appeared once or twice suddenly at unusual hours—say, in the middle of the night, when visitors are not allowed in a hospital unless their relative is dying. I could not even feel sorry for them. I was resting in this anguish, also, from the poignant tenderness of my heart; and I did not even have the breath to tell them that the doctor was mistaken and that I would be on hand as usual the next morning. For this was the first time I ever suspected that one breathes with the liver. But all doctors to the contrary, I contend that we do, because when that organ has been dissected and expurgated and stitched up you do not get your breath for about nine days. It is a long time to live without air or food. But you can do it.

The worst of it was when I began to slow down toward the other world, faced about and began the long creeping climb back up again into life here. I might have made better progress if I had not discovered something was radically wrong with Lundy. He was very thoughtful, tenderly considerate of me and my whimpering invalid ways. After I came home from the hospital and lay for a long time on my bed, very restless in mind and body, he used to sit beside me and sing the old circuit-rider hymns. We do many kind things like this for one another in the house where love abides that sound ridiculous in the telling; and I should not be telling now about those old tunes, associated with our early life in the itinerancy, only the singing of them was one of the last things Lundy did for me. And I am copying it into this record to remind people who love each other, and are not dead, how the one who finally survives will remember little things as maybe they do not recall the great sacrifices made for their comfort and pleasure.

But I could feel rather than see that Lundy was not there; he was really gone. He was simply acting the kindness and tenderness he had always practiced toward me. He had the face of a man who is looking beyond life and time into strange distances, and I could not get up or do anything about it.

Thus the long hot summer passed. In August I was again at my desk, working hard to finish Eve's Second Husband, but with the wound in my side still open.

Early in September, when I was sure I could finish this serial for THE POST, I persuaded Lundy to resign and take a vacation. But I could not go with him. That was the trouble. No man or woman wants to die. But they do sometimes for the lack of a moment's comforting.

Thus Lundy passed, far from home, on the sixteenth day of September, 1910.

No matter how dimly I tell it, the awful tragedy shows through. But to set down here the days of my anguish would be like showing a scar that has healed long ago as a bid for your sympathy. I am no mendicant.

This is a terrible thing to say, but it is the truth: The dead do die. At first we still companion them. They are more in our thoughts than when they lived. They are our thoughts, and we are their prisoners. But the time comes when we forget the feel of their hands in our hands, the lips that touched our lips so tenderly; when they merely stand mutely for so much we have known and felt, but can feel no longer. Then this image fades. We cannot see at last the features of that dear face, nor recall the tone of that voice. One thing remains—the loneliness, the silence, so much harder to bear for a while than when grief filled it with a thousand memories. Then, at least, we lived in pain.

Sometimes, especially since I have been writing this record, I have tried to recall Lundy, his presence, his expression, little ways he had, so brilliant and charming. They are all sunk as deep as the grave in my heart, and I cannot lift them. I only remember them like lines in a book to quote here. It is something like being dead myself, in part; an ease at last, where for so many years love wrought pain and wonders.

But if you sigh and shed tears when your husband has been dead twelve years, you sigh and weep for yourself, not for him. So it is no use to make a fuss. Nobody will believe you.

Faith was married in December, after her father's death, and went away with her husband, as happy a bride and groom as you could wish to see. That helped, seeing her go straight into love and marriage as a woman should.

But I do not remember feeling the need of help. I had taken a smaller, prettier house, maybe, for this wedding, that she might go out from one which had no dark memories of our grief. Now I was left alone in it. I must have felt that; but I do not remember such feelings, only sitting before the fire during the long evenings, bemused and strangely peaceful.

I worked very hard that winter, and grew stronger. I finished Eve's Second Husband and wrote The Recording Angel, both of which were published in THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Somebody has made a calculation to prove that thirty years are required to imbue a nation with a new idea. That would depend, I should think, upon the character of the idea. This nation was aroused to the idea of war in a few minutes not many years ago. In a comparatively short time our troops had crossed the ocean and were fighting in France. If it should be a peaceable notion, something to do with religion or morals or an intelligent idea of what education really is, I am certain we should wrangle about it for at least thirty years before finally rejecting it and going on our haphazard way.

But if your idea takes the form of a play, a motion picture, or of fiction, you get action much quicker. You last about as long as the fashion of a sleeve. And if by some chance quality of your work you survive as an author, you ought not to expect to be on the list of popular writers. They are annuals. Our times produce them like ragged robins, to be sown again next year. When have you ever seen the same author's name three years in succession on this list? Never, unless some philanthropist spent twenty-five thousand dollars advertising to keep it there.

But very few publishers are endowed with the philanthropic impulse. I do not think we ought to complain about that. As a business proposition we do not last. The reason is clear. In a nation of hasty-minded, impatient people, very few of whom will keep the same model of an automobile two years, even if it still runs like greased lightning, if they can afford to exchange it for a different model, why should we expect them to go on reading the same author's books year after year? It is asking too much. Not enough people will do it. You are last year's literary lettuce. Your book may be a good one, but the idea of you has withered. They want something out of this year's spring garden of authors. This is the way it goes, and no harm done; it gives writers a chance to be, and then not to be, which isn't so bad if you have ever been.

I speak without reserve here, and certainly without malice, because I have never been a popular author, only what you may call a durable one. I think I have survived all the wildcat writers who began to spit fiction about the time I began to tell men and women the secrets of their own hearts.

Still, there was a short period immediately after A Circuit Rider's Wife appeared when the publishers were willing to risk the bet of at least one book on it.

I remember the day this perilous business for publishers began. One cold winter day, shortly after Faith's marriage, I was sitting before the living-room fire, hard at work on The Recording Angel, when somebody called. He introduced himself as Mr. Sears and expected me to know him, but I did not. As to that, I once did not know Col. George Harvey when his name was quoted as an authority on literary matters in a letter I had from somebody connected with Harper Brothers. I wrote and asked who Colonel Harvey was. Came a letter from that great man himself, in which he let me know with suspicious meekness that

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he was the head of the Harper publishing business. One is not necessarily an ignoramus because he or she does not know all the gods of this present world. Afterwards I made a brief visit to the Harveys, and liked Mrs. Harvey very much. The colonel did not appear to be in need of being liked. But he was a pleasant sort of man.

Now, coming back to my visitor that winter afternoon: He stood upon my doorstep proclaiming himself to be Sears, which meant nothing to me until he said he represented Appleton and Company. That meant a good deal. I had one publisher, but I was willing to take on another one. Authors are like shiftless tenants. They move every year, hoping to better their fortunes by migration, never realizing that the trouble is in them, not the land or the landlord. What I mean is that we change publishers frequently, when maybe we should change the quality of our stories.

After Mr. Sears had sat down and poked the fire, which is a vindictive spirit we all have toward fires, he let me know that he was the head of Appleton's, which meant more to me, of course.

Now this is something I cannot understand. As we sat there discussing books and royalties, my financial instinct grew like Jonah's gourd. When it came to the issue, I demanded a royalty no sensible publisher would have paid.

This caused Mr. Sears to rise majestically, put on his coat, hold his hat sarcastically suspended above his head as he wished me good afternoon and went out.

I blush now to think how absurd my demands were; but then I did not feel so bad, because I knew a representative of another New York publishing house was even then on his way to see me.

Something had certainly gone to my head. Maybe it was vanity. But my notion is that it was the same gambling instinct which brought my father home from the markets with fifty cents in his pocket after selling fifty bales of cotton. Although the case of this young representative of the above mentioned publishing house more nearly resembles the case of my father.

He agreed to pay a lump sum of so much for each of two books on delivery. In view of later experiences, I am inclined to the opinion that I snitched him, although you might not think so if I named the figures.

He was an enterprising young man, and he was interviewed that night for the leading Nashville paper. In the course of this interview he told everything, including the price he was to pay for these stories.

The effect was electrical. It turned out that Nashville had been hoarding literature for years. Authors whom no one suspected of being authors called upon this publisher the next day to submit their manuscripts, poetry, fiction and historical works on the late war, meaning the Civil War. He fled at last, leaving much copy behind but carrying with him a huge new composition suitcase filled with the intellectual wealth of the city.

I do not know how it may be with other writers, but I have met only one woman in my lifetime, who discussed the matter at all, who had no ambition or desire to become an author; and I never knew any man who reached the confidential stage of exposing his talents who did not believe he could write if he only had the time to do it; and I have known all kinds, including those who cannot write their own names. This makes no difference. They feel the urge of authorship no less on this account. The world is full of mute inglorious Miltons—thank heaven!

I did not know what had happened until the telephone began to ring the morning after this interview. This was all very well, pleasant words from pleasant friends. But before noon of that day the business world had got wind of my exceedingly modest financial prospects. Followed a whirlwind campaign of agents and promoters. A wildcat banker who wrote a letter of advice about investments. He was willing to become entirely responsible for these. He wanted to help me. There was one man who was determined to sell me an automobile, and the representative of a monument syndicate wanted to erect a mausoleum over the grave of my husband. It was everybody, with anything to sell

I Do Not Remember Such Feelings, Only Sitting Before the Fire During the Long Evenings

from a house to stock in a defunct coal company—something like forty letters in two days' mail, setting forth more bright business opportunities than exist in the world for a mere widow. I finally left town in desperation and did not return until The Recording Angel was finished.

My confidence in human nature's financial aspects was practically destroyed for a time by this experience. I have missed doubling my income once or twice by refusing to take the advice of some wise man about investments. But I have missed losing everything I had a dozen times by not doing so.

If you are a woman—and a widow, at that—accustomed to rely with implicit confidence upon the judgment of the husband you used to have, pray earnestly that the Lord will help you to break this habit of confidence in mankind about your own affairs, because they have not your husband's reasons for protecting you and your little mite. Lovers and promoters belong to the same class. If you are a puling widow without sufficient spunk to bear your own loneliness, Nature will compel you to take the lover at his own valuation; but there is no reason for allowing a promoter to take what you have got. With him, frisking you is a cold matter of business; with you, it is laziness and moral weakness. Attend to your own affairs if you have any sense at all. If you have not, do not have any affairs. You can tell by watching yourself. If you are inclined to fold your hands, look sweetly and innocently into the face of somebody and say, "Mr. Smith, I know nothing about business. My husband always shielded me from every care of that kind. I know you are a good business man. I trust you implicitly to do the best you can with my investments"—I say, if you are silly enough to do such a thing as that, get right up the moment Mr. Smith is gone, put your husband's insurance money in one of your last year's stockings and bury it under the woodpile; because if you do not, very frequently Mr. Smith actually will do the best he can—but not for you.

In the summer of 1911 I went abroad and wrote a series of articles for THE SATURDAY EVENING POST on the women of the Old World. I do not think there is so much difference now as there was then between those women and these women of the New World. But we are all still feminine to the very bone. We only conceal the attributes of our gender and temperament under a different manner. Maybe it is clothes, maybe it is the point of view we take of morals or politics or industrial economics or education or social hygiene. But we are practically the same, my dears, under all these aliases of our modern convictions. The change—the very great change is in the men. They are not so willing as formerly to assume the responsibilities of marriage. They are much more willing than formerly to give their wives encouragement to get divorces. The young ones are not settling down to work as fast as the young girls do. More of them are joining the bandit and bootlegging professions. Read your morning papers and see how many youths from sixteen to twenty-three committed burglary or some other crime the night before. They are putting the old robbers and yeggmen out of business. Presently our penitentiaries will become training schools for boys.

Maybe the modern mothers are not responsible for this state of affairs. Mothers have very little control over the fate of their sons after they are old enough to get out on the pavement. But modern fathers certainly are to blame. This is one reason why I say that men have changed. A father used to be somebody—in his own house, at any rate; now he seems to exercise little influence and practically no authority. There is something wrong with the old man. He has lost his grip. Little Johnny is not afraid of him and big John despises him—and nobody works but father. His sons are frolicking and spending at an age when he had gone to work and begun to save his money.

Don't ask me about the girls. I think the poor things are doing very well, considering the let-down in the standards of men, which have always determined the quality of women. Many more young women every year are earning their own clothes, if not their living. They must do it or dress economically, go nowhere and be despised.

In September of 1914 THE POST sent me to the war zone in Europe. I have heard that I was the first woman correspondent sent abroad at that time; but this is probably a gross exaggeration.

My experiences during the early months of the Great War, when all was terror and confusion, have been written and need not be repeated here. I did not go so far or do so well as others who went over later. Looking back now, I know the impression I received then that will outlast all others was not the naked red horrors of war; but it was to see a world from which all cowardice had disappeared, when even the weakest and the meanest showed valor and utter forgetfulness of self, and where spiritual emotion reached the anguish of sublime faith in God. In the face of wounds, death, desolation and despair, they clung to their altars and prayed. Merciful God! Shall I ever forget those churches in France where the women and old men crowded to recite their prayers, while they waited for news of that day's battle? I do not know what the world thinks. We seem to be in a bad, bitter mood; but this is something I do know: Such prayers are answered, though ten thousand graves lie between us and the peace we prayed to save.

I have never had time to repine or to use up the strength of my days wishing for what I did not have and could not get. But all those years I was tagging along after Lundy in the itineracy, even in Oxford, and especially after we came to live in Nashville, I was secretly homesick for the country. I was like some poor potted plant, taken wild from the fields and imprisoned in a greenhouse, that never ceases to wither and wish in its insensate way for the fresher air of the open spaces, for rain from its own heavens instead of being sprinkled from a watering can, for a little honest frost at the right time instead of thermometer-measured steam heat, for the visiting winds that pilot the seeds and the birds instead of this still, clammy, fragrant air in a plant hotel.

I always felt that way, especially after Lundy's death. The stir and confusion of city life depressed me. I was lonesome for the red hills of Georgia. Nothing else would do. I had become by this time the beloved stepchild of Tennessee, and I was grateful; but sometimes, driving along the roads between the towering cornfields of Tennessee or coming down from New York on a train that sped arrogantly through the well-kept farms, the rich towns and the smart little villages, I thought so much about Georgia that my eyes would fill with tears. There may be handsomer mothers, richer, and more prominent than your own good old mother, but she is incomparably dearer to you. This is the way I used to think about Georgia when I lived in Tennessee and went to and fro in the richer world more than I do now: As of a good old mother, wrinkled, with an apron of weeds over her kind old head, but patient and peaceful as the heart of love.

So at last I could bear it no longer, and came back to her for a little quietness and rest, as you go home sometimes after you are grown up and prefer to lie down on your mother's bed instead of that one reserved for you in the guest room.

I made a pilgrimage to a little gray farmhouse beside the road high up among the hills; primroses and phlox and verbena and great red poppies in the yard; a well of cold water at the end of the porch behind a mass of vines; flowers blooming everywhere, bees swarming, sheep in the pasture, little lambs playing, and saints singing old tunes inside the house.

This was the place where Lundy passed, and where I had come to spend a little time with memories of him, as women go to the cemetery and sit awhile beside the dust of their beloved.

It is exactly twelve years this month—May, 1923—that I took a stroll one day higher up into the hills and came upon an old log cabin—merely the ribs, you may say, of a house. The door hung upon one hinge, the floor was half decayed. There was a little thorn bush growing just inside, with its pretty green head leaning through the door. A wren had her nest in it, full to overflowing with tiny birds, their bills wide open.

The hidden hill upon which this cabin stood was covered with a dense growth of trees, brambles, bushes and weeds. Still, I recognized it as my home. You do see things sometimes which belong to other people, but are by nature your own.

This cabin had been built by Pine Log, a Cherokee Indian chief, sometime before 1830. There is a wide, level valley below, still seeded with arrowheads where the tribe must have had their wigwams.

I bought the place the following year—the forest of a hundred and fifty acres in the midst of which the cabin stands, the level valley of seventy acres below and the comb of wooded hills beyond. I own it to the center of the earth and beyond the last star that shines above it—pretty stars, like a garden of white flowers overhead on dark nights. Two weeks out of every month I also own the moon. This is a good deal of real estate and sky and star stuff for one woman to have. I am so wealthy that not all the money in the world can buy this place from me. It is rich in minerals, but nobody shall ever bore a hole in it or dig anything out of it. For it is the green grave of my silence and peace, it is the sky-wide treasure chest of my last memories of Faith. It is a living book we planned and planted together.

In 1911, when the cabin had been remodeled, the top of the hill upon which it stands cleared, and, all the things stored inside with which I meant to furnish the house, I closed the doors and went to the war zone in France. When I returned two days before Christmas, Faith had the house in order, fires burning, candles lighted, everything warm and glowing.

We had a family housewarming, settled down and began to live as I really believe the Lord intends that every man should live—very busy outside on the land, very happy inside when the day's work was done.

During the next two years Faith and Harry, her husband, gained health, joy, by hard work, by all manner of experiments, even

(Continued on Page 83

"—why was it he never returned?"

She never really knew why

HE came into her life like some wonderful new perfume. Never before had any man awakened in her heart the tingling romance that his presence seemed to bring.

And yet his attentions were destined to last only one short evening.

They had met and danced. He had seemed quite interested. She *was* a beautiful girl. And still he left her that night saying not a word about seeing her again.

She never saw or heard from him and really never knew why.

* * * * * * * * * * *

That's the insidious thing about halitosis (unpleasant breath). You, yourself, rarely know when you have it. And even your closest friends won't tell you.

Sometimes, of course, halitosis comes from some deep-seated organic disorder that requires professional advice. But usually—and fortunately—halitosis is only a local condition that yields to the regular use of Listerine as a mouth-wash and gargle.

It is an interesting thing that this well-known antiseptic that has been in use for years for surgical dressings, possesses these peculiar properties as a breath deodorant. It halts food fermentation in the mouth and leaves the breath sweet, fresh and clean. So the systematic use of Listerine puts you on the safe and polite side. You know your breath is right. Fastidious people everywhere are making it a regular part of their daily routine.

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Many thousands are in use today, giving the sort of heater satisfaction that prompts enthusiastic letters on the joy of "Onepipe" comfort and economy.

For, with its simplicity, the International "Onepipe" offers economy of first cost, installation, use of fuel and space in the home. Instead of many "registers" or "radiators" there is but one large grating, directly over the "Onepipe" through which it delivers warm, moist, healthful air all over the house.

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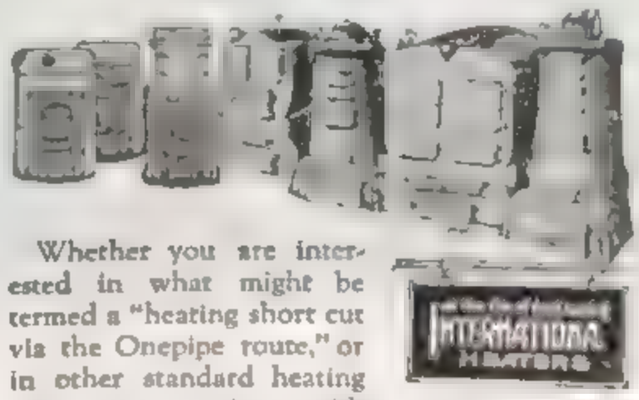

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INTERNATIONAL HEATER COMPANY
UTICA, N. Y.

(Continued from Page 78)

by the very violence of their happy energies, those experiences upon which Dora's Letters in From Sunup to Sundown were founded.

I could write a book of happy human scriptures upon this period in our lives, though you must know it was not all happiness. We had our droughts and floods. We failed and won over obstacles or prejudices.

I remember the scene of Faith standing with a book on the rearing of pigs in her hand, reading certain directions for this business, while Harry, down among the pigs inside the pasture, carried them out to the letter. No modern mother who brings up her infant by the rule and the clock had anything on these two young people when it came to bringing up pigs in the way they should go.

This was how Faith acquired the material for the story, Perfect Pigs, which was published in The Country Gentleman, and which won her reputation as a serious humorist at this business. I can see her now whisking up this road or that one in the neighborhood, going to doctor somebody's sick pig. And I can see her and Harry roaring off one hot day in a dusty little flivver, going for the veterinary because all their pigs had come down at once with an illness which might be fatal, but which proved to be worms. Such rejoicing! And I can see little Faith coming down the Dutch staircase in the living room every evening, groomed and dressed, followed by Harry, also groomed and dressed, as if they expected to attend a play that night, when the nearest place of any amusement was in Atlanta, seventy miles distant.

We read Dickens aloud and discussed pigs or the crops or the next thing to be built, for we were still in the constructive period.

The active work and supervision was performed by them. I had the good sense to have this study where I am now writing built in a skirt of woods beyond the big cabin, and I spent all my time in it then, writing whatever came top in my mind. Some time during this period it was A Circuit Rider's Widow I gadded about a good deal, spending several months in New York every winter.

From such scenes as this I would fly back to my valley, where everything was peaceful and busy growing green; my young people up to their eyes in work, sowing or reaping.

But it was not to last. After two years Harry was offered a position that he could not afford to refuse. So Faith and her husband went away to their own life in another place.

(TO BE CONCLUDED)

Ole Marge—By Clara Belle Thompson

WELL, Marge, Ole deer: All ower gang is wearing a crape band on there arms as Allah is dead. We make them of black paper in secret and wear them only at school, on account of Zekes new suit. Zekes father sed: "I try to be a pashunt man, but the next time I heer the word snaik, theirs going to be trubble and Im the wun to furnish it." So Frank sed: "Better leive the old man alone." So we are. But we are all savin for another snaik, 1$ 75 cents.

This is the dispointment of my life, as 1$ of the snaik belonged to me and only 70 cents to Frank and Zeke. And it dyed so young—only 1 wk. frum the apartment store. Frank and Zeke and me had gone to by a kanary. Frank sed: "Kanaries eat raw apendicks." Zeke sed: "You know what you are!" Frank sed: "Try calling me it!" And he rolled up a sleeve, so I sed: "Friends, let us by one and if it eats my apendicks, alrite. It is keeping fine in alcohole."

So we added up and I still had 1$ frum my operashun and Frank had 30 cents for a toothbrush. But he sed: "Let the toothbrush go. I can use a handkerchief." And Zeke sed: "Heres my hand. I wuz going to a birthday party. But theres the 40 cents for the present. I wont go."

So rite after school we went to the pet apartment of the apartment store. And what should we see but good ole snaiks? I opened the cage and the clerk sed: "See here, young man, ure pretty fresh." And Zeke sed: "See here ureself. We have money." And the clerk sed: "Well?" And Frank sed: "Well, ureself." So Frank added: "Have you a apendicks-eating kanary?" And I sed: "No, how do you sell these snaiks?" And Frank said: "Alrite, then. Have you a nice dangerous snaik?"

So we got her—a bow constricter. Well, it cost 1$ 75 cents. But the clerk sed: "I dont mind the nickle if it clears the house. Why peeple have children ——" And he gave us the snaik. It rapped around my rist, cool like a brees.

When we got home, I sed: "Zeke, you can take it the 1st nite."

And Zeke sed: "No, you, Frank."

And Frank sed: "No, Raymond owns most. He gets it."

So I sed: "We draw lots." So we rote—snaik Frank, snaik Zeke, snaik Raymond—on 3 peaces of paper. Then we blue our breath and a peace blue on the snaik and it sed: snaik Zeke.

So Zeke sed: "Heavenly grasshoppers, why pick on me? Where can I keep him?"

And Frank sed: "Let him sleep with you, of coarse."

And Zeke ansered: "Ure a trew freind, you are. Do you want me to dye in my sleep, from being bit by a snaik?"

And I sed: "We will pull her teeth 1st, if ure afraid."

And Zeke sed: "Im thinking of you tomorrer nite."

So we opened her mouth, but ther were no teeth, so she wuz safe.

Well, the next morning Zeke carried her around his arm to school and we let the gang in on her, as blood brothers. Each wun stuck a pin in ther arm and squezed a drop of blood on the snaiks tongue, so they would keep the secret with ther life. But Zeke sed: "I never spend another nite with no snaik. She did not sleep around my leg, but crawled every few minits. When I woke up the last time, she wuz around my neck and I mite uv swallowed her. It wuz awful." So we made a privut house for her uv a segar box and put a pin cushion of Franks mothers in for her to rest on. All the gang took turns about during school wearing her on ther arms.

Yesterday the gang sed: "She must have a name."

And we all sed: "Hurrah."

And Zeke ansered: "You have named her, ureself."

And we sed: "How?"

And he sed: "By ure cheer. It is like a war hoop, and the Indian war hoop is Allah."

And we sed: "Who told you?"

And he sed: "Noncents, its in the Bibel."

So Frank replied as he patted the snaik: "Good old Allah!" So we called her Allah all morning, but she dyed in history.

It wuz like this. Esaw, hes our teacher, asked Zeke a question, and Zeke started to anser, when he noticed Allah on the floor. He made a jump for her and slipped. When he got up, Allah's head was mashed against the bottom of his shoe and the rest of Allah wuz on the floor dead. Esaw made him carry her out.

We had a big funeral, but Zeke sed: "Im the murderer. I should put on sack cloth and ashes."

Frank sed: "Alrite." But we did not have any cloth sacks, only one gunny sack. But we filled it with ashes and rolled Zeke in it. It wuz grand.

Just then, Zekes father appered, looking for Zeke. But he dident know him at first. So he sed to us: "Seen anything of Zeke, boys?"

And Frank ansered: "That is Zeke," and pointed to the gunny sack.

And Zekes father grabbed the sack and Zeke came out, and he sed: "What on earth does this mean?"

And Zeke sed: "I am mourning for our pet snaik in sack cloth and ashes."

And Zekes father replied: "Ure suit is rooned, and it cost 20$."

And Zeke sed: "Yessir."

And his father sed: "No back talk, but when I get through with you, you will be sick of snaiks." So we left fast, so his father could finish with him.

ure luven brother, RAYMOND.

WELL, MARGE: I gave one of the stitches to Zeke Dalton and one to Frank Peyton. The other three I sold to three sixth-graders for two-bits apeace. They were taken out yesterday. But I have bad news for you: the woond has dropped to c1 a look. It happened at recess time. I was watching the clock from my bed in the hospittle, when all of a sudden it wuz twenty-ate min. after ten, so I sed: "Oh, for a orange albuman!" And the nurse sed: "That's the man, all ready for his nourishment." And she walked down the hospittle corridors to make it.

Then Zeke peeked in and sed: "Is the coast cleer?" And I sed: "Eye, eye, mate," so him and aix other boys came into my room. And I sed: "Lay ure nickles on the glass table if you want a look."

Zeke sed: "Honest, Raymond, its only worth a c1."

So I ansered: "Very well. And you can have a hypodermick for c4; that is, if ure not afraid."

"Whose afraid?" yelled Shorty.

So I let some water slide from my glass into the needle and I gave him a punch in the arm. "Ouch," sed Shorty. "That don't hurt."

And Pat sed to Zeke: "Ure next." And Zeke sed to Pat, "No, ure next." And Pat sed to Zeke, "No, ure next." And Zeke sed to Pat, "No, ure next." And they began to fite, wen in walked the inturn. He wuz undressed as usual; wearing his white pajammas. But he took Zeke and Pat by the collars and sed: "Wich window do you want to drop from?"

And Shorty hollered: "Coward, wy dont you pick on someone ure size?"

And the inturn ansered: "Ure about the rite size" and started for him. Well, by that time the room wuz emty, so he sed: "Abdomans are no treet for me, Shall I pull up the sheet?"

So he did and the nurse came in with the orange albuman and it was all quite.

And I sed: "I dont feel like eating."

And the inturn replied to the nurse: "Does this young gentleman have callers?"

And the nurse sed: "If you mean, Raymond their, oh, no. This is just the IVth day since the operashun."

And I sed: "If you will let me hold my apendicks, I will now take the albuman."

And the inturn sed: "Let him have it." which the nurse did in the alcohol bottle and the inturn looked at me and sed: "Yes, this is a nice, quite room to convalese in, what, Raymond?"

And I drank the albuman, wile he walked out.

Well, I am pretty rich now. Besides the V$ you gave me for the operashun, I made a 1$ each for not haveing my drum or my pidgeon, or Frank Peyton. Pop gave me the dollers. It wuz like this. It wuz at nite and I sed: "O, my. If I could only have my drum to play a wile." And Pop sed: "How would this doller comfort you for the omishun. We have sum friends in this hospittle who might recuver."

I layed the doller under my pillow and pretty soon I sed: "Could I play with my pidgeons if they wuz here?" And pop sed: "Heavens, no! Cant you shut up?" Then he sed: "I am forgetting that ure an invalid, my boy. Heres another doller to think about. Forget the pidgeons." And after wile, I sed: "If only I had Frank to talk to. O, I am so lonely. Will I ever be well?"

And pop sed: "Make it three dollers and if you say another word, I take them all back."

So I went to sleep.

The nurse says that Zeke must leeve. He has been sitting by me wile I told him what to rite you. Lovenly yrs.

RAYMOND.

Dickatated but not red.

RAYMOND purr ZEKE. These are bizness turms and mean that I let Zeke rite the letter which I spoke to him.

POST S.—I wach every male, in case you have ritten or sent sumthing. Tell ure husband that I may never be able to use the roler skates he sent me, I mean if I dye.

Lovenly,

RAYMOND.

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BILLY'S FIRST TREATY

(Continued from Page 14)

Those blue ones are on international law—absolutely indispensable. Never can tell when you'll need them."

Billy sat down on the top of a trunk and, regardless of the danger to the complete diplomatic outfit, lighted a cigarette. "As a matter of fact, mater, I ought to be reading them this very minute; all about treaty rights—the nature of contractual obligations—ratifications—constitutional limitations—and all that sort of thing. Know why? Well, I'm going to tell you—only, mater, it's a very, very grave secret. I've got the chance of a lifetime. You mustn't breathe a word of it." Here he got up, shut the door carefully, returned to the seat on the trunk, inhaled deeply, blew the smoke out before him and finally cleared his throat impressively.

"The Government of the United States of America"—there was something in his tone and manner of rendering this phrase that made Mrs. Welbourne clasp her hands as though in expectation of impending doom—"has been attempting for several years to put over a treaty with that country I'm going to; an immensely important treaty, one that will mean millions for our country. Other nations are trying to get this concession ahead of us—Great Britain, France, all of them. Up to the present—nothing doing for anyone, absolutely nothing. Our minister down there ——"

The first gleam of understanding flashed into Mrs. Welbourne's eyes. "I didn't know we had missionaries down in that part of the world!"

"Now, mater, I don't mean a parson. I mean the American Minister—our Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary—our diplomatic representative—the man sent by our President to the president of that country—a sort of personal representative—something like what the pater is when he goes to Chicago to represent the wheat growers' union from this district. Do you see?"

Mrs. Welbourne nodded, more to let the subject pass unchallenged than to show complete comprehension.

"Our minister has been there two years and hasn't been able to do anything. He is now on the point of leaving—will as soon as I arrive. Health bad; can't stand the tropics."

Mrs. Welbourne's hands clasped tighter. "Oh, Billy, is the climate unhealthy?"

"Not for me. I passed a physical exam in Washington—everyone has to who goes into the dip—and they said I could be sent anywhere in the world. Don't give that a thought, mater. Where was I? Oh, yes. When I get there I'll be in charge of the legation until the minister returns, which I hope won't be soon. You see, I get half his salary while he's away. Must tell the pater that—half of ten thousand dollars a year—that's more than four hundred dollars a month. Not bad, to begin with, is it? There's my chance—not the money, but to do something while the minister's away. One of my friends in the State Department told me it was the greatest opportunity any young man had ever had—to land that treaty. If I get it signed while I'm there, my reputation will be made. And I'm going to do it, mater; you just watch me."

"How can I—and you so far away, Billy?"

"I'll keep you posted. I'll write you everything—and send my letters in the diplomatic pouch that goes direct from the legation to the State Department. They'll forward them to you from Washington. But mind, mater, as soon as you've read them you must burn them. It would be the end of my diplomatic career if anyone found out I was writing you such grave governmental secrets."

The trouble in Mrs. Welbourne's eyes deepened. "You'd better not write me, Billy; I mean, things like that. And I don't see, to save my life, how, if that gentleman you speak of hasn't been able to do whatever it is, you can do it. Billy—you must be mighty smart. I always said you were. I know it now."

Billy waved the agreeable comment away with a toss of his cigarette. "It isn't that, mater. It's just that I'm interested—and determined—and young. Everyone says this is the young man's age."

"Twenty-five," Mrs. Welbourne sighed. "Oh, Billy, sometimes I lie awake at night and wonder if we ought to let you go so far away. If I knew something about this diplomacy maybe I wouldn't mind so. But it all sort of puzzles me. I've read the books you sent me; but try as hard as I do, I don't understand a word of them. They sound so complicated, and all about subjects that don't mean a thing to me." She sat down and a dreamy expression came into her eyes. "Once—a long time ago I saw a play in Chicago. It was called Diplomacy. Rose Coghlan played in it. She was a lady adventuress that was mighty pretty—and dangerous—and always doing something terrible that was injuring other people. I suppose there are lots of women like that in the life you're going into. You will be careful, Billy, won't you? Don't take up with ladies you don't know anything about—especially if they use strong cologne. That's what I remember about her. She used some kind of strong cologne, and that's the way they caught her finally. And you know, Billy I've heard you say it yourself—you like ladies that use a lot of cologne. Don't you remember you brought me a bottle one Christmas? You said it was French—and your father would never let me use it."

Billy laughed from the Olympian distance of twenty-five years' experience. "Dearest mater you still think I'm a baby. Don't worry about me. Diplomacy is too serious a matter for a man to give much time to the ladies."

"You've always liked them, Billy. It was only last night I told your father the only reason you hadn't married already was because you fell in love with every girl you met. I suppose"—here another wistful but rather comforting sigh punctuated her words—"that's a sort of safeguard in itself. Still those fascinating, dangerous women might find it pretty easy to influence a nice-looking young man like you. That woman in the play did."

The subject was so unimportant that Billy dismissed it to return to the absorbing occupation of arranging his diplomatic trousseau.

And not incidentally but quite definitely that same trousseau played a very important part in the signing of the famous Smith-Calderon Treaty. If it hadn't been that, the morning Billy was to sail, certain alterations had to be made in the trousers that were to be worn with both morning and frock coats—they didn't somehow hang quite straight enough to suit Billy's fastidious taste—it is very likely that this treaty would never have been signed. The alterations delayed Billy half an hour—just enough time for Fate to step in, as she so often does in diplomacy—and made it necessary for his taxi to take a short cut through that congested section of lower New York. As he was nearing the ferry for Brooklyn a blocked street stopped his progress.

He glanced at his watch, saw only a bare half hour remained before his boat was scheduled to sail, sprang out of the taxi and walked forward to see what was causing the impasse. A policeman was standing beside a disabled motor, and between him and the chauffeur a violent altercation was in progress.

"I might do most anything," he yelled at Billy, who had asked why the disabled car was not being got out of the way, "if I could get the woman out of that car. She won't budge. One of them strange foreign women that don't know nothing about New York traffic regulations. Says she's got to catch a boat—that the taxi she's in's got to take her there—that she's already paid for it—and a lot of that sort of rot."

"I've got to catch a boat too," Billy said, with a glance towards the motor and the recalcitrant lady sitting in it. "Perhaps ——"

Here he stopped, for his glance had fallen on the lady who, in a gray fur coat that rose up to a wide black hat covered with sweeping plumes, this in turn covered with a black veil, was wringing her hands and evidently calling upon the heavens to come to her aid. Even at such a crucial moment she arrested Billy's attention; not so much her decidedly attractive appearance as her amazing eyes. He had never seen anything quite like them. Though seen through the meshes of a thick veil they made his thoughts race off for suitable words to describe them. "Burning," "furious," "passionate"—seemed the only applicable adjectives; and out of them—at least they seemed to come from them, as no other features were distinctly visible—poured a most extraordinary stream of words.

"*Caramba! Dios mios! Yo soy perdita! El vapor! Tardes!*" were some of the sounds Billy caught; and though he had spent many long hours trying to learn a few useful phrases in Spanish—with the hope of arriving in the distant country with a vocabulary that would at least get him from the boat to the legation—none of them seemed to be useful on this special occasion. But in the end one phrase, repeated several times, stuck in his consciousness. *Vapor* meant boat; he was quite sure of that.

He turned back to the policeman. "Does she speak English?"

"As well as me—when she ain't having hysterics."

Billy approached the taxi and took off his hat. "I beg your pardon, but are you expecting to sail from Brooklyn?"

The burning eyes rested on him with frank suspicion; and instead of replying the lady's hands tightened on a small valise held on her lap.

"If by any chance your boat might be El Rio, I was going to offer to share my taxi with you—if you will accept it."

The lady's eyes concentrated on him; and during the few moments that passed before she spoke he had the feeling that he had never before been so thoroughly inspected, even when he had taken the examinations for the diplomatic service. And apparently the inspection was satisfactory.

"*Muchas gracias, señor,*" she said; and then in perfect English: "Thank you very much I am sailing on El Rio. Have we still time to reach it?"

"If you come at once."

Then, without further waste of words, the lady sprang out of the taxi, still grasping the small valise in her hands, while Billy and the chauffeur and the still bitterly complaining policeman transferred her three heavy traveling bags; and in less time than it takes to tell, Billy and the lady were once more on their way towards Brooklyn. And then, with the lady sitting beside him in the tightly closed motor, a scene flashed before Billy's eyes. At first it seemed to him to be without rime or reason that he should suddenly see himself sitting on a trunk listening to his mother tell about a play she had once seen in which the heroine used a penetrating perfume. And yet that was exactly what rose before him. He unconsciously sniffed. He was not familiar with that section of New York and it came as a complete surprise to find it so sweet smelling. It was exactly as though a spring wind had swept through the congested streets and filled them with the essence of thousands of flowers.

Of course, finally, he realized that the scent came from the lady sitting beside him. Her fur coat and sweeping plumes exuded a perfume which he found delicious, though many others, perhaps the majority, would have found it overpowering. For a moment he felt conscience-stricken; then he smiled as he thought of his mother and her fear for him; and in the end he gave a sidelong glance at the lady. But that disclosed very little. Her veil was so thick and made of such amazing meshes that he really saw nothing but her burning black eyes, which were just then staring anxiously ahead as if in concentration on reaching the boat before it sailed.

On the ferry he decided to break the silence which the lady appeared unconscious of maintaining. "We still have plenty of time."

The burning eyes shifted to his. "You think so—yes?"

"I'm sure of it."

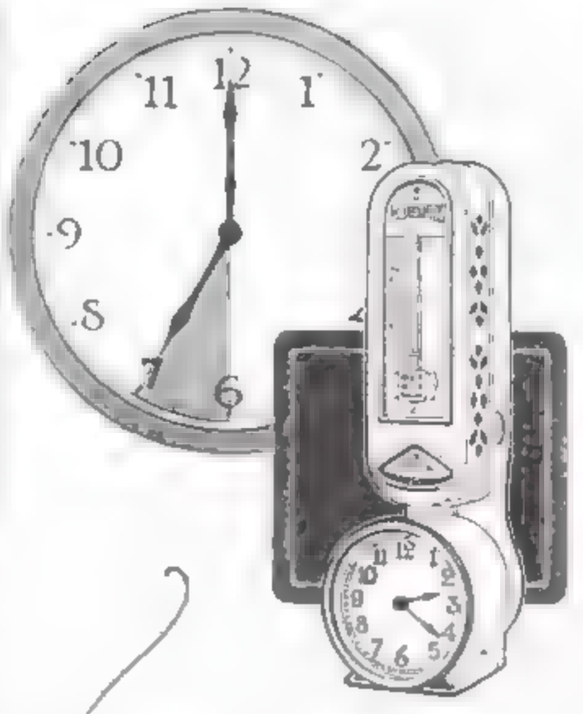
A sigh of relief followed his comforting words. "*Gracias a Dios!*" Then, more personally: "The señor goes on the same boat?"

Billy nodded.

"To Colon?"

"No; several days farther." And he named his destination.

At this the lady's glance became even more intent; however, she only breathed something that sounded like "*extraño,*" sank back and drew the enveloping fur coat closer about her. Billy thought it best to disturb her no more, especially as she did not appear to be a talkative sort of person. He did, though, ask her permission to pull down one of the windows in spite of the icy January wind. Even if his



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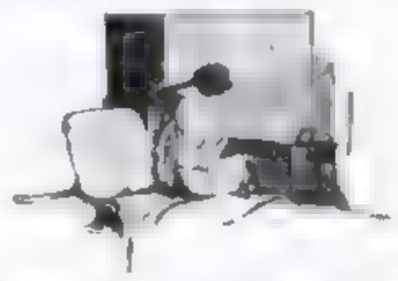

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mother had accused him—and quite justly—of showing a marked liking for strong perfume, he felt just then that this special brand was a bit too strong. It must be some characteristic Spanish mixture, he mused as the dreary suburban streets of Brooklyn raced by.

When the dock was reached the lady sprang out lightly and, before Billy had time to pay the chauffeur and gather his things together, called a porter and turned her bags over to him. Then, with extended hand, she let a very radiant smile and a very warm handclasp express her thanks.

"Thank you very much, señor. I am most deeply grateful."

After this she disappeared quickly in the crowd moving towards the steamer, leaving Billy somewhat disconcerted and still marveling over the perfume she used.

Even when he got to his cabin the scent still clung to him. It had actually penetrated to his gloves; and though he found it rather fascinating, sniffed it, smiled a bit at its intensity, he very carefully placed his gloves in the cabin window so they might have a thorough airing. His love of perfume did not extend to using it himself; and yet, anyone coming into his cabin at that moment would have sworn that he saturated himself with it.

Billy soon found out that traveling Panama-way was a very different matter from crossing the Atlantic to Europe. The voyage had none of the holiday aspect of the large steamer he had once crossed on; everyone appeared solely on business bent; and so far as diplomatic conversation went, he felt the trip was going to be wasted time. A certain pleasant note was given to his *amour propre* by the fact that he was placed at the captain's right and received certain marked attention from this important personage. After all, this official knew what a diplomat was, even if the others at the table looked at him a bit curiously, and one even went so far as to ask him—without any evident signs of shame at his benighted ignorance—what under the sun a diplomat was. The talk centered about what each traveler was going to sell in South America, and the lead to such conversation was given by an old fellow who began at the first meal and continued throughout the whole voyage to describe in detail the supreme effort he was making to awaken those primitive southern republics to the importance of using his special brand of knitted underwear—the kind admirably suited to the tropics—a famous absorbent of perspiration.

The third day Billy began to feel inexpressively bored; and this boredom was accentuated by the fact that the lady of the intriguing perfume had not appeared since the boat sailed. He had scanned the passenger list and found a name which seemed to him to suit her perfectly—Dona Pilarcita Gomez. Pilarcita! Yes, he was sure that was her name; it went perfectly with her extraordinary appearance, her black plumed hat, her burning eyes and fascinatingly accented English. There was romance in a name like that, just as there was romance in their unusual meeting. He wished very much she would come out on deck. It would be tremendously interesting to have her tell him about life in the country he was going to, for he felt sure she must be from somewhere down there; it would be useful, too; and perhaps she might give him some hints on the proper pronunciation of Spanish. On the whole she would be the one person on the boat who could help make the trip advantageous. And what a relief it would be to get away from that endless discussion of absorbent underwear.

Two days out from Colon the end of his patience came when, in an attempt to shift the enthusiastic salesman's trend of thought, he had assumed a serious expression and said that the United States had made a great step forward in civilizing the world when the Pan-American Union had been suggested. The salesman had given him a blank stare, taken a huge helping of tinned salmon and commented, with his mouth quite full: "Be a darn sight more useful if our Government would give more attention to studying freight rates down here. The English put us off the map when it comes to things like that."

Brutally materialistic, thought Billy as he left the dining room and went up on deck. That was just the trouble with our development; no one could look at these great questions impersonally; everything was reduced to a narrow personal horizon. Freight rates! When a question of peace and good will was at stake! He was glad to escape the sordid topic and find himself alone on deck. There at least he could watch an orange moon glide up from the indigo sea and throw a spectacular glow over the ship; there he could watch the stars, the largest he had ever seen, surely near enough to touch; and there he could feel the soft balmy air of the tropics—such a contrast to the icy winds of New York, only a few days away. But neither orange moon nor big stars are very thrilling unless a sympathetic companion is along at least not when one is only twenty-five and knows that hidden away somewhere on the boat is a person who would fit in perfectly with such a setting.

"The Minister Sent Me Out to Meet You," the Man Said, in a Voice That Accentuated Billy's First Impression

Then, as if in answer to his thoughts and in the midst of the theatrical setting and just about the witching hour of midnight, the lady appeared. Even Billy had to admit that there was something dramatic in her choice of hour and surroundings; it showed a very sensitive appreciation of the beautiful, the suitable, the—er—the suggestive. A less romantic figure would have appeared at broad daylight.

He caught a whiff of perfume before he saw her, and turned quickly. She passed without apparently seeing him and went towards the bow; but not before he had received an impression that actually thrilled him. She no longer wore the plumed hat and fur coat. She was clad in white, a full rustling skirt of white silk, and wore a black lace mantilla draped over a tall comb that somehow gave the effect of a medieval headdress. In the mantilla was the dull gleam of a red flower; and in her hand was a small fan that moved incessantly and wafted the perfume from one side of the deck to the other.

Billy started forward, then hesitated. She had turned and was coming back slowly, though not directly towards him. While he watched her she stopped and peered down at the names on several steamer chairs

"May I help you find your chair?" Billy finally stepped towards her.

She started, looked at him, then, with the most fascinating gesture he had ever seen, drew the mantilla across the lower part of her face so that only her burning eyes could be seen.

"Ah, señor, it is you!"

Billy took off his cap and bowed ceremoniously.

"You enjoy the trip—no?"

"It's not exactly exciting," he admitted.

"Ah, but wait, señor—you have not yet arrived in my country!"

She very slowly sank down in Billy's own steamer chair, adjusted one of his cushions back of her, and with a tiny gesture of the fan indicated the chair beside her. For a few minutes Billy did not accept her silent invitation; instead he leaned against the rail and looked at her with absorbed interest. Her face was too much in shadow and the light from the orange moon too bewildering for him to get a clear impression of what it was like. He could only make out distinctly a mass of blue-black hair framing a thin dark face out of which those burning, intense, hot eyes shone; they were like coals of fire glowing out of the tropical night—and glowing directly upon him. On the whole, Billy found her eyes immensely disturbing. They made him feel so young and inexperienced and somehow provincial; and, of course, just for that reason, he found them all the more fascinating

"I wonder what the señor will think of my country!"

So it was her country to which he was going! But why that slight note of commiseration in her voice? He immediately found himself taking the defensive.

"I'm expecting to enjoy it hugely."

"You know much of it?"

"Only what I've heard and read."

"Business men do not find it *simpático*. Too many revolutions."

"Business men—perhaps not. But to a diplomat it is bound to be absorbing."

The flutter of her fan suddenly ceased; Billy felt sure she had started. "Is the señor a diplomat?"

"I am secretary of the American Legation there."

Her long-drawn-out "Ah-h-h-h!" was immensely gratifying to Billy. No one on the boat had so quickly appreciated the importance of his position. His heart warmed to her more than ever; and he quickly crossed the deck and sat in the chair beside her. After all, Latins appreciated official position much more than his own people did.

"*Secretario de la Legación de los Estados Unidos.*" She pronounced the words as though the mere speaking of them held great significance; she also let a little pause follow as if to give time for their full import to sink into her consciousness. Then, very softly: "It is a very serious position for you, señor."

Billy nodded, but hesitated to ask what she exactly meant. He did not want to lessen her feeling of the importance of the position: yet he did want to know most awfully what she meant.

"Of course all diplomatic jobs are serious," he threw out casually, as though he had already filled many of them.

"But this one—ah—*muy, muy serio!*"

"This one! Why more than any other?"

The lady threw a furtive glance up and down the deck; she even turned swiftly in her chair to see that no cabin windows were near them; then, as if assured they were alone, she leaned nearer Billy; and the fan began to flutter with renewed nervousness.

"My own country—ah, señor!—it is just now a land of barbarians. The mere name of it makes me shudder. How can I tell you of it? The revolutions—one after another! No peace, no quiet, no happiness for any of us! You ask me why. How shall I begin? I know it so well—ah, so well! I was born there. I lived there until a few months ago—until I went to New York. How happy I have been in your beautiful peaceful country! How wonderful it is! And mine is so terrible—so stricken—so—so ferocious! If I only had the heart to tell you all I know!"

Her Latin intensity, her picturesque gestures, her use now and then of her own language, accentuated the thrill Billy had begun to feel. Under the stress of emotion the mantilla had slipped from her hair, and for the first time Billy saw her face distinctly, one of the most expressive faces he had ever seen, and really beautiful in its severe, almost noble features, somehow so very suggestive of a race that had lived on romance and adventure. Merely looking at her made his thoughts race off to stories he had read in his youth of the Spanish Main.

"It would be a tremendous help to me if you would tell me about it," he finally said. "It's most important for me to know especially the political situation. I don't mind telling you—no doubt you know it already—that my Government has an important matter on foot with your country."

The lady laughed softly. "That old, old treaty with the United States. I was brought up hearing about that. But it will never be signed, señor, as long as the present government is in power."

Billy felt his enthusiasms doused with cold water. "I had hoped to make that my big work there," he said with an uncontrollable burst of regret. "If I got it through it would mean everything to me."

Again the lady looked furtively about; and again the fan fluttered and scattered broadcast the intense perfume. "If you could only know the terrible group that is now in power, you would understand how hopeless that treaty is. Shall I tell you of my dear father's experience with them—no? I see in your eyes that you are a gentleman worthy of respect—of confidence. Yes—yes—I wish to tell you. It is no secret. But it is tragedy, señor, pitiful tragedy! He was killed by his own people—killed by a ferocious mob—revolutionists—dragged from the palace into the Plaza Central and shot down like—like a dog!" Here she drew the mantilla close about her face. "My mother and I clung to him until they tore us away. Afterwards—they drove us from the palace. We tried to find refuge on a boat that was in the harbor, but they would not let us go. They made us stop there, made us live in daily fear of murder, surrounded by scenes and people that had become so horrible to us. Every stone in the street was a constant reminder! Every face was a knife to stab our wounds!"

She sank back in the chair as though completely exhausted; and Billy tried his best to think of something suitable to say. Here at last was real romance, the kind he had often read and dreamed about.

"Of course I knew you had revolutions," he said haltingly, "but I hadn't an idea they were so—er—brutal."

"Brutal—ah!" Then with a renewed access of emotion: "Your great country heard of it—knew all about it—and yet—and yet *los Estados Unidos* recognized the usurper of my father's place and acknowledged him as ruler of the country!"

"The usurper of your father's place! What was your father?"

"*El presidente de la republica.*"

This was almost too much for Billy. "You mean to say the president assassinated last year was your father?"

The lady made a gesture of entreaty and begged him to be careful and not speak so loud. She was suspicious of everyone. Why? Ah she would tell him before they landed. Already she had been inconsiderate in thrusting her troubles upon him—a perfect stranger. He must forgive her.

Then she rose and left him rather abruptly, as though the recountal had been too much for her. Her eyes, as in parting they met his so silently, so appealingly, struck Billy as being filled with stark tragedy. He followed her to the door and held it open for her; but she did not look at him again; even her murmured "*Buenas noches*" was barely a whisper.

Of course Billy didn't sleep much that night; it was much too important to think over what she had told him and remember everything in detail. Here, quite accidentally, he had stumbled on something that would be most valuable to him. This insight into the intimate political life would be of inestimable advantage, he felt sure. And how perfectly in character she was! No wonder her eyes burned with that strange intense fire! The daughter of an assassinated president! He would write a full account of it and send it, marked personal, to the Secretary of State himself—the inside story of how the late president had

(Continued on Page 91)

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In Salt Lake City at the Paramount-Empress

Paramount Pictures are the predominant success of the season. Amid luxurious surroundings patrons enjoy a series of successful photoplays

Paramount Pictures

(Continued from Page 86)

been killed, as told by his daughter. It would show them at the State Department that he was on the job, that he was capable, even before he arrived in a country, of obtaining first-hand information about its political intrigues. But first he must have more details. He wondered when he could see her again.

The next day seemed the longest of the voyage; and as it was also the last before Colon was reached, Billy's impatience became almost unbearable. He must see her again. It wasn't to be thought of that they should arrive without the whole story being in his possession. However, it was not until the romantic hour of midnight was approaching that she appeared again, dressed as the night before, with the exception of the black mantilla, which she had changed to one of heavy white Spanish lace, old and yellowed and even more suggestive of Velasquez pictures than the former one.

"I've thought of nothing but your sad story all day," Billy began when she was once more seated in his steamer chair. "I've wondered how you ever lived through such an awful experience."

She unfurled her fan with the snapping gesture that was so perfectly expressive of her emotions.

"Alone—I should never have been able to do it, Excelencia." Billy was immensely pleased with her use of Excelencia; it again showed that she was used to official position, even diplomatic circles. "It is only love of someone else—someone who needs us—that makes such things possible." This statement Billy found a bit depressing. She was evidently already in love—perhaps married. "I had to be brave for my mother's sake." Ah, then it was only parental affection! "I had to think of her each moment. I had to plan to get her away from those awful scenes. With the help of friends we escaped to the mountains. It was a painful journey—hiding, walking, traveling on mule back—always on the lookout for pursuers! When we reached a friend's house hidden away in the mountains, I knew that my mother could go no farther. I had to leave her there and go on alone—until I was able to find a boat that would take me to New York."

"And now you are going back! You are tremendously brave."

"I must go back for my mother. I only left her until I could find some permanent refuge for us both. We have friends in New York who have offered us their home. They gave me money to make this trip. Ah, Excelencia, if it is only possible for me to reach my mother safely—and take her with me back to that great free country of the north!"

Billy grew thoughtful and slightly worried. "Seems to me you are going on a very dangerous mission. If you enter the country again will they not imprison you as before? Why don't you leave it to someone else?"

She opened her hands with a gesture of futility, helplessness, utter despair. There was no one she could trust. She must do it alone.

"But for a woman by herself—unprotected! To tell you the truth, I think you are making a mistake. Won't they recognize you as soon as you land?"

"I have friends there waiting to help me. Once beyond the customs officials I shall be safe. I must risk it. Please, please don't try to discourage me. I must do it—I must!"

Billy thought it over a long time. It was one of the most unbelievable adventures he had ever heard of, especially to be taking place in this twentieth century, and only a few days away from New York. And that she was alone, without assistance, and willing to risk so much—even her life—made his admiration increase a hundredfold.

"I don't see why you haven't brought the matter to the attention of the United States," he said thoughtfully. "Surely something could be done through diplomatic channels."

The lady's head moved slowly, wearily, from side to side. "Diplomacy is all very well for your great country. In mine—it is nothing."

"Still—you might try. Why not write a full statement of the case and let me send it to Washington? Surely there is no reason why they should make your mother remain there."

"No, no; it is only their cruelty!"

Again she launched forth into a thrilling description of the whole story; she recounted details that made Billy wonder if anyone's life were safe in such a community; she painted pictures of intrigue, plots, murders and persecutions that made him feel his term there was going to be as daring as the most reckless adventurer could hope for. And when she rose to leave him her last words accentuated everything that had gone before.

"We reach Colon tomorrow, Excelencia. It is probable that I shall never see you again. I must arrive in my country in the strictest incognito. I do not know that I can take the same boat as you from Colon." She held out her hands and Billy felt irresistibly impelled to raise them to his lips. It seemed to him a perfect Spanish gesture and the only one that would express in any way his admiration—and his deep respect for her courage. "*Muchas gracias, Excelencia.* You are *simpático.* You have listened to my sad story. For the next few days think a little of me—and pray that I may safely reach my mother. *Adiós.*"

She moved away in her atmosphere of perfume and left Billy completely flabbergasted. What sort of place was he going to anyway? He had crammed on the history, politics and commercial development of this strange country for several weeks, but nothing had in any way touched her story; all of which went to prove, as he had often heard, that once behind the scenes you found out things the world never dreamed of. Here he was, just six days away from New York, finding out the real story of a country which had never been hinted at in its histories. This was the real charm of diplomacy; it put you on the inside of things before you knew it; it was crammed full of romance every minute.

He threw back his head and paced the deck. Suppose he had let his father persuade him to remain at home, lead that plodding life, look out only across wheat fields, drive a traction engine, routine day in and day out—with all this adventure, inspiration, romance waiting for him out in the world, on the wide seas, in strange countries, waiting for anyone who was willing to go and find them!

Take this woman, for example. Her story was enough to inspire anyone. And she herself was so tremendously suggestive of it all, so really dramatic, so unselfishly brave! If he could only help her! If he could only prove to her that a diplomat could be of immense assistance in just such desperate circumstances! But alas, he lost sight of her at Colon! She disappeared as completely as though she had been only a fancy of the voyage.

Several days later Billy stood on deck and watched a picturesque harbor come into view. Fantastic mountains rose beyond a town where pink and yellow and blue houses, palm trees and tropical vegetation made him think of theater curtains he had seen when he was a boy. Even the dark-skinned natives, crowding the shore and watching the arrival of the boat, clothed as a momentary fancy had dictated—which was usually simplicity itself—looked for all the world as though they were got up for comic opera. While the boat anchored a little way from shore—there was no dock—and a mass of little barks made for the steamer and gathered about it like a swarm of mosquitoes, Billy's enthusiasm at arriving as diplomatic representative of what he felt now, more than ever before, was the greatest nation on earth, slightly diminished. The little sun-baked town was picturesque enough; but somehow it depressed him. It appeared so terribly remote, so off the map. And the heat! He felt sure that his complete diplomatic outfit would be of no service whatever. Pongee and linens were surely the only things one could possibly bear there.

In this fleeting mood of depression there suddenly reached him a whiff of the familiar perfume. He started, turned, and found the lady beside him. Once more she had on the hat of waving plumes and the heavy veil, and carried the valise which Billy had noticed during their first meeting.

She did not notice Billy's amazement at seeing her—or at least she did not answer it—and leaned on the rail as if absorbed only in the scene unfolding before her.

"My country, Excelencia!" she said in a low murmur to Billy; and in spite of the subdued tone he felt the thrill of enthusiasm that was in it. Then, pointing towards a launch that was approaching the steamer and which was proudly displaying a flag of stars and stripes, she said in a louder voice: "Ah—that is for you!"

Billy attempted to cover his satisfaction at being met in this important way with a casual smile. He had not expected it, though he had been told at the State Department that his arrival had been telegraphed to the legation. As the launch drew nearer he made out a stout man dressed in white sitting in it.

"That is the government launch. It is always sent to meet arriving diplomats," the lady continued. "And that"—she leaned forward and looked intently at the launch—"yes, that is Señor Brown, the clerk of the legation. He has been here many years."

By this time the launch had reached the steamer and its sole passenger climbed the ladder, asked a question of a ship's officer and came straight towards Billy. Billy felt his hand clasped by a man who struck him at once as being likable, very pleasant and yet somehow very easy-going; this latter characteristic no doubt due to too many years in the tropics.

"The minister sent me out to meet you," the man said, in a voice that accentuated Billy's first impression. "He's planning to get away on this boat. We can go ashore at once. Where are your things? Don't have to bother about these port formalities."

Billy thanked him; and then a thought which had been growing during the past few days sprang, fully developed, into life. A few years later he would not have dreamed of doing such a thing; but, you see, Billy was just then new in diplomacy and, more than that, he was still rather young.

"Would it be possible for me to offer the courtesy of the launch to this lady, a fellow passenger from New York?"

"Of course. Anything you say goes," Mr. Brown replied. "Nothing much matters down here—just so you don't ask permission. It's only when you ask for things that you don't get 'em. If you'll go down to the launch I'll have your things brought along at once."

Without another word Billy looked at the lady, the lady looked at him, and together they silently climbed down the ladder to the launch. Safely there, he saw her throw a hasty glance at the two men manning the launch and then burst into gay laughter.

"What an extraordinary country, Mr. Welbourne! Do look at those funny houses! I've never seen anything quite like them."

It was rather well done, Billy thought—and surely a wise precaution, for the two men soon looked away from them with that stolid indifference which denoted lack of curiosity; but the lady, all the time they awaited the luggage, kept up a steady fire of light chatter. Even when they reached the landing and two customs officers came forward to mark the bags and trunks she continued to talk gayly in a tone which was an excellent imitation of a tourist arriving for the first time in an unknown country. When Mr. Brown suggested that it was customary to thank the officials and give them substantial tips, the lady told Billy that she would wait outside while he went into their office. But when he returned to where he had left her she was not to be seen.

"Is the señor looking for someone?" an official asked.

"The lady who came with me."

"The señor's wife? She asked me to mark her valise so she could wait for you outside the gate. The señor will find her there."

But she could not be found there; nor near by, so far as Billy could see.

"Perhaps she found her friends and went away with them," Mr. Brown casually suggested. "Wasn't she expecting to be met?"

"Yes, of course," Billy murmured, far from reassured. "I suppose she was in a hurry to see them."

"Then, if you don't mind, we'd better get on to the legation. The minister's waiting there to talk over a few things with you before he beats it."

Mr. Brown's unenthusiastic comments on the town, as they drove through it in what he called the legation flivver, were almost entirely lost upon Billy. He couldn't keep his thoughts from following the lady. What had happened to her? Had she been recognized at the landing and quickly carried off, perhaps to be thrown in prison? Had her mother or some friends met her and spirited her away to safety? The official had spoken of her as his wife. Perhaps she had used that subterfuge to make a safe escape. Had she—— But what was the use of conjecture? It led nowhere. Besides, Mr. Brown's comment, as they

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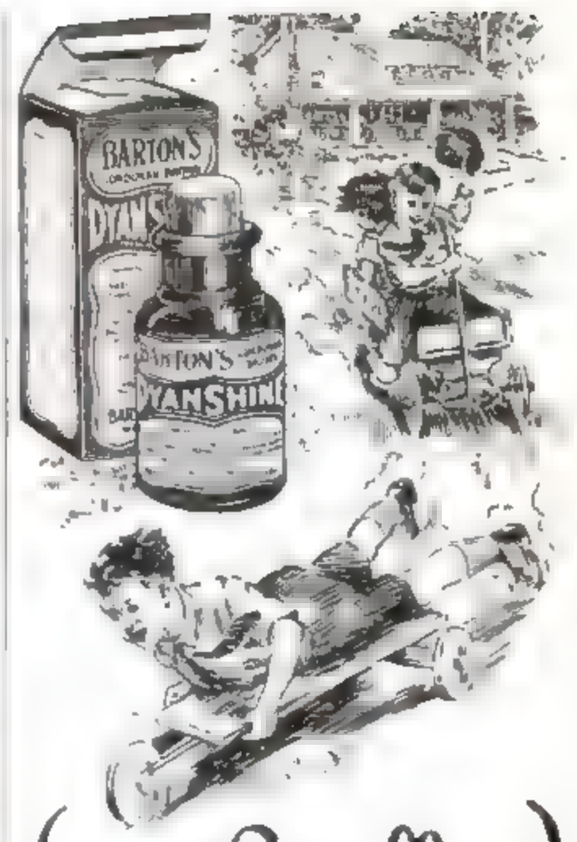

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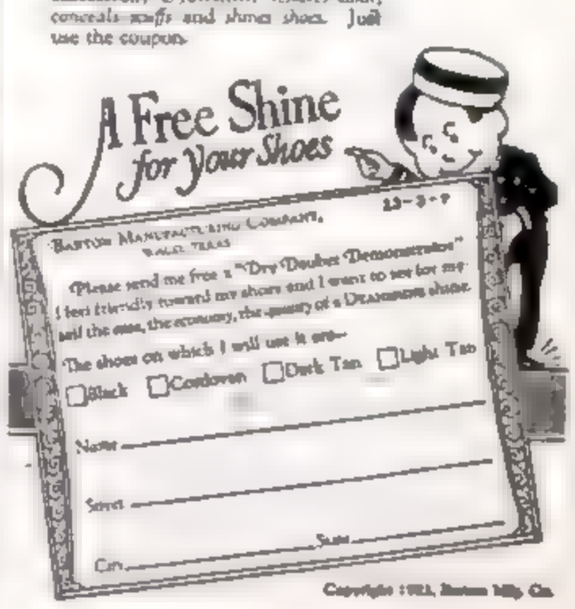
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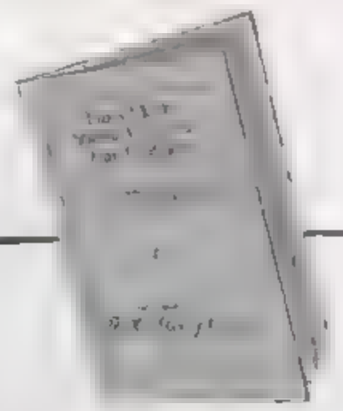

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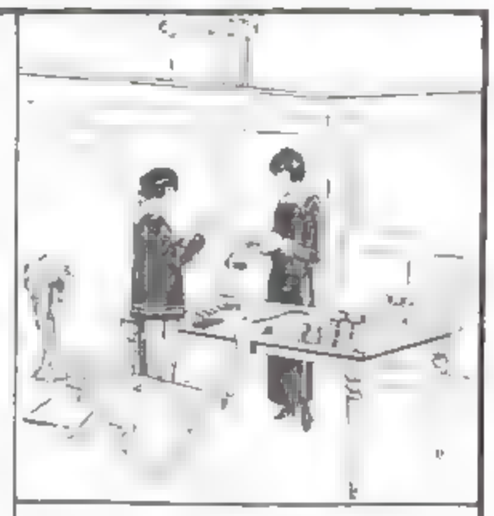

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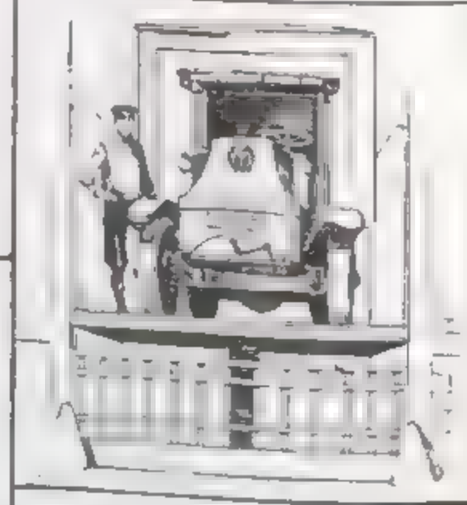

Macy's deliveries are notably fast But this innovation is making them still faster. Four huge "jumbo" elevators carry loaded motor trucks up and down inside the building, saving slow reloading across the sidewalk.

(Continued from Page 91)

entered a wide sun-baked square in which a row of trees added some importance to a long one-storied building, shifted his train of thought.

"This is what they call the Plaza Central, and that's the Presidential Palace, and we are now crossing the historic spot of the town, the place where they kill their presidents when they want a change of government. Right here is where the last one was shot; about the only decent one they ever had."

"You mean the one last year?"

"Yes. Gomez was his name. Ever heard of him up home?"

"Something; not much." So this was where her father was killed. "How is the present one getting along?"

"Surprisingly well. He's quashed every revolution since he got into office. Gets money from somewhere and pays off the agitators. Now you are approaching the legation, said to be the best house in town."

A two-storied building with an iron balcony bore the distinguishing emblem of the United States at one side of the main door. Before it several trunks denoted the imminent arrival or departure of someone. In a pleasant patio, where tropical plants and a fountain and a yellow awning gave a false effect of coolness, the minister received Billy, told him he was leaving in half an hour, that he had notified the government of his arrival and had informed the minister for foreign affairs that he would assume charge of the legation at once.

"All you've got to do is to turn over about a hundred of your cards to Mr. Brown. He'll send them round to all the important persons. Tomorrow you'd better call on the minister for foreign affairs. Mr. Brown will take you. He speaks the language. You had better wear a frock coat and silk hat the first time; after that, don't bother. He'll take you later to call on the president. I hope you like sweet champagne. That's all they give you to drink down here—sweet and warm. I'm turning the house over to you. Make yourself comfortable till I get back."

"And the political situation?" Billy suggested.

"My advice to you is not to bother much about that. It changes too often and too violently. I write a dispatch to Washington about twice a month, tell them how many revolutions we've had—and let it go at that. There's no use cluttering up the State Department with every change of government here. If you did they'd have to build a wing to the Capitol to hold them."

"But the treaty! What shall I do about that?"

"Nothing; absolutely nothing. What can you do? They don't have time to think about serious things like that. I've been here over a year and I've never been able to get even an expression of opinion out of them. Some day, if they ever have a decent government, they may think about it seriously. In the meantime the only thing for you to do is to sit tight and live through your term here."

"I suppose it's not so bad after one becomes used to it."

"Who in the devil wants to get used to it? I'm paid ten thousand dollars a year to live here and do what? Nothing. And all the time I'm getting lazier and fuller of fever every day. But you are young; maybe you'll stand it better."

After a midday luncheon which consisted principally of alligator pears served in various ways, even in the soup, Billy saw the minister off and returned to the legation, the sole representative of the great United States of America in that far-distant land. His spurt of enthusiasm over this importance carried him to the minister's desk, which was now his own until the minister returned, and to a quick résumé of the legation correspondence, which was discouragingly little. Then, much to Mr. Brown's dismay and quite frank annoyance—for this portly gentleman was fully in favor of following the custom of the country and sleeping soundly from one to five every afternoon—Billy insisted upon being shown the combination to the safe, the telegraph code book, the list of diplomatic corps, the holidays of the country, the names of cabinet members—all this punctuated with questions that should have left him at the end of the day fully prepared to handle any diplomatic incident that might arise.

"You'll get over all this nervous energy," Mr. Brown suggested, towards the end of the strenuous afternoon. "I've seen a lot of you young secretaries come down here, just like you. You want to eat up all the information of the place in a couple of hours. I'll give you just exactly two weeks; then you'll calm down and take it as everybody else does—and ought to."

"Not a bit of it!" answered Billy, now reenforced with the horn-rimmed spectacles. "I'm going to make a record here. Now let's take up the question of the treaty."

Mr. Brown held up protesting hands; and as if in answer to this gesture a tremendous clatter began just outside the legation.

"What'sthat?" Billyexclaimed. "Sounds like a Gatling gun."

Mr. Brown smothered a yawn. "That's just exactly what it is; the sole and only one they've got down here."

"Do they fire it off casually like that?"

"You might call it casual; that's about what it amounts to. It's the signal for the beginning of a revolution."

Billy started up. "You mean to say that's a revolution?"

"Sounds like one. Do you want to see it? We call the balcony our private box. The only drawback is they're just as likely to fire on us as themselves. At any rate I'll hang out the flag so they'll know we're here."

And then, with the calm and boredom of long habit, Mr. Brown conducted Billy to the balcony, pulled out two chairs, lowered the awning so they could sit in shadow, hung out the flag and settled down comfortably with a large cigar. All this while Billy looked excitedly across the Plaza and witnessed battle, murder and sudden death—all on a scale that would have been pure comic opera had not death been the deciding element. He tried vainly to take it all seriously; but that was almost impossible. Everything appeared to be so hopelessly undirected. Cheers, roars, gun shots, speeches, hundreds of clamoring, bloodthirsty, utterly mad voices; all apparently bent upon the destruction of everything, themselves included—made up the revolution which concentrated in the Plaza before the Presidential Palace and continued late into the evening.

Mr. Brown had great difficulty getting Billy away from the balcony and forcing him to eat dinner. "You might as well begin to take these things as a matter of course. No one thinks of letting them interfere with meals. There now"—this when several roars from a cannon penetrated to the patio—"that means it's all over. You see, they remembered it was dinnertime, and the hour to eat." He turned to one of the native servants and asked the result. The man grinned pleasantly and said a few words in Spanish. "This has been a little better than usual," Mr. Brown continued. "They got the president this time."

"Got him! What does that mean?"

"Killed him—and a good riddance. He was the prize rotter."

"You mean to say they've assassinated their president while we've been looking on so calmly?"

"If you call it assassination—yes."

Billy rose and rushed towards the legation chancery. "We must notify Washington at once!"

Mr. Brown followed quietly. "Better wait till I make sure. I'll go out directly and get this report corroborated. Anyhow, they'll let us know about it tonight. They always do."

Billy suddenly stood rigid. "Look here, Mr. Brown, if they have a new president perhaps we'll get the treaty signed!"

"Perhaps," Mr. Brown shrugged his shoulders. "But, just to avoid disappointments, I wouldn't get excited about it."

They had just got seated once more at the table when a loud burst of music sounded in the Plaza.

"What's that now?" Billy cried.

"The so-called national anthem."

"What does that signify?"

Before this could be answered the manservant came in hurriedly and announced something to Mr. Brown, who got up immediately. "He says they're coming here—the new president. We'd better get ready to receive them. If you don't mind I'll tell the boys to serve some champagne."

It was all going a bit too fast for Billy. "Is—is this customary?"

"The champagne? Oh, yes. No function is official without it."

"I mean, the president coming here?"

"No, that's not exactly customary. But you never can tell."

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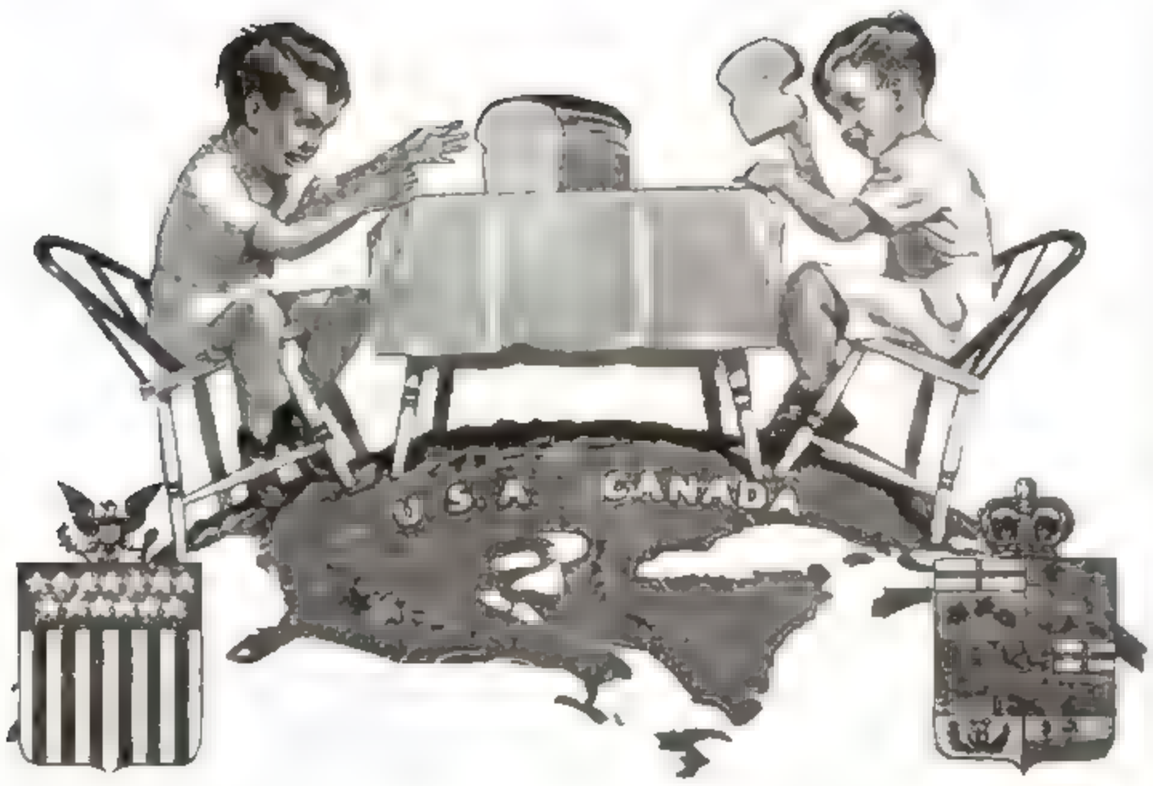

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The boys turned on extra lights and threw the doors open.

"Now, if you'll go ahead and meet them," Mr. Brown suggested to Billy, "I'll stand just behind in case you need me."

"But – I'm not dressed to meet a president!"

"He probably won't be dressed either"

Billy advanced towards the front door with all the dignity he could muster, and just as he reached the entrance a group of men came in from the Plaza. A little in front of the others was a young man, absurdly young, Billy thought, as he advanced with outstretched hand and wearing a frock coat that was much too big for him. His handsome boyish face was wreathed in smiles; and his eyes, as they rested on Billy, had an expression of almost affection in them.

"I am paying my first visit to Your Excellency," he began in perfect English. Then turning to those behind him, he said: "This is my cabinet. May I have the honor of presenting them to Your Excellency?"

As each one was presented and shook hands with low bows, Billy was struck with the fact that all of them appeared to be rather old men, strikingly so in comparison with the young president.

This got through, the president turned back to Billy: "And now may I have a few words privately with Your Excellency?"

Billy bowed ceremoniously and led the way towards the minister's room. The whole affair was becoming more and more extraordinary, he thought; but what could you expect in a place like that? He offered the president the swivel chair behind the desk, saw him sit in it and whirl round like a child with its first toy.

"I must get one of these for the palace," he said with a happy laugh.

Again Billy's calm came near deserting him. This so-called president must be at least several years younger than he was; as a matter of fact he was nothing more than a boy.

"It would be a great pleasure if you would let me present it to you, Mister President," he managed to get out with great dignity.

"Thank you very much. And now" – here the young president's face grew very serious, an expression that made him change suddenly from boy to full-fledged man– "Your Excellency must pardon me if I go directly to the heart of the matter—my reason for coming to see you. Of course I know very well what your great country is so desirous of obtaining of mine." His voice was now lowered discreetly and his eyes sought Billy's with passionate intensity. "And I have come to tell you that my first official act will be to sign the treaty with the United States of America."

Billy bowed profoundly. This was entirely too much to believe. He wanted to pinch himself to see if he were not dreaming.

"I am deeply grateful to you, Mister President. My Government will also be deeply grateful. It will mean"—here Billy thought he had stumbled on an era-making phrase—"it will mean a great advance in the cordial relations of both countries."

The young president's face remained grave, almost sad. "If there is gratitude, Your Excellency, it is for me to express. If it had not been for you ——" He stopped abruptly; then continued as though with deep emotion: "If I can do anything that will reinstate me in your respect, please tell me. It was an unfair advantage I took of you. It was using everything that was most generous and chivalrous in you to my advantage. I did not do it gladly. You made me feel very cheap; but"—he held out his hands, his eyes full of eloquent pleading—"I told you the story of my father and of my mother. Was that not enough to justify me? If it had not been for you this morning I should never have landed in my own country. My enemies were looking for me, they knew I was on the boat, but, thanks to you, I reached my friends first. And I brought with me all they need—that little valise full of good United States dollars."

Billy brushed his hand before his eyes He tried to remember where he was; he tried to remain dignified and be the perfect diplomat; he tried to look away from the burning intense eyes of the young fellow before him; and he tried most of all to forget that the revolution he had been witnessing all that afternoon was due entirely to himself. He was so stunned that the young president finally got up and came to him and took hold of both his hands. It was then that Billy caught a faint suggestion of the strong perfume that had been the beginning of the whole episode; and in that moment a disturbing sense of humor swept over him. He turned away, grasped a glass of champagne, offered it to the president, took a glass himself, tasted it, spluttered in a most undignified way, then, losing all self-control, crumpled up in a chair and roared with laughter.

The young president looked at him in amazement; then a light broke over his grave countenance.

"Ah—then it is all right. Your Excellency! You do forgive me! And—you remember, no?—you told me what would assure your future, and it is in my power to do that much for you."

Pine Sightseers on Chimney Rock, North Carolina

THE THUMBLESS BLACK HAND, OR THE COMING OF GONFARDINO

(Continued from Page 17)

citizens, yet the statement of this country's great expert on crime will explain clearly the dangerous situation as it stands today, following the receipt of a second death warning to the mayor, and should be read with attention by every thinking citizen of Chibosh.

"If the merchants and manufacturers of this country realized what they were up against in this thing—this plot against Mayor True," said the great detective, sitting in his palatial headquarters, "they would throw off their lethargy and get up from their office chairs and set some competent agency at work to combat this menace which overhangs not only the city of Chibosh but this nation today.

"This warning to Mayor True is undoubtedly the work of the so-called Dynamite Saviors, the executive end of the widely known Fifth Internationale of Syndicalists, Communists and Anarchists, which has sworn a bloody oath to wipe out the institutions and industries of the United States, the chief enemy to their intended world rule. It was sent out by the Italian branch—the inner circle that call themselves the Thumbless Enemies, meaning, of course, enemies of everything that now exists—all the institutions that we in America love and reverence.

"The Italian anarchists have their headquarters today—right now—on the slopes of Mt. Vesuvius, in Italy. We know, because we've got our men, our stool pigeons, right in amongst them, on the slopes of Mt. Vesuvius, and some on Mt. Etna.

"You ask me why," said Mr. Doheney, fastening his extraordinary keen gray eyes on the representative of the Morning Truth, "why Mt. Vesuvius and Mt. Etna. I'll tell you why. Wireless! Wireless, that's why! The great international wireless of the anarchists! It came about by accident in a way, you might say, in the first place, like so many things do. They were always meeting—the anarchists—in out-of-the-way, God-forsaken places—woods and seashores and mountains; especially mountains. Take Switzerland, for instance—you must have noticed how they always get together in Switzerland, in the mountains. All over those high mountains there!

"And so being there, up always in the mountains, naturally, they got the idea that way of the wireless, the International Wireless Workers of the World; of the I. W. W. W. that you see allusions to all the time in the papers. For mountains, of course, are the best wireless stations in the world. So they sit there day after day on the banks of Mt. Vesuvius and sometimes Mt. Etna—these Italians—talking with the Russians in the Ural Mountains and the notorious mountain headquarters of the outlaw anarchists from all nations in Switzerland, framing up the downfall of the world day after day; planning out the downfall of our land and our country and everything we hold dear, while the merchants and bankers and manufacturers in this country, who should be out fighting this tooth and nail, sit dreaming in their armchairs—waiting till it is too late.

"Now then," said Mr. Doheney, the great detective, fastening his eye again upon the representative of the Morning Truth, "the Thumbless Enemies! You ask me about the Thumbless Enemies, as they call themselves—that's showing up here in this warning to Mayor True. I'll tell you what that is too. It comes from the national customs in Italy, from the way they have in some of those old provinces over there of still cutting off the thumbs of criminals—and especially anarchists—like they did a thousand years ago.

"It came first from two of the local anarchist leaders in Italy that had lost their thumbs like this from the government, and who got to sending out their warnings that way—the usual black hand, only without a thumb—as a kind of slam on and warning to the government. And that led on to an inner circle, which everybody that belonged to had to be more or less cut up and mutilated someway by the government or by dynamite explosions—honorable wounds, they'd call them, in the line of their profession. That's the way their minds work. You know how it is with those rats.

"So that's it," said the great detective, rising and walking to and fro in his handsome office, about to dismiss the reporter of the Morning Truth, to receive the crowd who were waiting in his anteroom. "That's what's going on here. The Thumbless Enemies of Italy are the boys in this, first. They naturally are out against the government of Italy, as it is now getting after them the way it does today. And nothing would suit them better than to bump off General Gonfardino, the hero of Fiume, who from first to last has come right out and never given any quarter to them; that's gone right after them from the first, the way the merchants and manufacturers of this country ought to be doing today.

"I've got to go now—to see all these gentlemen out there," said the great detective to the reporter of the Morning Truth. "I've given you too much time already. Only I want the people to understand. And when you're telling them, remember this: Back of all this always is the bigger thing. Remember that. The great International Dynamite Saviors of the anarchist party—the great I. W. W. W. that sees a chance here to make a ten-strike—and a big spectacular play to mess up both Italy and this country and the world. And Mayor True deserves a lot of credit for standing out and fighting this, and going right after it with all the police department of Chibosh, and if the merchants and manufacturers of this country would do the same—come out as a unit and employ some competent agency to fight this thing—the future wouldn't look so dark as it does today, to those on the inside, who know what's threatening the Constitution and industries and everything else in this country that all good Americans love and cherish and revere."

IV

IT WAS Friday in the morning newspapers of Chibosh. The third of the thumbless Black-Hand warnings to Mayor True, received the previous night, was again illustrated. The people of the great city were tenser, more alert than ever from it. The gruesome warning to the mayor, it seemed, became every time uglier and more menacing. This time it said underneath, as shown on the Peoples Pictures opening page:

MEET GONFARDINO? THEN DEATH!

The postal service of Chibosh was on the alert; the police force straining every nerve; an officer stood at nearly every letter box. The underground agents of the Black-Hand Bureau and the business detective agencies had made no arrests as yet. Both old Mike Boogan and Detective Doheney were still holding back, biding their time, it was thought, for the arrests which might occur now any minute.

In the meanwhile the great city was one step nearer the test—the mass meeting of welcome of Italian-Americans to the hero of Fiume in Great Coliseum Gardens on the next, or Saturday, evening. It was officially announced that, Black Hand or no Black Hand, Mayor True would positively appear. A wireless from the incoming guest, the hero of Fiume, still approaching on shipboard, said simply, when translated, "Giuseppe Gonfardino will be there."

The time was set. The great city was again agog. Meanwhile Michael F. Melody, perhaps the most active mind in all that great active-minded population, sat in the publicity factory of Mayor True in conference with a small dark man, with a small neat mustache and curly hair and wood-brown eyes—the expert upon Italian impulses and reactions who had so often been his personal agent and adviser in his international ward politics among the voters of that population. Having something on him—in the way of knowledge of his previous record—Mr. Melody could trust him implicitly.

"How do they go about it, Jimmy," he was asking—"the Italians, when they salute their flag?"

It seemed that the process was not so different from other flag salutes. Mr. Melody, apparently noting this, went on after a time to other questions:

"What's the fighting motion, Jimmy, for the Italians—that insult of death? What is it that they do? What is that movement that they say will always make an Italian fight?"

The other showed him—the simple two-handed gesture of double shame, at which, he explained, the Italian spirit, as he knew it, could not fail to rise up and drink blood.

"If anybody should do that to the Italian flag anywhere," asked Mr. Melody, "what would happen?"

(Continued on Page 98)

Kids love Dromedary Dates

FIND your youngster on this page. Is he freckled-faced or curly-haired? Is he a rough and tumble scrapper or a "regular little gentleman"? Do the fellers call him "Red," or "Fat," or "Skinny"?

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Dromedary Dates taste good and do good. They contain the kind of sweets that build up rather than tear down; their lime helps to make small bones and teeth strong and sturdy.

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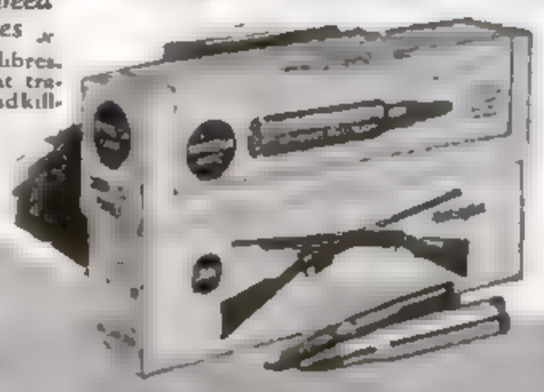

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Now available chambered for either .22 short or .22 long rifle cartridges.

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Perhaps it is your windows which cause lack of harmony in the decorative scheme of your home.

Study them in relation to your rugs, pictures, furniture. Are the shades of the right color? Are they in good condition? Or are they unsightly with cracks and pinholes, faded by the sun and spotted by the rain?

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For a very small sum you can equip a room with beautiful, durable Brenlin shades. Among the many soft, rich Brenlin colors you will find an individuality which will bring fresh new charm to every window. Brenlin Duplex, with a different color on each side, blends with both interior and exterior.

The fabric in a Brenlin shade is very different from the mesh-like material in the usual shade. Brenlin is heavy, finely woven, much like linen, and needs no chalk or clay filling to make it smooth and opaque.

The strains of constant rolling and unrolling, of snapping winds, of exposure to sun and rain, will quickly affect an ordinary shade. Its brittle filling crumbles and falls out, leaving unsightly cracks and pinholes which no drapes can hide.

Sun cannot fade Brenlin; water cannot spot it, for the Brenlin colors are sun and water proof, and are carefully applied by hand. Thus the life of Brenlin is several times the life of an ordinary window shade.

You can know the satisfaction of having your windows perfectly dressed —with Brenlin. Look for the name Brenlin perforated or embossed on the edge of every shade. If you do not know where to get it, write us; we'll see that you are supplied. Write us also for our free booklet, "How to Shade and Decorate Your Windows," with which will come samples of Brenlin in several colors.

Scratch a piece of ordinary window-shade material lightly. Tiny particles of chalk or clay "filling" fall out. BRENLIN has no filling . . . several ordinary window shades.

For windows of less prominence, Camargo or Empire shades give you the best value in shades made the ordinary way.

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"The oldest window shade house in America"

Factories Cincinnati, Ohio, and Camden, N J Branches: New York City, Philadelphia, Dallas, Texas, and Portland, Ore. Owner of the good will and trade-marks of the J. C. Wemple Co.

HAND MADE **Brenlin**
the long-wearing WINDOW SHADE *material*

(Continued from Page 95)

"You'd have the whole lot of them biting their thumbs off, climbing up to stick you full of knives."

"That's what they told me," said Mr. Melody.

"They tell you right, boss," said his informant earnestly. "And more, too, when a man like General Gonfardino speaks in Italian—on Italia Irredenta and stuff like that he believes in and they're proud of. You know how the Italians are when they're set going; when anybody talks in Italian to them about themselves, and how good they are, and about their country!"

Dismissing him, after further researches concerning the sentiment of Italy upon the great national enthusiasm of redawning glory, of retrieving ancient shores and regal memories, Mr. Melody, the unseen publicity agent of the great and complex interests which lay behind the much-seen mayor of Chibosh, called by his push button for his assistant, Mr. Stillman Nott.

"When'll you have your speech ready," he asked him, "for the royal hodcarrier tomorrow night?"

Mr. Nott gazed at him with sad indifference

"Four o'clock," he said briefly.

"You're putting it all in—on Garibaldi and Gonfardino and the red and black shirts?"

Mr. Nott indicated that he was doing so rather by his general air than by any definite, specific gesture.

"And you'll write in the pronunciation over the words as usual?"

Mr. Nott nodded shortly.

"Make it good and plain this time," directed Mr. Melody; "especially that Fascisti and stuff like that, and I'll go over and explain it to him."

"You'd better," said Mr. Nott, now looking up and speaking more at length. "Do you know what he thinks now—from all I can see?"

"I dunno," said Mr. Melody negligently. "He thinks probably Fascisti is an Italian fish."

"Worse than that, I believe. He's all tied up in knots on this thing. From all I've heard him say, he thinks Fiume is the capital of Italy and somebody called the Fascisti is trying to take it away from them. Honest, that's what I think he thinks."

"Where would he get that?" asked Mr. Melody, regarding him closely.

"That's what I'd like to know," said the other.

"Where does he get anything, huh?" said Mr. Melody.

Mr. Nott again lapsed into conversation by nodding.

"Well, I'll tell him different," said Mr. Melody. "I'll straighten him out when I go over to coach him, and I'll take his copy of his speech over when I go. You'll give out the press copies tomorrow afternoon as per usual. But I'll pass him his myself."

Mr. Nott, nodding, soon withdrew to his own labors of speech-making, while Mr. Melody was at once absorbed in the framing of his own -the second and somewhat altered speech for Mayor True. He worked carefully, conscientiously. It was early evening before he was suited. It was an unusual and entirely novel enterprise for the publicity bureau of Mayor True. Never before had it engaged in the switching or substitution of speeches in its relation with its principal.

And even now, Mr. Melody reserved this important activity entirely to himself.

V

IT WAS Saturday evening in the great city of Chibosh—the evening of the great reception and delivery of the freedom of the city by Mayor Herman J. True, the guardian of the people of Chibosh regardless of race or circumstance, to Gen. Giuseppe Gonfardino, the hero of Fiume, the flaming instrument of fate in the high hope of Italia Irredenta.

Again in the papers of the morning the fourth of the thumbless black hands from the mayor's mail of yesterday had blocked the way of the reading public with an infernal finality. Again the police department of Chibosh was tense to the breaking point. Again the Black-Hand Squad of old Mike Boogan and the far-flung fingers of Francis X. Doheney, poised above the haunts and lairs of the thumbless blackhander, had not yet fallen. And again Mayor True, head of all the people, white or black, had stated through the public press that he would not fail, for any foolish fears, the Italian-American citizens in the granting of the freedom of Chibosh to General Gonfardino, the idol of Italy, who, though still on the ocean, somewhat delayed, yet sent ahead once more his reassuring message: "Giuseppe Gonfardino will be there."

In the morning, Peoples Pictures had published an authentic picture—which was afterward denied by the Morning Truth—of a piece of iron pipe, found beneath the speakers' stand in the midst of Great Coliseum Gardens, which old Lieut. Mike Boogan identified as undoubtedly left there by a Black-Hand dynamiter who had been scared away at the last moment by the activities of the city's Black-Hand Squad.

Mr. Doheney, the great international business detective, disputed this, saying that from sources which had never failed yet he could state quite positively that the bomb to be exploded that night would be released from an aëroplane. This was the latest decision of the Seven—the inside council of the Thumbless Enemies of Italy. His last word was to warn all with responsibility—especially merchants and manufacturers and business men—to keep away from Great Coliseum Gardens that evening. For though it might yet be prevented, anything might happen there at that time.

Nevertheless, on that evening the citizens of Chibosh in thousands, even tens of thousands, gathered around, and at some little distance, to see the spectacle of the conferring of the freedom of the great American city upon General Gonfardino, the representative of one of the oldest and most imperial civilizations in the world. They were not disappointed; the spectacle was imposing—most unusual.

The police guard of Chibosh moved first, led by Chief Charles Y. Spoolenberger himself, straight, red-faced and solid, upon a slim white horse. Other equestrian police followed; still others upon motorcycles and bicycles. From the dim air above the aura of radiance which surrounded Great Coliseum Gardens was heard the incessant hum of the aërial police squad of Chibosh, patrolling the air to avert any possible bomb from an anarchist, syndicalist or Black-Hand aëroplane.

Following the police guard and the reception committee—in a limousine, with a profusion of green, white and red rosettes upon the equipage and its occupants came, in another open limousine, the two chief figures of the day, Herman True, the mayor of all the people of Chibosh, and General Gonfardino, the world-heralded hero of Fiume, who, by the unexpected delay in his steamship's docking, had arrived only just in time for the evening ceremonies.

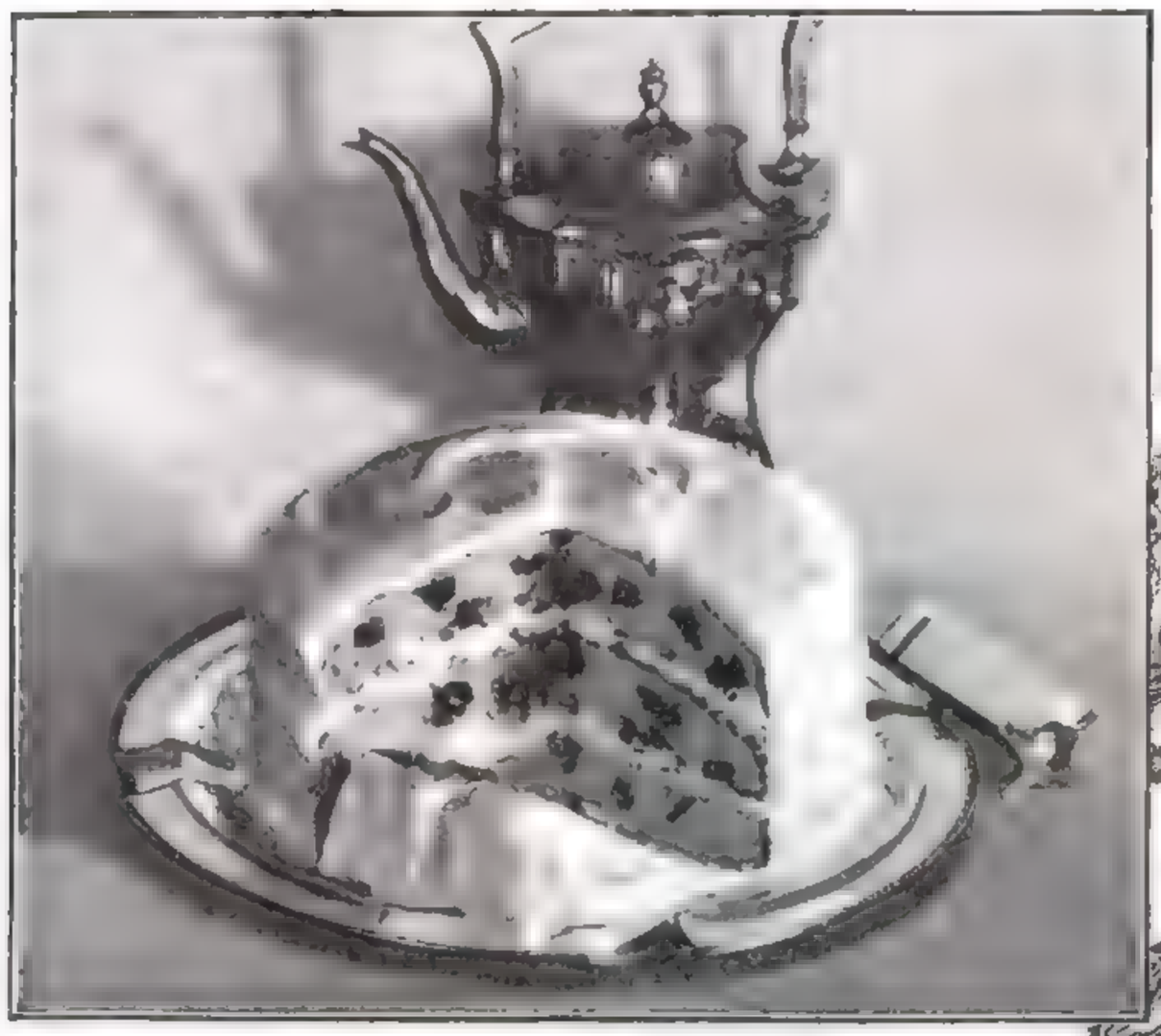
Dressed in black, with a black silk hat, the mayor of this great American city lay back, easy and unafraid, with a toothpick in his mouth after a rich and splendid dinner, which, though spread in the hope of entertaining the foreign celebrity, he and his staff had been compelled to eat alone. Beside him a tall, handsome, military-headed man, the hero of Fiume, sat erect at his full height, in his flashing uniform and the glitter of the medieval jeweled necklace which commemorated his achievements, as a gift of the people.

So far, and until they entered the immense hall and passed through the police cordon to its center, no untoward happening had come. The police discipline was perfect. The great hall, blazing with flags, held an expectant and resolute body of citizens of Italian and American birth, who, though not unnaturally nervous, showed themselves unaffected by any threats which would keep them from doing honor to a great national enthusiasm. It was without doubt the greatest single demonstration in all the history of the international ward politics of this great American metropolis.

A tremendous roar, beginning when the cortège entered the great auditorium, subsided only after some half hour, when, at a high gesture of the magnificent military figure of General Gonfardino, a perfect silence fell upon the great audience. The speakers now all being seated, the police-department glee club gave a medley of Italian and American national airs.

In the center of the central platform, underneath the two immense Italian and American flags, which hung above and slightly before the principals of the occasion, sat the two main figures, Mayor True, who was to offer, and General Gonfardino, the idol of Italy, who was to receive the formal freedom of the city of Chibosh.

(Continued on Page 100)



DELICE RAISIN CAKE: *½ cup butter or shortening; 1½ cups granulated sugar; 2 eggs; ¾ teaspoon salt; 3 teaspoons baking powder; 2½ cups flour; ⅔ cup milk; ½ cup Sun-Maid Raisins; 1 teaspoon vanill.*

RAISINS are dried in the sun in beautiful clusters, just as they come from the vine. For your convenience they are then stripped from the stems and packed, seeded or seedless, in cartons, ready for use

They add to old familiar foods a bit of stored-up sunshine

IN golden California, in the fertile valleys of San Joaquin and Sacramento, the vineyards grow heavy with clusters of wonderful grapes.

At the moment of perfect ripeness they are cut from the vines and placed on trays in the sun.

And then the sun, which has stored within their delicate skins so much of health and fruity goodness, completes its work—and gives us Sun-Maid Raisins

They make it easy to give the good old foods NEW *goodness*

Have you learned what magic you can work in the daily menu with this delicate fruit?

Do you know how easy is the way to please and benefit your family by simply adding raisins to the old, substantial foods like good white bread, oatmeal, Cream of Wheat, cup custard, and famous old B. P.?

These morsels of stored-up sunshine make it possible to give so many of these foods a *new* appeal to your family's appetite. They make it so easy for you to provide the variety that every family craves. And to provide it inexpensively, too, for raisins are cheap this year.

Raisins offer, too, so much besides their tempting goodness. As the sun is rich in health, so are raisins. They are high in fruit energy units in a form practically predigested by the sun. Their fibre forms a "roughage" which helps to make laxatives unnecessary. Their iron and other valuable minerals supply urgent bodily needs

Here for once, we are urged by those who know to eat more of a food we really love—a food delightful as well as healthful and nutritious! And that is why, today, we are using *more than twice as many* raisins as we did ten years ago.

Because it's good, because it's wholesome, because it gives variety to the daily menu—serve raisin bread often!

Once we all bought raisins on largely blind chance. Now, twelve years of effort on the part of thousands of California growers has changed all that, has given us a guide to all that is best in raisins—the name Sun-Maid.

With vineyards averaging only 20 acres each, the 14,000 Sun-Maid growers are today supplying 80 per cent of all the raisins used in this country. Their strict grading and inspection assures you always of obtaining the most perfect raisins in the Sun-Maid package.

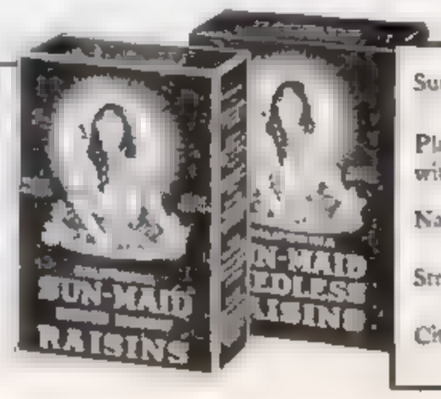
Send for free recipe book

Give your family their favorite raisin foods more frequently. They supply variety to the daily menu; they give the good old foods *new* goodness. And they provide added nourishment in a delightful, inexpensive form.

The surest and easiest recipes for many tempting dishes, new and old, are given in the free book, "Recipes with Raisins." Fill out the coupon and send for this free book today. Address: Sun-Maid Raisin Growers Association, Department A-1410, Fresno, California.

Sun-Maid Raisins

Seeded—Seedless—Clusters



Sun-Maid Raisin Growers Association
Dept. A-1410, Fresno, Calif.

Please send me a copy of your free book, "Recipes with Raisins."

Name____

Street____

City ____ State

(Continued from Page 98)

Lolling at his ease, looking about the hall, the chief magistrate turned with an easy familiarity to his guest, enabled to speak to him now personally after their hurried greeting and their previous preoccupation with the deafening ovations of the public. Looking at him, as one who wishes to establish pleasant personal relations, he said confidentially to the guest of the evening, patting his knee:

"Good fella!"

"Pardon?" asked General Gonfardino, not feeling that he fully understood.

"You good fella. I good fella," said the mayor of Chibosh warmly, in the style of conversation used to communicate pleasantly with Chinese or other extremely foreign nationalities; and pointing explicitly first to General Gonfardino and then to himself, with the dry end of his toothpick.

General Gonfardino, a distinguished linguist as well as soldier, drew somewhat away, and to a still stiffer height—puzzled, as he had been several times before during his ride through Chibosh that evening, by the customs of the officials of this great new country he was visiting for the first time.

But the fire-department band, now playing a second medley of national tunes, prevented his answering.

At the close of this, leaning over again toward him, the mayor of Chibosh, with every appearance of ease, now made a motion, a gesture. Seeing it, General Gonfardino, the intense, haughty and impulsive idol of Italy, gave a sudden start. He was wrong, he told himself then—he must be wrong. For he had thought he saw that gesture—that two-handed gesture of shame before which, though seen only in the lowest strata, the blood of every son of Italy must start madly to his eyes and ears.

He had not seen correctly, that was it! It must be some American gesture, which this American official, his host, was giving him, with every expression of friendliness and familiarity upon his sincere and honest face. But there was no time to ask further concerning it, for now, at the close of the medley of the fire-department brass band, it was time for the brief but striking exercises of conferring the freedom of Chibosh. The two arose, now facing each other.

Mayor Herman J. True stood for the moment, gazing sincerely above his Roman nose and heavy mustache at his highly uniformed guest. He held a document in each hand, one evidently the token of the freedom of the city, the other a typewritten speech. Nothing could have been more cordial or reassuring than the tone in which he started reading from the second one. Pausing, he gazed over the edge of his manuscript at the guest of the city, of the nation, whom he was about to honor, and uttered his first words.

"Fiume must be free!" said Mayor Herman J. True, gazing deeply into the eyes of the high and military figure before and above him, "from those who have taken it!"

The tone was low and inadequate for so great a hall; the audience, though tensely silent, did not hear it plainly, as a whole. But no one at all near could fail to note the sudden appearance of interest and expectation which seemed to overtake the tall haughty military figure which stood up opposite the mayor of Chibosh as he spoke sincerely on.

"Fiume must be free," he continued; "free from the Fascisti! This is the great message, General Gonfardino, which you have given the world, and which all the world associates with your name."

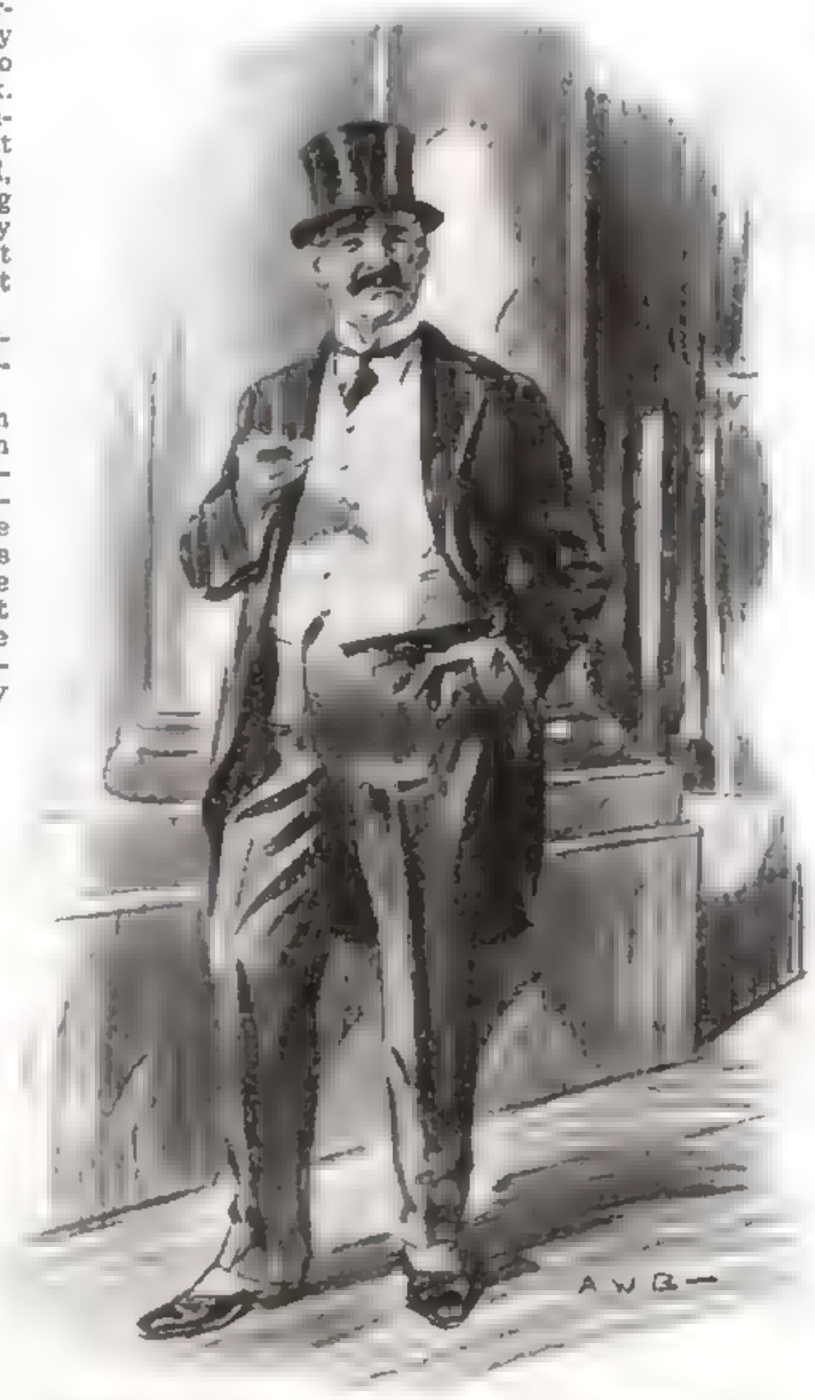
Though held rigidly, at an extreme military stiliness, the face and form of the great general of Fiume nevertheless expressed a sharp and growing wonder as his opposite upon the great stage—that seemed so small in this immense assembly of the people—went on to elaborate his opening theme. His voice rose as it reached more emotional matter.

"As one man they cried"—or so it seemed to General Gonfardino that he said—"Gonfardino comes! Fiume must be free! Down, down with the Fascisti! Down, down with Italia Irredenta! Down! Gonfardino comes!"

There was a great silence in the convention hall; the silence of doubt and wonder. Those in the back, of course, could not hear. They watched closely those in front. Those in front sat spellbound, motionless, in deep doubt. The reading of the speaker was somewhat thick; moreover many in his audience were not adept in the English tongue.

Yet those within sight of the features of General Gonfardino could not fail to see the expression that was now possessing them—the strange conflict of wonder and anger and self-control, as he still stood rigidly at attention.

And now, turning away from him, the speaker faced forward, noting as he did so the unusual expressions and gestures of some of the nearer faces beneath him and the one or two who were already biting at their thumbs—a gesture which he had been told he was the next to expect—as a part of the ceremony of the salute to the Italian flag.



There, on the Steps of the Great City Hall He Could See the Man Himself, the Mayor of All the People

Smiling confidently, gladly, sincerely, a smile of genuine welcome, Mayor Herman J. True, chief executive of Chibosh, walked to the edge of the central platform of the great hall, and in the hush, that awful hush of silent thousands, looking upward to where it hung, made leisurely and at ease the Italian salute to the great Italian flag before and above him, which in learning his speech for the evening he had been coached to give as its supreme gesture. It was an unusual gesture—a two-handed motion of a very foreign type.

"Fiume, capital of Italy!" cried Mayor True, making it. "Italia, I salute you!"

A brittle silence and then a roar—the wild, hearty and spontaneous roar of a great popular emotion—filled the hall. All about him he could see, as he had been told to expect, thousands biting their thumbs—completing their salute to their flag, and even advancing in their enthusiasm toward him. Smiling warmly, confidently, sincerely back at them, Mayor Herman J. True, prepared to go on to his conclusion—when something hit him.

It was General Gonfardino. Suddenly reaching forward, his jeweled necklace awry, his bright military hat on one ear, seizing the certificate of the freedom of Chibosh, he was beating its mayor violently over the head with it.

"Traitor! Hen! Wild goat of the world!" cried General Gonfardino. "The people of Italia award you this—and this—and this!"

Around him and in front, the mayor of Chibosh gazed down upon a sea of dark, agitated faces, some of them with weapons brandished over them, many of them biting thumbs.

And just at this time—as Chief Spoofenberger stepped forward with his cordon of police and the fire-department band began to play the medley of mixed national airs—Mayor True realized dimly that his second document, his typewritten speech, also was gone.

VI

THE Sunday morning press of Chibosh gave widely varying interpretations of the incident of the preceding night in the Great Coliseum Gardens. The Morning Truth asked in its leading headlines:

WILL WAR BE SEQUEL

OF MAYOR'S MISINTERPRETED SALUTE?

Francis X. Doheney, the Great Detective, Shows How Naturally But Insidiously the National Misunderstanding He Predicted was Fomented by Anarchist Plot. Full Text of Mayor True's Speech

The Peoples Pictures, upon its first page, showed flashlight scenes of Great Coliseum Gardens, full of action, after it was entirely cleared by the police, and while the hospital attendants were still at work—all grouped about the bushel basket full of knives and other weapons collected by the authorities. On its inside pages it said:

STARTED BY BLOW FROM BEHIND!

UNFORTUNATE NATIONAL MISUNDERSTANDING

Old Mike Boogan, of Black-Hand Squad, Sees First Blow Struck by Black-Hand Conspirator, Which Causes Great Coliseum Gardens Riot. Actual Full Text of Mayor's Speech.

The Chronicle, the more conservative morning paper, which had followed the thumbless black-hand mystery with little warmth, now spoke out editorially to say:

If the United States had entered the League of Nations—as every thinking man knows it should have done from the first—such grotesque episodes of national misunderstanding as that in Great Coliseum Gardens last evening would be unthinkable. How much longer can this nation afford to ignore the fact, patent to all the remainder of the world, that, through the simple process of assumption by this country of a proper responsibility for the peace, debts and food supply of Europe and Asia, the possibility of international hostilities will at once automatically disappear and war become, as it should be now, a horrid anachronism?

Yet however varied the interpretation of the untoward incident of the night before, every journalist, every politician, every press agent in the teeming press agencies and phantom factories of Chibosh was assured now of one fact: Mayor True, at one time mayor of all the people of Chibosh, was through—through with the women's vote, the international-ward-politics vote, the vote at large of the city. It was not only impossible but inconceivable that he should be next fall's nominee of any party for another term as mayor.

This, however, was but a poor satisfaction to Mr. Michael F. Melody, the press agent of Mayor True. His own personal problem was still unsolved—the main question of his immediate future. Would Chinese Meeghan finally speak, break that terrible silence? Had he or had he not finally forced him to come out in the open and bawl him out—as he had always done before—so that he could tell him face to face how impossible it would be for even Mr. Meeghan to attack and send Mr. Melody back to prison, with what the latter and the women with their card catalogue could pin on Mr. Meeghan himself?

Mr. Melody, although it was Sunday morning, was back sitting in Room 913, the Phantom Factory of Mayor True, which tomorrow no doubt he must leave for the last time. Nothing had been heard from Mr. Meeghan yet. Should he call him, cut short the agony, tell him where he stood before by any chance—contrary to his previous habit—he might start the Federal authorities loose on Mr. Melody without warning.

Mr. Melody sat thinking, undetermined, anxious, as to his course with Mr. Meeghan; melancholy and bitter when he thought of what these two women politicians with their card catalogue had driven him to. The dingy second-class office building lay silent around him, the streets of the central city unnaturally still, the great stone city hall across the way as devoid of life as a sarcophagus; and close around him, the place of the successful activities of his recent years, the Phantom Factory, with its brooding likenesses of Mayor True, that great imaginative political fiction, which was his own creation. Tomorrow, without doubt, he must leave it, with comparatively little money, abruptly, by the act of these two women, without even gathering up the various bits of graft which he had expected, lingering, to secure. He must leave all this now. Possibly, if Meeghan should act without a warning—much more, for a much longer time!

Suddenly his desk telephone rang. He snatched it quickly. It was those women again—those demon women politicians. They had found him here again, in this most unlikely Sunday resort. It was the voice of the younger one speaking.

"Has he called you up yet?" it asked.

"Have you heard from Mr. Meeghan, she means?" explained the second one, speaking from her second telephone.

"No," said Mr. Melody in a gruff and surly voice.

"You will."

"Right away."

"How? Why?" asked Mr. Melody quickly.

"We've arrested the Seven Dead Men."

"You've what?" cried Mr. Melody.

"Yes."

"He's in the hands of the Federal authorities now."

"You've arrested him!" cried Mr. Melody, aghast.

"Yes"

"Then what'll become of me?"

"The first thing is, Mr. Meeghan will be calling you up," said the young one.

"To feel you out," said the other.

"And what you know. And you'll tell him where he stands."

"And then what?" asked Mr. Melody, done, shot, flabbergasted.

"And then you'll come over here," they told him—and they both shut off; shut off and left him silent, gasping, staring forward at the wall.

It was about fifteen minutes later that the telephone rang again. It was exactly as they had told him. The voice of Chinese Meeghan came across the wire. The silent one was speaking in a voice that was very hoarse.

"Where the hell have you been?" he said. "I've been calling all over town for you."

"I've been here," said Mr. Melody, sitting up with a new light in his eyes, leaning forward toward the telephone. "Why?"

"Why? I'll tell you why. I want you over here right now," called the hoarse, hurrying tones over the telephone.

"You do, huh? Well, you won't get me!" said Mr. Melody briskly, in a high and vibrant voice. "I know what you want me for without your telling me."

"What do I want you for?" asked the hoarse, heavy voice upon the telephone.

"The Seven Dead Men—that's what you want me for! The arrest of the Seven Dead Men, and just how bad we've got you!"

"You'll come over!" said the hoarse and threatening voice.

"Yes, I will! When you and he are rolling marbles in jail," said Mr. Melody, shutting down his telephone, keeping him guessing—the way you always want to do, in politics, in Chibosh when you've got something good and strong on them—like that Seven Dead Men.

Who were these Seven Dead Men? What were or was they, he or it? This matter of final importance, which was destined so to change the face of popular government in Chibosh, will certainly be revealed in the next and concluding revelation of this series.

Editor's Note—This is the fourth of a series of stories by Mr. Turner. The next will appear in an early issue

Bringing *the* Far East *Near*

Over its own steel all the way, the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul runs direct to Puget Sound. There, at Seattle and Tacoma, its famous transcontinental train "The Olympian" connects with your own palatial United States ships to the Orient. The transmountain run of this train is *electrified;* the journey to the Far East is made shorter and pleasanter by "Milwaukee" comfort and care. When you go to the Orient go by way of Puget Sound, over the line that accustomed travelers call the most progressive railroad in the world.

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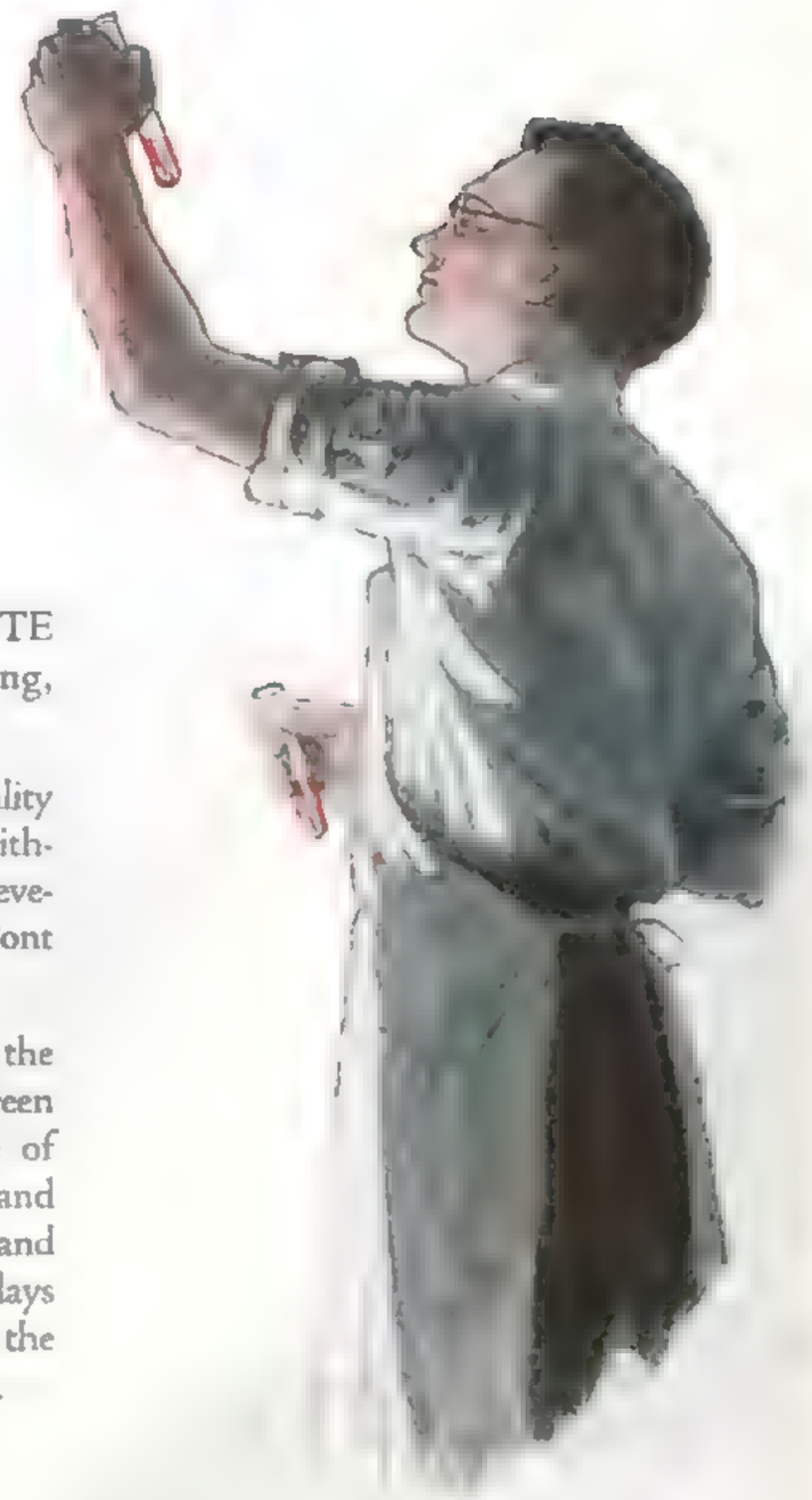

AS each day passes, people are appreciating more and more the economy of painting—its value in *conserving* as well as beautifying. More homes are being refinished today than ever before.

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If you ever smoke a pipe *(if you don't you ought to)* it may pay you to read these 57 words

TOBACCO is a vegetable; it grows out of the ground; when it is green it is not a good smoke. — and the very best way to remove the harshness and bitterness is ageing in wood.

To age tobacco in wood is expensive,-yes, very expensive, but it gives you a mild, cool smoke with a fine flavor.

It's 10 to 1 that you will find that VELVET, *aged-in-wood tobacco, is a better smoke.*

mild — fine flavor — smokes cool

aged in wood

that's why

LIGGETT & MYERS TOBACCO CO.

THE ACCOUNTINGS OF A REAL-ESTATE MAN

(Continued from Page 20)

brings him a clear $50,000 a year after allowing $25,000 for depreciation.

Now, in this transaction we find seven distinct items of profit or loss: Extra interest, the architect, the bonding company, the builder, the carrying charges, the vacancies until the building is rented and, finally, the landlord. Some of them appear to be needless. The bonding company's commission, for example, instead of 10 per cent is often 15 or more. Yet every one of them is necessary; and every one of them can be reduced or abolished.

Let us go back once more to the site of this building before the old houses were torn down, and do it all over again in another way:

Twenty manufacturers, including yourself, who each need 5000 to 10,000 square feet of loft space, get together and form a corporation to put that building up themselves. Having located the site, taken an option on it, decided the size of their building and estimated its cost, they form a cooperative company with 5000 shares of $100 each—$500,000. Each of the twenty coöwners takes 250 shares, paying down $25,000 cash. In effect, each pays about two years' rent in advance at the rate of $1.25 a square foot.

Pardon and be patient with these figures—they lead to something of real significance to every town dweller in this country.

Having bought their site, they do as the speculative builder did—engage an architect. Instead of paying him 10 per cent of their building cost, however, they pay 5. Why? Very simple! The speculative builder let ten architects compete for his job. On that basis an architect has to exert sales effort ten times to land one commission and often makes ten plans before he gets a job. This job is brought to him, no sales effort is necessary, and he adjusts his fee accordingly.

The speculative builder next went to a mortgage-bond company to borrow money. Why did he go to a bond company and pay 1 per cent extra, plus a 10 per cent commission? Very simple again! There was so little of his own money in the enterprise that he had virtually no equity and had to borrow dangerously close to the whole value of the enterprise. There are many contingencies in such a transaction. Suppose he goes bankrupt in the middle of the job, for instance, and the bond company has to step in and complete the construction. He had to pay big because his shoe string was so small.

The Real Profiteers

But under this coöwner plan, probably preorganized, the shoe string is a cool $400,000 or $500,000 cash in the bank. The mortgage-bond company will never hear of those gentlemen. Instead, they call on the loan man of a life-insurance company, which lends them 50 per cent of the money to be spent on the whole enterprise, and charges them a commission of only 1 per cent, perhaps none at all, as this is a very desirable loan. In some cases money can be borrowed from savings banks, though the latter prefer to lend on existing buildings. And the rate will be 6, 5½, even 5 per cent, instead of the 7 or 8 per cent charged by the bond company.

In the same way they choose their builder, probably engaging him on the cost-plus plan, whereby he puts the building up as economically as possible, under expert supervision, to see that it is an honest job, done with honest materials, and gets a percentage of the cost as his profit.

And the material men! Picture their excitement when these coöwners say, "We have a quarter of a million dollars cash, and are just itching to spend it with people who can quote us close prices."

There are carrying charges, of course, while the building is going up; but not so heavy as they were on the other building, because this structure is going to cost less money. And there is no 10 per cent vacancy loss while the building is being rented, because its owners move in on the day it is ready. Remember, a coöperative building is 100 per cent rented. With the same operating expenses, and a building that cost them $250,000 less to construct, their floor space comes to about sixty-five cents a square foot. If they put the mortgage on an amortization basis, paying off part of it each year, that steadily reduces the operating charges.

The real profiteers in rent are the people of the United States who will not take thought and provide for themselves those services they demand from the speculative builder, the mortgage-bond company and other agencies in the building-and-housing situation.

You go to another city and spend the night. Obviously you cannot build yourself a home there for one night. Fortunately somebody has gone into the business of hotel keeping, and you rent a home for the night, and pay the hotel keeper a legitimate profit for the service he has rendered.

If you go to that city to live five years, you have an alternative: To rent a home from somebody who is in the business of owning apartments or houses, and making a profit on them; or to serve yourself in this matter, buy or build a home, and go into the business of taking care of yourself, pocketing the profit.

Coöperative Apartments

When you looked at that $5500 apartment, suppose that, instead of growling about the rent, you had joined with other rent payers and become your own landlord. Here's how that would work out:

It is a sixteen-story building on a city lot 100x100 feet, with about a hundred apartments. Financed and put up by the speculative builder it would cost about $2,250,000. Financed and put up by coowners it could be built for $1,500,000. The average cost of each apartment would be $15,000, and the operating expenses, with yearly payments to reduce the mortgage, would be in the neighborhood of $2500 an apartment, certainly not more than $3000.

Instead of growling about the high cost of renting an apartment, take stock of your assets. Certainly if you can afford to pay $3000 a year rent you must be worth $15,000 in available cash—money in the bank, securities that can be liquidated, life insurance upon which you can borrow. That money will buy you an apartment and cut your rent in two if you have the enterprise to do for yourself what you have been demanding from others. As a matter of fact, you need only half that amount; $7500 will finance an apartment, and the rest can be paid off like rent.

During the war, when rents and living expenses were racing way ahead of salaries, a New York bank employe living in an uptown apartment called his fellow tenants together. The landlord had raised their rent several times and was about to raise it again. The bank man suggested that they buy the building. Asked if he would sell, the landlord said he would for $250,000. The tenants formed a corporation, with shares at $100 each, raised $40,000 cash and purchased the building, taking over a 6½ per cent mortgage, and continued paying the same rent to their corporation.

There were forty-eight apartments in the building, of various sizes, renting for different amounts. The bank man's rent was then sixty dollars a month. The cost of his apartment was $8000, but he had to put up only $2500 cash. Today his apartment would rent for $150. Several of the coowners have since sold out, and in every case got double what their apartments cost them. A new elevator has been put in, the water and heating systems have been overhauled, the building has been sand-blasted so it looks like new—it was eighteen years old when they bought it—and other improvements have been made, adding to the appearance and comfort of the property to such a degree that every little while some landlord comes around and wants to buy it. They could sell for $100,000 more than they paid.

Investigate it, analyze it, dissect it any way you please, and in the end you will find that the high cost of renting comes down to just one thing—the high cost of shoe-string finance in building. People rent homes and business premises upon terms that would make it possible to purchase the property with ten years' rent at the most, and in many cases five years' or less. They have savings and investments sufficient to buy them outright, or at least buy an equity and carry the rest on mortgage. But they don't know it or don't want to do it, and the speculative builder has to provide for the growth of the community with so little capital that everybody connected with the building game takes great risks and has to protect himself with a corresponding margin of profit.

The speculative builder and the mortgage-bond company are often denounced as building profiteers. But as long as Americans build their communities thoughtlessly and wastefully they are both necessary. Their profits are legitimate and reasonable, and they render real services to the community—when it builds that way.

Pick out any city in the United States. Tear down every business building, apartment house, mansion and cottage financed and erected by the speculative builder and the mortgage-bond company. Keep only the buildings that have been planned, financed and put up by those who live or do business in them. Group them around the city hall and see what you have. Not enough buildings to make a community one one-hundredth the size, I venture!

The progress toward sanity in real estate has been made possible in many cases not simply through the willingness of the bond companies to lend a high percentage of valuation but in the open-mindedness of their officers toward what was new and perhaps startling in real estate.

Building is largely a real-estate game, for where one speculative builder conceives the idea of an improvement and carries it out, there will be ten planned by real-estate men. Even if the builder does carry out the construction, he usually begins with the real-estate man, and when his structure is ready he turns it over to the real-estate man.

Suppose you had an advanced idea in real estate—say the idea of putting an automatic restaurant in an expensive Broadway block. Formerly you took your plans not to a bond company but to a staid old financial institution that, far from doing any pioneering, was frightened by the suggestion. Your application for a loan was passed upon by men tried and true, with many years' experience in the appraising of realty. Their No meant nothing to them, but their Yes might mean harm, because their judgment was not asked. Their positions and the whole safety of the institution depended upon taking no risks and using no original judgment whatever. Your novelty was, to these gentlemen, simply a freak. Nothing of the kind had ever been tried on Broadway. The idea that it would pay directly was preposterous.

Up-and-Coming Money Lenders

Then imagine what sort of reception you would get if you told them that your restaurant was being deliberately put on Broadway to be laughed at! As part of a growing chain, patronized by theatrical folk who would chaff about it, you would get national publicity. When they were shown your building plans, and discovered that for the sake of a clear expanse of floor space your roof was carried on one central column, that usually settled the business.

Or the representative real-estate firm employed a firm of appraisers whose grandfathers had appraised property before them, whose judgment and firm name were synonymous with safety, who would appraise property at about 90 per cent of its actual cost, and upon which the financial institution might loan 60 per cent of that 90—provided you did not want to put up a freak building or take any chances.

Common sense often shrieked its loudest in novel and even peculiar projects, because a revolution was—and is still—going on in real estate, not only in its values but in its uses. The bond companies saw what was going on, understood that the novel and peculiar enterprise might be not only safe but far more profitable than the so-called conservative proposition—which was probably a back number. Realizing these conditions, they took advantage of them and have often been constructive pioneers in the art and science of modern, up-to-date building efficiency in the division of the many divisible factors incident to the life and growth of the many different communities.

The other day a woman showed some bonds to the president of her bank and asked him what he thought of them as an investment. They were 6 per cent mortgage bonds of a $1,500,000 issue, secured by a certain piece of property.

"Madam, do you see that old rookery on the opposite corner?" he asked, pointing

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NEW YORK

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They Retain the Style Lines Longer

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Others at
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HATS FOR YOUNG MEN

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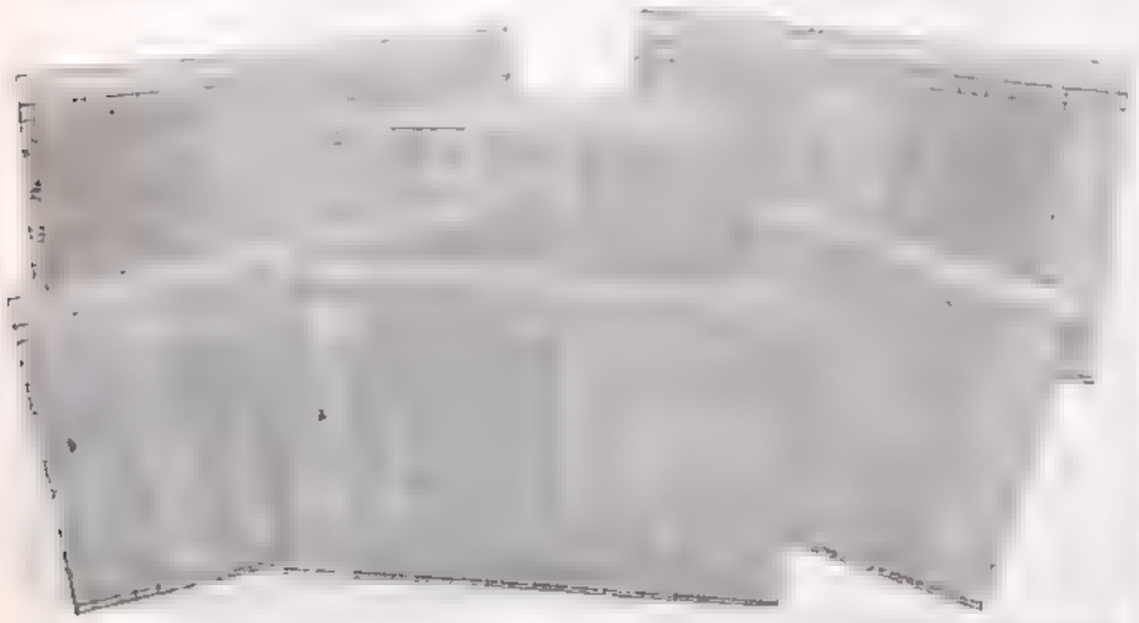

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National Blank Book Company

LOOSE LEAF AND BOUND BOOKS

out the window. "That is the security for your bonds!"

The old building he indicated was worthless to anybody but the housewrecker. The land upon which it stood was worth not more than one-fifth the amount of the bond issue.

Had the good lady been swindled? No; her money was reasonably safe. She had put it behind a speculative builder's shoestring. An office building was going up on that corner. It would cost, with the land, about $1,800,000. The builder had very little money of his own—just enough to start the enterprise. The mortgage bond company was therefore asked to lend 85 per cent of the value of the whole improvement before the old building on the site was torn down. To do that it was necessary to charge a rate high enough so investors buying bonds could be attracted by 6 per cent interest, and the company got a 10 or 15 per cent commission on top of that. A life-insurance company might have lent up to 70 per cent of the value before construction, and charged 1 per cent commission on 6 per cent money. A savings bank regulated by the laws of a state like New York would have lent 60 per cent of the value, generally after the building was finished, but would have charged no commission, and on an attractive mortgage might have made the interest rate as low as 5½ per cent the first five years and 5 per cent thereafter. Thus the more money of their own people will put into any building enterprise, the more favorable are the borrowing terms.

The highest of all charges in speculative building are those on the small two-story house costing $5000 to $7500. Almost anyone can build such a house. The carpenter, bricklayer or plumber out of work, with a shoestring of a few hundred dollars saved up, builds a good two-story house, sells it at a reasonable price and makes a satisfactory profit. With his profit he builds another, and another. About the time the sixth has been built he says to himself, "Why not become a builder on a bigger scale?" Until then, probably the material dealers have financed him. Now he must go into the money market with his shoestring and borrow on such terms that his houses cost more, and perhaps he must also scamp them. The outcome is that people who buy such houses often pay high prices. But the carpenter would be glad to build them an honest house at a reasonable profit if they got under the financial load with one-quarter the cost of the house in cash and the rest on mortgage.

When Tenants Pull Together

Coöperative ownership began with apartment houses in New York City, and in spite of some false exploitation has demonstrated its soundness and economy along sane lines. In real cooperation the future owners get together, plan and finance their enterprise, carry it out themselves, and profit by the savings in construction, interest, commissions and fees. In false cooperation some promoter does the planning, includes a large profit for himself, and then sells shares in the enterprise to the ultimate owners; it is a salesman's proposition pure and simple, and naturally the salesmanship must be paid for.

What has been found economical in the joint ownership of homes can be applied just as successfully to business buildings. The largest cooperative enterprise thus far undertaken in business premises is the Garment Center Capitol, near the Pennsylvania Terminal in New York City. It consists of two great loft buildings for garment manufacturing, one twenty-four stories high and the other seventeen, with a total floor area of 1,500,000 square feet, cost about $15,000,000, and is a striking example of true cooperation. Under landlords, rent had become an intolerable burden to these manufacturers. It was necessary for them to be located in some neighborhood where buyers could see their different lines in the shortest time and with the least traveling. They had crowded into Fifth Avenue and its side streets, a section of the city where real-estate values are among the highest and space cost not less than $1.50 a square foot yearly. The cooperative buildings were not only planned and financed by manufacturers, but actually built by one of the garment manufacturers who rejected contractors' bids when they were found too high, left his own garment business for the time being and turned contractor for his associates, erecting the buildings for much less than the lowest bid.

In this Garment Center Capitol the cost of space has been brought down to one dollar a square foot. The manufacturers are grouped more compactly for the convenience of their customers. Besides, there are other economies. Fire and sprinkler insurance used to cost as high as sixty-five cents per $100 when they were scattered in buildings where the fire hazard was greater. It now costs only nine cents. Burglary protection formerly cost each manufacturer from $500 to $1000 a year. It is now an insignificant item in the operation of the buildings which have their own day and night patrol. Injuries to employes formerly cost each manufacturer $500 to $1000 a year in doctors' bills, compensation and lost time. The coöperative buildings have a hospital where any injured employe receives prompt treatment, and the average cost of minor mishaps has been brought down to less than fifty dollars. All told, a garment manufacturer who formerly paid $25,000 a year for rent, insurance and protection to his employes and property now saves fully $10,000 a year of that money, and the coöperative idea is being extended to the purchase of materials, machinery and supplies, with further economies. And most important of all is that his condition spells "permanency." He is now at the mercy of no one; he rules supreme.

Wasteful Use of Real Estate

A little way back I used a word that seems to be new—preorganization. It stands for the most important thing in cooperative building, a guaranty of success on one end or a stumblingblock that means failure on the other.

Some years ago a thoroughly novel cooperative building enterprise of a business character was projected. Its promoters had discovered a great national demand for accommodations centering in New York City, and proposed supplying it on a plan whereby people who wanted this service could get it at approximately half price with a moderate investment in the stock of a corporation, and earn a profit on the patronage of those who were not stockholders. There is enough business to carry such a project through to commercial success, and it will be done ultimately. But in this case preorganization was not so strong as it should have been, and I am told that the enterprise was stopped for lack of money. Had shareholders been persuaded to put enough of their money in beforehand there would have been no difficulty in completing the financing. A small coöperative shoestring is no stronger than that of a speculative builder, of course.

Wasteful use of real estate is another kind of profiteering for which people who complain about it most are usually most responsible. Step into the average office in London, where real-estate values are exceptionally high—much above those in any American city. You will transact business running into hundreds of thousands of dollars with a man whose surroundings seem cramped and, being an American, will wonder what sort of business he does. That Londoner probably has 25,000 people working for him. Not in London, where rents are high, however, but out in the suburbs and up in the factory towns of the Midlands. He has learned to use real estate with economic efficiency.

In New York, on the other hand, I can take you to the clerical offices of a corporation that pays two dollars a year per square foot for space near the heart of the city to house an accounting force of 3000 employes. The whole department could be moved over into Long Island City and accommodated on space costing thirty cents a square foot and do its work just as well. It is kept in New York chiefly for the convenience of twenty-five or thirty executive officers who want to be in the swim and dislike going to a suburb.

To show what can be done along the lines of economic efficiency in just one branch of real estate, let us take up the question of hotels that give service along entirely different lines from what the general public is accustomed to receiving and what it ordinarily demands.

A push button in a room in any hotel will cause you to be charged practically double the rates asked without this service. The Mills hotels, in the public mind, are semi-charitable institutions. Their founder conceived the pioneer idea of a hotel room without a push button, cut down drastically to the actual necessities of a hotel room,

(Continued on Page 108)

Please Send the Coupon

For a 10-Day Test.
It is Free.

Protect the Enamel

Pepsodent disintegrates the film, then removes it with an agent far softer than enamel. Never use a film combatant which contains harsh grit.

Lessons from the Tropics

How dental science found the way to whiter, cleaner, safer teeth

The 7-year fight on film

Dental science found that film on teeth was the cause of most tooth troubles. It clouds the teeth, leads to decay, breeds millions of germs.

So investigators started to solve this great film problem. And they found a suggestion for its solution in the food habits of the people of the Tropics.

How film attacks

Film is that viscous coat you feel. It is ever-present, ever-forming. Much of it clings and stays. Unless removed, it becomes discolored, then forms dingy coats.

With men who smoke those film-coats often become dark. With all folks they are clouded more or less. That is why teeth lose luster.

Film also holds food substance which ferments and forms acid. It holds the acid in contact with the teeth to cause decay. Germs breed by millions in it. They cause many serious troubles, local and internal.

So authorities found that a major essential was a daily fight on film.

Some peoples almost immune

Among most peoples, some 49 in 50 suffer from tooth troubles. But other peoples were found who were almost immune to tooth troubles. So scientists sought the reasons.

It was traced to elements in fruit, which those peoples eat all day long. It was therefore decided to apply those elements in a modern dentifrice.

Thus a way was found to disintegrate film at all stages of formation. Then a way to remove it without harmful scouring.

Able authorities proved these methods by many careful tests. Then a new-type tooth paste was created to apply them daily. The name is Pepsodent.

Leading dentists the world over began to advise this method. Now, after seven years, careful people of some 50 nations use Pepsodent twice daily.

Other fruit effects

It was also found that certain fruit elements do other things essential. They multiply the alkalinity of the saliva. That is there to neutralize mouth acids. They multiply the starch digestant in saliva. That is there to digest starch deposits which may otherwise ferment and form acids.

Pepsodent was made to bring similar results. Thus every use gives manifold power to these great tooth-protecting agents in the mouth.

These discoveries have brought to countless homes in every clime a new dental era.

Now millions daily see the benefits

Now millions of people every day enjoy the delightful results. You see glistening teeth wherever you look today. You see people smile to show them.

Those whiter teeth mean safer, cleaner teeth as well. They mean to children new protection against troubles which you suffered. They mean to adults new beauty and new charm.

Watch it ten days

We urge you, for your own sake, to learn these Pepsodent-effects. They are quick and apparent, and they will delight you.

Send the coupon for a 10-Day Tube. Note how clean the teeth feel after using. Mark the absence of the viscous film. See how teeth become whiter as the film-coats disappear.

Then judge by what you see and feel what Pepsodent can mean to you and yours. Cut out the coupon so you won't forget.

Pepsodent PAT. OFF. REG U S.

The New-Day Dentifrice

A scientific tooth paste based on modern research.
Now advised by leading dentists the world over.
Used by careful people of some 50 nations.

Canadian Office and Laboratories:
191 George St., Toronto, Canada

10-DAY TUBE FREE 1313

THE PEPSODENT COMPANY,
Dept. 493, 1104 S. Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill.
Mail 10-Day Tube of Pepsodent to

Only one tube to a family

Daytime Night time

Soon every davenport will have a bed—

but only one can have a *box-spring guest-bed!*

ROYAL is a new kind of davenport. None of its beauty or depth of yielding comfort is sacrificed to make room for the much desired extra bed. By means of an entirely new principle, the Royal Easy Davenport can be instantly converted into a double width luxurious box-spring guest-bed, identical in comfort with the very highest grade inner-spring mattresses. And it pulls out like a dresser drawer! Both these features are exclusively Royal.

Pulls Out Like a Dresser Drawer

The bed glides on noiseless steel rollers. A child can make the change from davenport to bed in a few seconds. No extra mattress is needed.

Exquisite Style and Beauty

The Royal Easy Davenport is a superfine piece of living room furniture, exquisite in style, coverings and workmanship. Similar spring construction is found only in the most expensive overstuffed furniture. Yet Royal costs no more than ordinary bed-davenports with flat cot-springs.

Cedar-Cover Bedding Compartment

In the base of every Royal Easy Davenport is a handy cedar cover compartment where you may keep all your bedding and pillows free from moths and dust. You will find this great convenience in no other davenport. Ask to see it.

In addition to Royal's beauty and luxury, and its box-spring guest-bed, there is in the base a cedar-cover compartment where all your bedding and pillows may be kept free from moths and dust. No other davenport has this. Ask to see these important improvements.

"The World's Easiest Easy Chair"

Push the button and the back reclines. Disappearing ottoman pulls out to just the right length. Now used in suites to match the Royal Easy Davenport.

Now being shown by dealers everywhere in beautiful mohairs, velours, tapestries and leathers, and sold in suites to match the famous Royal Easy Chair. Ask to see the "Bed Davenport Suite of Nearly One Thousand Springs." Illustrated literature sent free on request.

ROYAL EASY CHAIR CORPORATION
33 Chicago Street, Sturgis, Michigan

Royal Easy Davenports
"WITH THE BOX-SPRING GUEST BED"

(Continued from Page 106)

but with those necessities comfortable and good. He financed this idea, and the rates charged for the service given are so low compared with hotel service as the general public knows and buys it that the Mills hotels are supposed to be charities. But they are not—they pay handsomely on the investment. The rates are around a dollar a day for a room in a first-class modern fireproof building, with all sanitary arrangements, conveniences for social intercourse, with luxurious dining rooms and dining accommodations. I am told that they yield much over 10 per cent interest per annum on the investment. They use real estate with economic efficiency.

The success of the Allerton House chain of hotels in New York, at first for males only, and now others for females only, is another concrete example of the results of economy and management in the arrangement of space, and has been very profitable to the promoters. The rooms are small. Ice water is supplied from a spigot in the corridor. Just enough linen is allotted to each guest per day—none to waste. Public bathrooms are established within easy access to all. Trunks are checked in the basement; there is no space for them in the rooms. The roof is made into a composite playground, ballroom and roof garden, where, on stated occasions, the lady friends of the guests may assemble. There is a central meeting and lounging room. Thus every inch of what is commonly known as by-product space—basement and roof—is utilized. The rates at this institution when started were about a dollar a day for a room. I am informed that by reason of their great success, prices have been materially advanced, but in a small way they supply the demand. Many more institutions of similar character are sadly needed.

I remember years ago going into a lodging house in the slum section of Philadelphia for the purpose of examining the property to pass upon a loan. By the roughest kinds of divisions that can be made the rooms in an old-fashioned four-story residence, which had formerly been about a ten-room house, had been converted into sleeping quarters for about seventy-five people. The place was as clean as the proverbial whistle. The beds were cots and one slept between blankets, not sheets. Each space had a closet and a chair. The charge per night was fifty cents. I took an interest in the proprietor, whom I met. His ideas were morally wholesome, his business ability unquestionable. After an investigation I found that he had come East from a life of outdoor work in the West and that he was a home-loving, wife-loving and a thoroughly clean-minded individual. About ten years after I met this man he was killed in an accident, but before he died he was managing four large establishments belonging to himself, and left his family in a very comfortable financial position. These establishments did more good, conducted in the manner in which they were, than any financial institution of many times their size I have ever encountered, and if there has ever been any charitable or benevolent institution within two hundred miles that I have escaped it will be news to me.

Paying for Landmark Value

The trouble with most people who have important use for real estate is that they look around for desirable locations and are highly pleased when they find them. They don't know the meaning of the word "permanency." They don't stop to realize that the very prize which they have obtained will be wanted by others as they succeed in making that particular location or spot desirable. Prospective tenants are always willing, eager and anxious to pay for insurance. The average man's judgment has been good. He generally gambles on the word "permanency."

I have before me now the example of a man who rented a store from me in a prominent Broadway section just ten years ago. He paid $7500 a year. He could have had the store for twenty years just as easily, but because his judgment was limited to ten years, which seemed long to him, he is today begging for a renewal at $15,000 a year, and it is very doubtful whether he will obtain a renewal upon any such basis, as he has established a very profitable business, built up practically upon location alone—a condition well known to the trade. The agent who manages the building is, of course, duty-bound to obtain the best rent possible for his client. He is in no position, however, to do other than give the old tenant the preference.

These conditions in many cases can be easily obviated. When you know your business is right, when you know your judgment is perfect, don't sit back in calm contentment and say "Oh, I have so many years to run before my lease expires." Probably the owner, too, is marking time, and may be regretting the bad bargain he made with you. Buy the use of real estate with economic efficiency.

A peculiar condition has presented itself around the Fifth Avenue and Forty-second Street section of New York City. There are very few corners which stand out. Anyone with European knowledge can instantly visualize the corner of the Rue de la Paix and the Avenue de l'Opéra. It has been truly said that one can sit there and see the world go by. Fifth Avenue and Forty-second Street is arriving, if it has not already arrived, at the same condition, but what it has received in reflected benefits is more in point of value than the Paris location. The particular corner buildings immediately adjacent to the Fifth Avenue and Forty-second Street section are such fixed landmarks through the entire country that people are compelled today to pay for space in these structures for more than actual occupancy. Here representation is commercialized, and one pays for the advantage of so conspicuous a location.

I believe in a different sense representation has also entered into the value of realty in the banking business. These institutions are paying far advanced prices for real estate and space.

Banks Like Churches

For years operators had great difficulty in dealing with banking institutions. There seemed to be a general rule whereby a bank had to have space not less than forty feet in height. Probably the banks thought that the nearer the institution resembled a church the more faith the community would have in it.

Now, forty feet in height costs money. You don't even save the floor which would be erected to clear at least three stories out of the forty feet in height, because that item is eaten up by extra expense incident either to cantilevering or throwing costly girders across the space in order to obtain the desired height. One saves nothing in heating or maintenance, and the elevators in tall buildings would travel unnecessarily. All this, however, has changed, and this frightful waste of space is now being gradually eliminated.

Another example of a revolutionary character in the building line has just reached the starting stage. Suppose you are a doctor and your specialty is cancer. You cannot tell what a prospective patient may require until diagnosis is made; it may be necessary to call in other specialists for the diagnosis itself. You will work best if you have within easy reach every medical and surgical facility. Your prospective patient may have ample means to pay for treatment and may object to going to a public hospital, which is a charitable institution. Nor can you find in a sanitarium the proper facilities, on account of the individual rules and regulations.

Ergo!—enter the medical hotel, an establishment now projected in New York, where under one roof every specialist, with every necessary appliance, will be within easy call; where the operating rooms will be as complete as science and money can make them; where a patient suffering from cancer, say, which is not contagious and does not require seclusion, can live normally, in hotel accommodations.

In conclusion, if any other form of business endeavor had received the same amount of discouragement that the pioneers who were engaged in the realty field have encountered, big business would never have come into being. There is but one good condition, however, which arises from the lack of realty vision of the moneyed interests of this country—the opportunities to make money by the daring who have good judgment are manifold. Whether the results are obtained in the form of coöperation for one's individual needs or from the result of investment in judicious enterprises—no matter in what form they may be, great opportunities are ever present so long as they meet the demands of the investing public.

Editor's Note—This is the fifth of a series of articles by Mr. Inman. The next will appear in an early issue

SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES

(Continued from Page 28)

The ex-Kaiser made the mistake of his life when he fled into Holland. He can never be anything in Holland. Had he gone into some Western state and obligated himself to raise the price of wheat he might have rounded out his career in the United States Senate.

The motion-picture impresarios have paid a leading American author a great compliment. In filming his latest novel they retained two of the author's characters. The custom is to retain only the title of the book, although in cases where the book has not been a best seller that is not always done.

The story that socialism is being taught in the colleges rises from its embers two or three times a year to disturb those who cling to the established order. Probably of certain colleges and in degree it is true. But patience in the circumstance is indicated. There is really nothing to be disturbed about. The college boy is a pretty wise individual. He forgets nearly everything he learned at school as soon as he discovers it isn't true.

The rule is that the marriageable man whose personal investiture or table manners attract the unfavorable attention of a woman hasn't a chance in the world to get away. Women love men for what they can do for them, or for what they hope to be able to do for them.

It is worthy of note that no individual has gained wide popularity in this or any other country by advising the people to go to work.

The Filipinos want independence and considering the wrongs they have suffered at the hands of this country, their desire for freedom is not surprising. We have compelled the Filipino to go to school, clean up his premises, build roads and bridges, observe sanitary regulations and maintain order. Small wonder that he resents these indignities and wishes to be free of them. Probably nobody in this country cares much about it one way or the other. If it were desired to punish the Filipino, letting him have his freedom would be as good a way as any. But since this country is always committing itself to some eleemosynary project, it is likely it will go ahead with the one in the Philippines. It does have bad luck, though, in its eleemosynary adventures. A matter of twenty-five years ago it went down and freed Cuba from Spain, and the Cubans are indignant about it yet.

The Filipinos could learn a good deal about the annoyances of freedom by studying the history of this country. We fought eight years to free ourselves from the yoke of Great Britain and nobody has been satisfied since the surrender at Yorktown.

The steel industry has inaugurated the eight-hour day. It is a step forward and in line with public opinion. The time is coming—perhaps it is not far distant—when only farmers, farmers' wives, and those who must devise ways and means to meet the pay roll will work twelve hours a day.

There is considerable criticism of the author of a recent book who, after ridding the country of seven of its most disagreeable characters by casting them away on a desert island, subsequently sent a ship to their rescue. Still, getting rid of seven fools wouldn't have helped much. Probably it made no difference that he brought them back.

Probably the best man in the country could not be elected to office if he ran on his record as a good man. Men voters, particularly, dislike candidates who are better than themselves, and they won't stand for much talk about it. —*Jay E. House.*

"Gee! What an Opportunity! And I Can't Hold Half of It!"

LEAVE IT TO THE MIRROR!

A YOUNG'S HAT looks better in the store than in a picture—and better on your head than in the store. This is because Young has a way of adding something to his hats that lends an air of distinction to them and to the men who wear them.

The country-wide popularity of Young's Hats which has won for them their title, "The Sky-Line of the Nation," is due principally to this *added* quality, instantly recognizable when you put your Young's Hat on your head; *it makes you look your best.*

Let your next hat be a Young's. You'll find that it is the most stylish and becoming hat you ever owned—and that it retains its good looks in spite of wear and weather.

Young's at $5.00 is the standard of hat value the country over. Other qualities at other prices. The Young hat-box illustrated above portrays "The Sky-Line of the Nation," consisting of representative buildings of America's great style centers. It symbolizes the nation-wide popularity of Young's Hats among the best dressed men from coast to coast. Buy your hats where you see this box displayed.

THE YOUNG HAT CO., 200 FIFTH AVE., NEW YORK
FACTORY: NORWALK, CONN.

Young's Hats
NONE BETTER MADE

FELT HATS *Wear Young's Hats for correct and becoming style THE YEAR ROUND* STRAW HATS

E. H. Thompson wins the Old Timers' prize of $500.00 for the most interesting photograph and story of tire-grief in the ancient days of motoring—prior to 1905.

In the Days of Mileage Guarantees

(Prize Winning Photograph and Story)

I am enclosing a picture of myself making a tire repair in 1904.
In those days tires were the torment of motoring.
We used an acid cure cement, perhaps the patch stayed on but more than likely it came off the first ten miles.
The casings were mostly sold on 2500 to 3000 mile guarantee. Some took us through all right, but I believe a safe estimate is 50% went bad in the first 1000 miles.
Since then I have had tires that went 20,000 miles and never off the rim.
The most I can say is Year by year in every way they are getting better and better."

E. H. Thompson

University Place, Nebraska
August 11, 1923

Note: The rear-entrance tonneau, the interesting headgear, and the high price of tires are all relics of a pioneering day. Mr Thompson adds on the reverse of his picture that the photo was "taken Sept. 1st, east of Lincoln, Nebraska, about twenty miles, on what is now the L. O. & L. short line. Car—Cadillac Model A. Casing and tube, 28 x 3, cost $54.50."

Car Owners—This Old Timers' Contest shows that tires nowadays last longer and roll farther than anyone dreamed was possible a few years ago. Give them ordinary care and they will give you extraordinary service. Send for Free Booklet—"The Care of Pneumatic Tires"—or ask your dealer. The Rubber Association of America—250 W. 57th St., New York.

The small pictures are only a few of the hundreds received from Old Timers showing the tire-grief that prevailed in the days of mileage guarantees. What a fitting border for the prize picture! What a telling background for the tire user of today to contemplate!

Today you buy tires on their merits—

James H. Hare wins the Old Timers' prize of $500.00 for the most interesting photo and story of tire-grief in the dark ages from 1905 to 1915.

In the Days of Mileage Guarantees

(Prize Winning Photograph and Story)

Of course we had tire trouble on that memorable journey from Brooklyn to Buffalo in 1907! That was only to be expected. But I took along a couple of tire boots or "Mansions" as they were then called and bought more en route, also several extra inner tubes, besides patches, patching solution and rubber paste to fill in cuts and abrasions, and rope to wrap around the wheels if necessary, to get traction

We reached Buffalo two weeks after leaving Brooklyn. The Mohawk Valley was flooded and our clincher tires suffered from the effects of bad roads. Without the tire boots we never would have reached our destination

In those days when the tires had gone over 1,000 miles they really were ready for the scrap heap, but we stuck religiously to them and wasted much time tinkering with them to repair them.

Brooklyn, N. Y.
July 31, 1923

Tires were not the only trouble we had in 1907. Tops to cars when I bought my "latest, up-to-date" creation were considered a luxury and were not part of the equipment, but could be bought later as an extra if you were so effeminate as to want one. Wind shields were a later development for the feeble drivers who objected to a little dust or cold air

The bad roads were responsible for our taking two weeks, but we enjoyed the trip, made many acquaintances as we stopped to repair tires, and finally reached our destination, passengers covered with dust from head to foot, brass lamps covered up to protect them from dust and mud, and car bumping along on the uneven tires.

Last year we made the trip to Buffalo and return with the same air in the tires that we left home with.

James H. Hare

Tire Dealers—Display these pictures.

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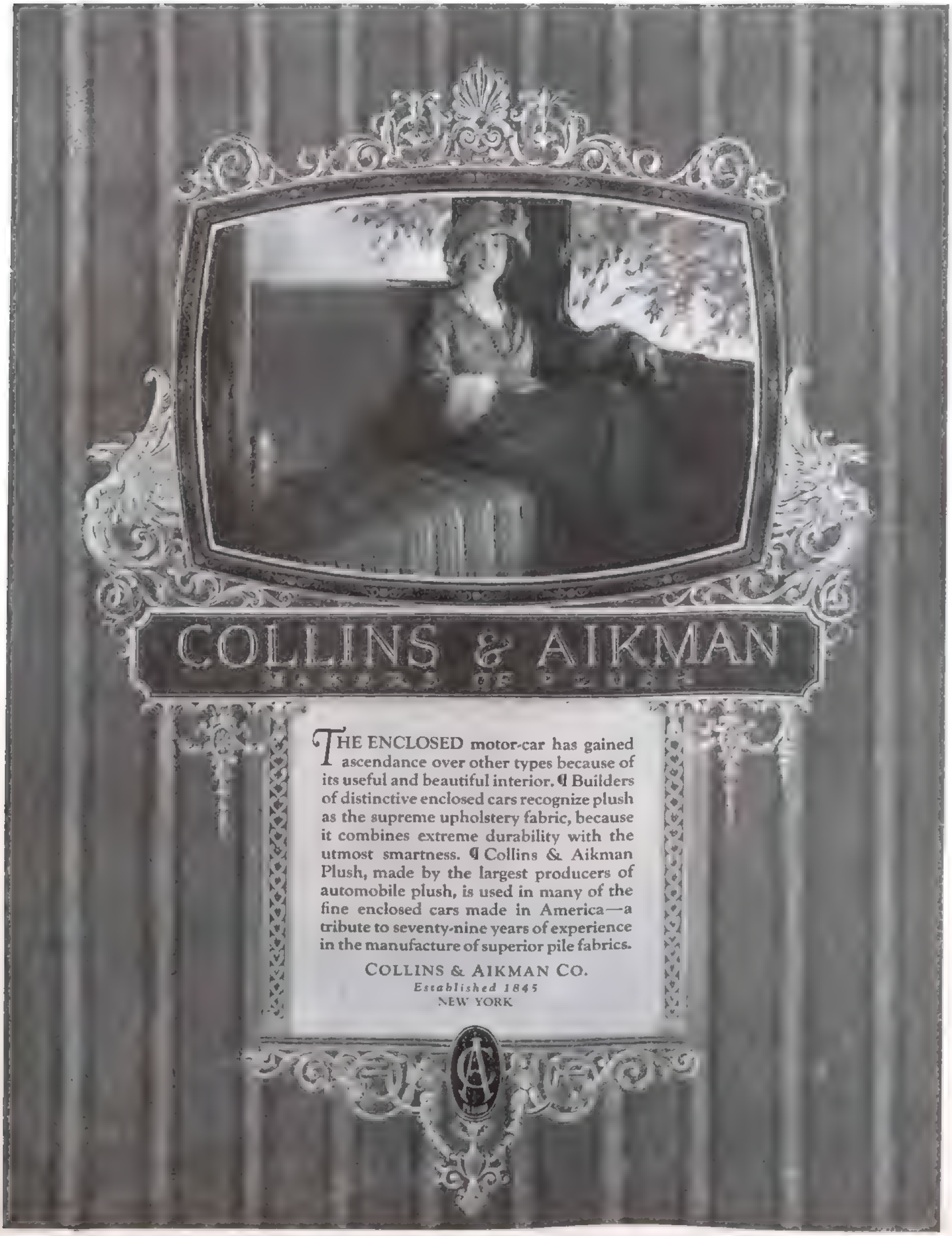

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COLLINS & AIKMAN CO.
Established 1845
NEW YORK

FEED AND CHICKEN FEED

(Continued from Page 11)

"Sheriff, collect this fine and give the customary receipt." The judge reached for his calendar and idly scanned it.

"Don't give out nothing! Go to the jail then! Ask him does he make it somepun off fur cash!"

Tippora twitched feverously at his coat tails, distract between her husband and her ducats.

But it was not, after all, Tippora who brought destiny to heel in that climactic moment. It was a groan, and it emerged from a side seat near the judge's desk. It was a wheezing groan, unconscious even to its author, and it attested merely that the reluctant muscles of a lazy man were getting under way. The Evangelicals had heard it issue from the same source a thousand times; their eyes did not even waver toward Sheriff Ofendahl as he heaved out of his chair to obey the court's mandate.

Adlai's fingers stopped leafing off greenbacks. His eyes fastened in wide contemplation upon the official who was lumbering toward him. Even this mild exertion seemed too much for his leisure-soft body; he breathed noisily and mopped his oozing neck and cheeks.

Adlai replaced the poke decisively in his pocket. He advanced a couple of steps toward the rostrum.

"I go to jail," he said.

The judge looked up sharply.

"You understand, do you, Mr. Kutz, that you may escape jail sentence by paying the fine?"

"Yes, I can see that all right. But—I go to jail, still."

He turned toward the smitten Tippora. He spoke almost buoyantly.

"Well, I give youse good-by then, Tippie. Take good care to your health." His mild gaze swept the stupefied concourse of his friends and neighbors. "She'll keep everything up good," he murmured assuringly.

He turned toward the sheriff, whose incurving fingers were even then rasping impatiently at his sleeve. A smile like a triumphant fishworm wriggled across the official's thick lips as he bore Adlai from the court room.

"You put your mister to the jail!" gasped an overwrought Evangelical sister as the horror-struck crowd surged from the room.

"I never neither!" defended Tippora with limp conviction. "He upt and put hisself there." And added the buttress: "And I ain't wisiting him, not if he lays at the jail till he rots, still!"

The jail was a two-storied structure in the middle of Dentonville. The lower floor was occupied by the living quarters of the sheriff's family; upon the second floor were the cells.

Adlai was a most exasperating prisoner. He had eaten and slept but little during the ten days of his public exhibition as a criminal, and he made up for it now by sleeping almost continuously for thirty-six hours and by consuming with gusto the contents of the huge trays borne to him by Mrs. Ofendahl.

He did not seem to resent the significant rasp of the key which the sheriff nonchalantly twisted back and forth in his iron door. He did not seem to resent any feature of his restricted condition. He arranged his simple belongings with pleasurable precision and sat or lay in the midst of them like a well-fed animal content with its lair. He beamed upon his jailer each time he puffed up the stone steps and down the corridor.

"It's some tough on legs, ain't it?" he would cry. Or, tapping his walls of thick stone, "It's some selfish to have the only cool place fur to set in this here swelt'rin' weather." Or, "Don't do it to melt down, all, sheriff. We got fur to have somebody to ketch us such times as we git onlawful."

The sheriff began to have an uneasy conviction that there was something rotten in Dentonville.

"He'd ought to git a shamed face in front of the town, gittin' put to the jail that way," he growled after his final descent of the steps one sultry night. "It's easy seen he ain't got morals or he wouldn't just be—just be ——"

"Just be—what, then?" prompted Mrs. Ofendahl placidly.

"Well, just a-layin' up there." The sheriff twitched his shoulders in baffled irritation and spat viciously out of the door.

Sarah Ofendahl, inexpressibly literal, and shapeless both of body and mind, gazed at her husband over her interminably half-knitted sock and inquired, "Well, what could he otherwise do but just to lay? It's his wacation, ain't? He says, anyway."

"Wacation!" howled the sheriff, leaping as one punctured by a hornet. "Is that, now, how he puts it out? Wacation! And me a-fetchin' and a-packin' and a-doin' and a-sweatin' at in through this swanged weather all. What does he conceit I am, then? His chore boy oncet? Is it me got him in custardy, or him me?" The momentum of this new point of view hoisted him from his chair; he began to ramp the room, curious bubbling sounds breaking in his throat. "He will see, still, if I fetch at him like I done this two weeks back a'ready. Me, stuck tight to this here oven like a fly with a pin at!"

He glared down upon his wife, and there he saw what he had scarcely seen in the thirteen years of their married life. A dimple which had been Sarah Hottenstein's chief claim upon masculine favor during her awkwardly coquettish girlhood was flaring again in her smooth cheek—in and out, in and out; and it conveyed to the amazed sheriff as plainly as the consecutive flashes of the block system: Danger! Look Out!

What she said was disturbing, too, in its unusual perspicacity:

"Yes, well, but. Till next month it fetches election, and I guess if you didn't do him just so good you would git the right to worry fur your job. He says, still, where he controls such a many wotes that way. You could easy see it at him, too, the comp'ny he gits. A body would think Brother Kutz was, now, a saloon, the way the men hang at him. Preacher, even, come fur to set a spell today. Kutz, he says, he never wisited so much in all ——"

"He says and he says and he says!" The sheriff ripped down the buttons of his shirt and exposed a bosom dripping like an oversaturated sponge. "And where was you a hearin' him blow off his blab so much? Answer me up now!"

"I got fur to fetch his meals, ain't?"

"You ain't got fur to prig around a-makin' eyes ower no married man. You mind of that! I guess I would got to pack them there platters at him myself."

"That would save some too," agreed Sarah.

Her husband sagged down into a chair and stared at his wife longer and more speculatively than at any time since the days of his courtship. He shot up suddenly as though his thoughts had exploded within him and rushed from the house, banging the door. Sarah Ofendahl neatly turned the heel of her sock. Then she took the lamp and padded up the stone stairs to the jail.

There is no mental weed which grows so rapidly in the teeming garden of the mind as suspicion. Its voracious rootlets seize upon the incoming impressions of all the five senses and transmute them into poison for its own growth.

Whether he came or went, the sheriff was in pother. If he left the house, he was tormented with a vision of his wife ponderously ensconced in a rocking-chair close by the cell, her tongue and her knitting needles coyly clicking. If he remained at home, goads pricked him from all directions. Sarah was expressing her renewed pleasure in life through a dismal caterwauling which she designated psalm singing, and which, suspiciously enough, she had not indulged in since the early days of her honeymoon.

Moreover, Mrs. Ofendahl was surpassing her own notorious record as fancy cook. Eating, which had always been the chief pleasure of the sheriff's simple life, became a burden, and desire for food failed, since he had either to stagger up the stone stairs under a monumental tray, or—even more galling—eavesdropping at the foot of the steps, to hear such fragments as: "I hope, now, you feel fur your wittles today." "A bite of lemon rice, if it is you good enough." "Does the cheesecake set good to your stummick, Brother Kutz?" And the fervent replies: "Don't git scared I'll git anyways tired of the smearcase how you fix it." "Such ponhaus, still, I ain't ever laid tongue to since I was born a'ready." "With three kinds of pie to one meal, I could lay it on youse, Sadie, if I would git that fat mister would got to chop the jail down fur to git me out."

That his movements should be thus hampered before the impending election was peculiarly exasperating to the incumbent; the most spectacular period of his official life had been the preelection month in which, throned upon his steed, he had fared about the county, royally bestowing election cards upon his sweating, haying constituents. Now, when he rode at all, he rode hastily, pricking his horse nervously from farm to farm, and galloping homeward, eye distract, before his day's round was accomplished.

Regardless of the prisoner's political influence, the harassed official upon one occasion proffered a rebuke as he snatched back empty dishes upon the tray.

"I s'pose you ain't considered into what a talk it makes, you livin' off the county free of board this way!"

Adlai washed down with a final swig of coffee and pushed the cup toward the tray.

"Yes, well. There are others, still; and they ain't all in cells, neither," he responded with his slow smile. "I been a supportin' some such from my taxes this good while back a'ready. I'd thank youse now fur the noospaper, Brother Ofendahl, if Sadie has read in it all."

Desperate need begets desperate remedy. In a certain midnight watch, from seeds of torment, the remedy suddenly flowered in the sheriff's brain like a night-blooming cereus. Early in the morning he invoked the connivance of the bench: Could he get a court order permitting the release of the prisoner during the daylight hours, provided he were locked in his cell each night by six o'clock?

The crinkles which cornered the judge's eyes deepened.

"He's your prisoner, not mine. You administer your office under bond, don't you? Well then, if you're willing to risk your man skipping out ——"

"That there's the last thing in the world I'm scared fur," interrupted the official fervently.

He scuttled back and released the astonished prisoner. He locked the cell door behind him with decisive clangor.

"And you ain't to anyways go back in till I give you the dare," he concluded his lengthy adjurations. "You got to hunt me fur to git the key. And, mind now, you ain't to hang around this here jail through the daytimes, neither."

"I guess I kin find some place fur to set," agreed the prisoner.

The sheriff's spirits vaulted. After the heat of the mid-afternoon had waned he cantered off upon his horse. The ride was unexpectedly pleasant, enlivened as it was by a mirth-provoking scheme which occurred to him ere he had fairly left the town.

It was well-nigh ten o'clock that night ere he rode by a roundabout course into his own yard. The lower part of the house was dark, as he had expected; Sarah, each night at 8:15, ran her needles into her ball of yarn and extracted her upper teeth. A faint light crisscrossed the grim bars of the upper story; the faithful Sarah, again in inexorable custom, had placed the lamp in the upper hall.

And the prisoner—where was he? Still harrying the town in search of the key, according to the official mandate? Or, worn out and discouraged, asleep in some field, perhaps? It needed a man with such rare restraint as Ofendahl to keep from laughing aloud as he tiptoed into his silent house.

Silent? From somewhere came the sound of voices. Laughter! Upstairs! The sheriff's internal organs changed places; his stomach rose and his heart fell. Like an enormous measuring worm he humped himself silently to the foot of the steps and cocked his smitten ear upward.

"And, Brother Kutz, now, do you mind of that time where the Ewangelicals give a lap supper by Danwille ower, and how we went all, on such a wagon with straw at?"

"Do I mind oncet? Well, I would guess, anyhow. And I mind, too, who was a-settin' up keepin' comp'ny with youse in that there straw."

A giggle. "Now, ain't you?" Another giggle. "That's some strange, too, considering of how many girls you traveled with them days yet!"

"Well, I ain't just to say remembering them all, mebbe." A significant pause.

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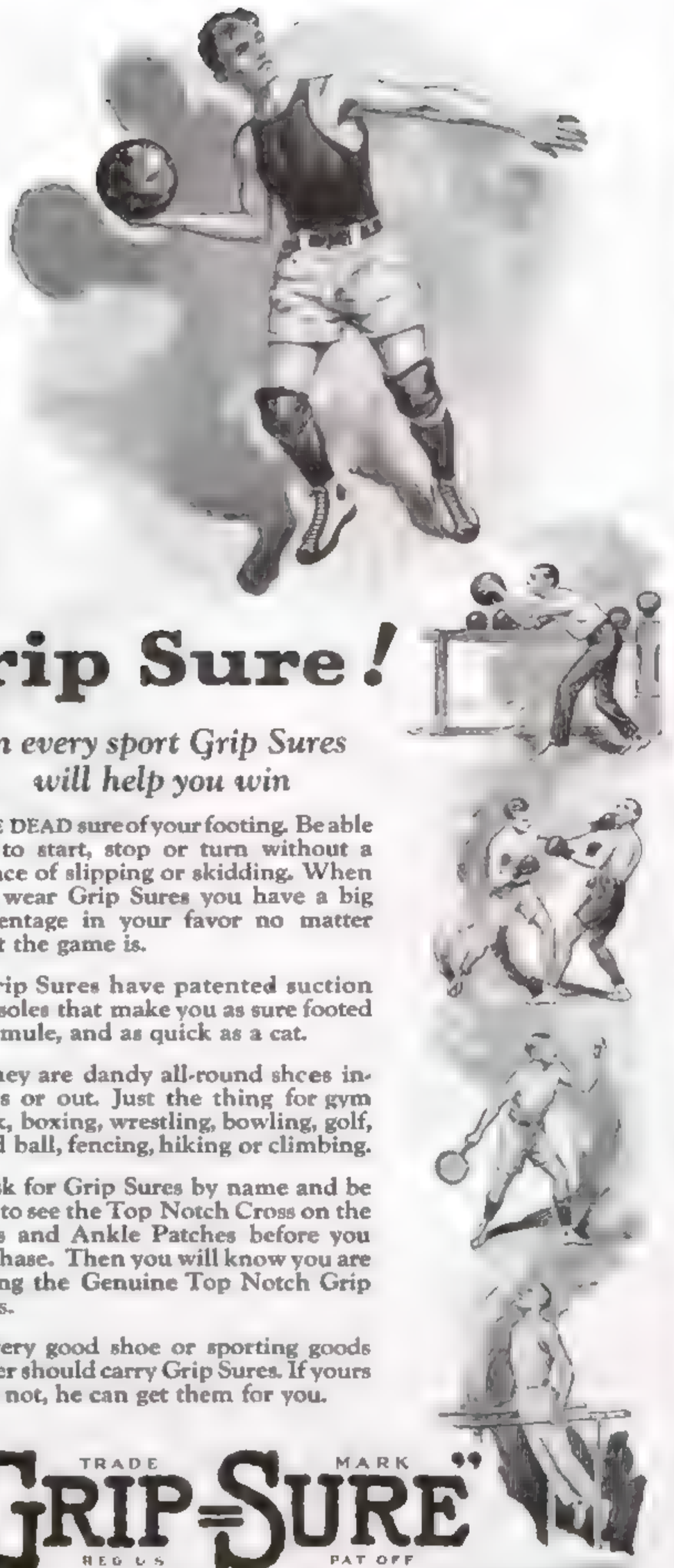

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"But here's somepun else agin. I mind of how you used to play the orgin that way; you could, now, tromp up and down onto it somepun wonderful. And I mind, still, of one time where you was a knittin' one of them red, white and blue mottoes, and me a-settin' on the sofy alongside. Pretty clost I was, if I recollect right."

A series of giggles.

"Now, ain't you fresh, though?"

The sheriff tramped swiftly and heavily up the stairs. The dimple was still flashing its disturbing semaphore when he stepped into the corridor.

"Well, if here ain't mister!" Mrs. Ofendahl stuck the knitting needles into her ball of yarn and inserted her thumb against her upper plate. "I guess it must be gettin' on towards 8:15 then. Well, good night to youse, Brother Kutz."

"Eight-fifteen!" The sheriff whipped out his watch.

"I give youse good night, Sadie."

Adlai took up a glass and pitcher from the floor and poured himself a drink.

"Well, what's this here, now, huh? Heh?" strangled the outraged husband. "You two a-settin' ——"

"You bet!" Adlai guzzled noisily. "This here winegar, sugar and water is sure popular with me. You can see it at me, Brother Ofendahl," he said gayly, "how I am obeying the law yet. I come here by six o'clock a'ready, and when youse didn't get back, me and Sadie up and et, and then I went to work and set as clost by my cell as I otherwise could, still."

The following morning the sheriff indulged in another ride. But no mirth-provoking idea conspired to make it a merry one. Its purpose was grim, and after an hour in Tippora Kutz's kitchen it appeared not only grim but futile.

"I should guess anyhow not!" The tightly twisted coil threatened to spin from the top of Tippora's head. "I passed my promise where I ain't wisiting him if he lays in the jail till he rots, still. And I ain't! Such a disgrace as he brang onto me! And such a worry, yet! The hired man a-threatenin' to quit on me fur the exter work at the hayin' and whatever. What fur a reason yet does your wife give fur such behaviors? Ain't you got no controls ower her?"

"Ain't I got controls, is it?" The sheriff, his coat tails hanging limply down either side of his chair, his eyes wide-fixed in baffled dejection, looked not unlike a grasshopper just crawled in from the wet. "I guess no feller ever lived where had more controls ower his woman than what I used to had. And now she goes around fetching them silly giggles, and when I jaw at her she just makes that way like I wasn't—well, like I wasn't nothin' perticler to her no more. I don't know what fur sign that is when they wouldn't talk nothing." He gazed anxiously at the scornful Tippie. "But this I kin give you fur gospel—they're thick. They're makin' up to each other. Mealy-mouth! He better not go tryin' fur to git my woman off me!"

Tippora burst into flame.

"Och, you talk dumb! Like as if Kutz would upt and fergit me fur that dopplig Sarah!"

"Dopplig, heh?" The sheriff bounced from his chair. "Was you insinuwating oncet where I stood up to say yes with a dopple? Such a good houseworker as what my Sarah is!" His throat rasped in a mirthless chuckle. "Well, your man ain't holdin' no such notions, anyways. Such soft-soapin' as he gives her ower the cheesecake or whatever! Pighead!"

"Don't leave me hear such foolishness! Do you make out where Sadie Ofendahl kin bake the cheesecake more toothy as where I kin bake it? Och, my souls! But what does it make to talk? If them two wants to git mushy and git slandered off the town, it makes nothing with me."

"Them that makes their beds has got to lay onto them, still," the official Parthianed darkly as he went down the steps. "And they're like to lay single, this divorce business so popular like what it is."

Tippora Kutz slept ill that night, when she slept at all. Her dreams were filled with large, succulent cheesecakes and larger, more succulent females gamboling riotously about a little man whom the sheriff had graphically described as waxing slick as a seal.

She jerked on her clothing an hour before sunrise, snatched two outraged pullets from their roost and wrung their necks with great apparent gusto. Then she built a roaring fire in her range.

It was shortly after eight o'clock when she appeared in the corridor of the jail. Like a plump peri gazing through the bars of Paradise stood Mrs. Ofendahl, clean linen over her arm, a pillow in her hand.

"It come to me, Brother Kutz, where this down piller might go pretty soft to your head. Such a wedding present it was ——"

"I guess his head goes soft enough a'ready," interrupted a dry voice.

Tippora Kutz swept magnificently toward the cell and banged a heavily weighted basket down before it.

"Well, if it ain't missus!"

"Well, is this here you now, Tippie?" Adlai, slowly rocking, smiled in pleased surprise. But—and this chill observation froze any heated remarks which might have erupted from his wife's lips—he was not effusively pleased or effusively surprised.

He bore the air of one whom life was satiating with pleasant gifts; one more or less amounted to little.

"Ain't he fat, still?" Sarah Ofendahl waved the pillow toward the cage with the proprietary air of one who exhibits a prize beast. "But I'll go hunt the key from mister and fetch him off his cell. Then you two can set and wisit nice both together."

"Wisit, in a jail oncet?" Tippora's stays creaked scornfully. "I should guess anyhow not! On a pleasure picnic we are going, him and me. Fur the day, all."

Sarah looked suddenly like a kewpie which had been unexpectedly spanked.

"Yes, well, that's nice too," she faltered. "Only me, I was figgerin' on some such spareribs and kraut fur his dinner. He likes it so bad ——"

Tippora stabbed an eloquent finger toward her basket.

"Two pullets I have got it fried. And such a cheesecake as was never baked, in Dentonwille or without."

Fell silence, fraught with destiny. The woman stared at the prisoner. The prisoner stared from the basket on the floor to Sarah, purveyor of ribs de luxe. Solomon never rendered more skillful verdict.

"Well, we don't want to waste nothing," he said easily. "S'posin', now, I was to set along with Tippie and eat off the fries fur my dinner, and then s'posin' Sadie let the spareribs till it come supper a'ready. Wouldn't that there kill both two birds with one stone, still?"

The arrangement thus effected was delightful for Adlai. It was an ever-surprising novelty, this alternation of females bearing him in turn loaded platters and weighted baskets. It smacked in reality of the Mohammedan paradise of feasting and black-eyed houris.

The climactic feature of the novelty was Tippie herself. His remonstrances with her for rushing in so early in the mornings were met with a startled expression in her eyes which puzzled him. The same look of wild alarm recurred when he urged upon her to return home earlier in the afternoons that she might not have to attend her chores after dark. Moreover, she approximated in delightful degree the girlhood Tippie who had titillated the masculine hearts of the township—vivacious, eager to please, easily entertained. Adlai looked at her slim, firm figure in its stiffly starched gingham and compared her self-gratulatingly with Sarah, whose large clumsiness always vaguely disturbed him. But, for that very reason, conscience-stricken, he bore down heavily upon Sarah's good points, emphasizing again and again her easy disposition.

"Yes, her and me, now, we have had it good together," he would remark innocently. "We have had our jokes, that I can say. And she is real intelligent that way—Sarah; she laughs ower everything I say a'ready. It's a pity of her she ain't got the dare fur to live on a farm; she fetched some tears, even, one such time, and she said where she would think she was in heaven yet if she could milk a cow oncet agin and bring off a settin' of young ducks. She makes out she can't home herself so, in the town. But then," sighed Adlai judicially, "I couldn't blame Ofendahl, neither. There is now somepun wonderful funny about this here settin', Tippie. You don't git near tired of it. The more you set, the more you want fur to set."

"Well," fidgeted Tippora scornfully, "I was never one fur to laze around."

"You ain't never tried it," argued Adlai earnestly. "You was like me, you ain't never give yourself the dare. After all, mebbe we was olding ourselves too young.

(Continued on Page 117)

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On the Pacific Coast
PAUL B. HAY
120 Battery Street, San Francisco, Calif.

(Continued from Page 114)

with all this here hard work and whatever ——"

"I guess I am as younger as what Sarah Ofendahl is, fur all her settin' and her jokin'!" bridled Tippora; then fell into abstracted silence.

But it was not only her husband's preoccupation with another woman which gave Tippora pause during those days. After the first two days of leisurely jaunting and lunching and napping, Adlai developed a restless predilection for visiting with everybody but her. He drew up at the gate of every farm.

"Hold, oncet!" He would abruptly give the reins into her hand; or, "Go wisit with the wimmin," he would command over his shoulder as he strode into the field.

The outraged Tippora began to feel that she was nothing more than a hostler. Yet she dared not protest, lest in his new, disconcerting independence he should invite, in her stead, the rival provider whom he found so entertaining.

Sarah, indeed, adapted herself skillfully to the new régime. Just as a plump puppy clings with instinctive tenacity to its first bone, so Sarah clung to this first sweet taste of appreciation which had come her way since her marriage. She changed her dinner hour from midday to night, and so arranged her tasks as to be a fairly constant lady-in-waiting upon Adlai during the mornings and evenings. Most revolutionary of all, she definitely postponed the removal of her teeth until the clock struck nine each night.

"She even takes the peas and outshells them by his door a-settin'." The wild-eyed sheriff waylaid Tippora the night before election as she untied her horse in the side yard preparatory to her solitary ride home. "Maybe that will give you an easier notion of how it goes among them. Such a gosh-swanged summer a feller never lived through, that I give you! A jail bustin' with bootleggers and murderers wouldn't have fetched me the trouble as this here Kutz, so sneaky after the female sect like what he is."

Tippora stared at him with the enrapt expression of one who listens to one thing physically while she is still hearing another mentally. Adlai's parting remark had been such, indeed, as to demand reflection.

"I don't feel fur no picnic tomorrow," he had called after her as she started down the stairs. "I guess I will hang to the town, still, and see how it makes with Ofendahl at the wotes."

He had openly winked at Sarah, and Sarah had thereupon quivered like a mound of jelly not too well set. Tippora was in no mood for further disclosures. All she needed at the moment was something upon which to boil over.

"You went and brang all the trouble onto me and onto yourself and onto everybody! I ain't ever fergittin' you was the blab where sicked Kreider onto our hommie!"

"There ain't a soul kin put it out where I recommended him to your hommie," blustered the sheriff, though his eyes fell for a moment, painful with thought. "But, anyways, that there hommie is dead and et up by the chickens a'ready. And these two mealy-mouths is a-livin' and a-carryin' on like never was. That there's where we got to consider into. And I'm tellin' you agin, your packin' him off on a picnic basket ain't fetchin' nothing." His eyes narrowed to green-mottled slits. He whispered huskily, "But here is how I have got it thoughted out: You pay that there fine—and that will let him!"

Tippora slanted from him in an irate side step.

"Me—pay off! Fur to git your woman off a man! Now that would make! Me—where let him to the jail sooner as pay out the money!"

"He let hisself to the jail fur to git hisself alongside next my woman!"

The official sliced each word with a cutting finger. That the finger touched upon a spot already raw, her startled eyes betrayed for a moment; but she veiled them shrewdly.

"That there is at one side, which way or the other," she remarked with ominous quiet. "It is your goose where is gittin' cooked fur youse. If it gits put out how your wife was a-chasin' on you, it wouldn't go so good fur you at the election; it wouldn't look near moral fur to set such an example in front of the prisoners. And then agin, I guess the woters would think, too, if you couldn't hold onto your own woman, you couldn't hold onto no crum'nals neither. So it is you where will have to pay the fine, and you can't tell me nothing different!"

"Och, you talk which-whither!" choked the official.

They spat thus in circles, wary and threatening, for a half hour. The worried incumbent was the first to suggest compromise: Let each pay half the fine and withdraw as the proceeds, the one his woman, the other her man. Tippora thereupon flew like an overheated hornet into her buggy and jerked the reins from about the whip.

"As if that dopplig Sarah was worth as much as what my Adlai is!"

"If that is how it makes with you," roared the sheriff, "then it is in your right to pay the heft of it!"

"Gid-dup!" shouted Tippora.

After all, it was not in the nature of Tippora Kutz to compromise. When it became necessary for her to take medicine, she made a face and took it, no matter how bitter.

She made several faces early in the afternoon of election day as she bitterly counted out bills into the sheriff's palm.

"You go git the release off the judge then," she snapped, "and I will go and pack at mister. Then sooner you git back with the paper, sooner we git the dum fuss done with.

"Now mind how we figgered!" she admonished as he started for the courthouse next door. "Sixty dollars was the fine, still. And he has served a'ready six weeks, all. That there is forty-five dollars' worth. Fifteen dollars it makes, then, fur them other two weeks. Seven and a half fur you and seven and a half fur me. And if he gives it 10 per cent off fur cash, then it fetches off us six-seventy-five each. Don't leave him do you nothing now!"

It was the old Tippora, distraught and belligerent, who lit upon a scene peculiarly domestic, in the upper corridor. Adlai had finished his midday meal. He was sitting in his cell, reading aloud from a newspaper. Just outside his open door, beating batter in a bowl, listened Mrs. Ofendahl.

"Why, if it ain't my boss, now!" he greeted his wife in jocose surprise. His eyes dropped with apprehension to the straw telescope she was carrying. "But ain't I telling you a'ready I didn't feel fur no picnic today?"

"Yes, you was tellin' me!" gritted Tippora. "And I'm tellin' you I was seein' you through all the time too!" Her glance rapiered from one to the other. "And now I'm tellin' you agin somepun else. You're goin' on a picnic and you're stayin' on a picnic, and it won't be no picnic, neither!"

She swept the amazed Adlai out of his cell with one hand and with the other began to throw his things into the basket.

Sarah took off her glasses and put them on again. Adlai turned completely about upon disorganized heels.

"That there's my cell!" His voice cracked as it leaped toward an angry high C. "And I got the right to wacate at it fifteen days more a'ready! And I ain't goin' to git h'isted, that I give you!" He plumped down upon the rocker which his wife had hurtled out and began to rock vehemently. "Was you gone loony, then? The judge wouldn't near give you dare fur to git my wacation off me."

Tippora straightened with a triumphant jerk.

"The judge ain't got nothing a-tall to say. He is paid off, all. Och, my souls! Take shame to yourself! It draws my breath, me where has paid out seven and a half fur to git you off the jail!"

Adlai abruptly ceased rocking.

"Seven and a half—dollars? Fur two weeks I had owin' to me anyways?" He turned dizzily toward Mrs. Ofendahl. "Money she gives—to fetch me off board where was owin' to me yet—Tippie, still!"

The enormity of the situation was too much for Sarah's ingrowing mind to grasp. She clutched tentatively toward its personal slant.

"Now think!" Her hand flustered sympathetically in her apron. "And me a-bakin' a layer cake fur your supper with red mint at!"

"I guess I have got the right to spend out of the money where pop inherited to me! Well, don't stand there gapin'!" This to the sheriff, who had stepped slowly and heavily into the corridor and was slowly and heavily raking them all with gloomy eyes.

"He says it ain't in the law fur to prorate the fine or what he calls it. Sixty we would got to give it and nothing off fur cash And, besides, we would got to git leave off this

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Sparks has an adventure

SPARKS tilted back in his chair and yawned. All day he had translated the dots and dashes of the Morse Code into ship locations or stale wireless gossip about coastwise captains. It was dull work, and this new wireless no more interesting than the old-time wire telegraphy.

"QRX" (Stand-by) signalled a sister ship down the coast; "QRC" (my position is . . . .)

And then the miracle!

Out of the night, into those wireless receivers that had so far in the world's history caught nothing but the dots and dashes of the telegraphic code—

Came the voice of Caruso!

The world's first broadcasting station was in operation and radio was born.

In a house at the corner of 41st Street and Park Avenue, New York, a man bent over his new 3-element vacuum tube that was working the miracle.

That was over twenty years ago—and the man was Dr. Lee De Forest.

There was no great stir in the world when the voice of Caruso in Cavalleria went out into the night from the Metropolitan Opera House. Only a hundred or so government and ship operators got the thrill of their lives.

There were no millions of receiving sets "listening in" from Maine to California.

All that was to come.

But now that it *has* come—mark this—every broadcasting station in existence operates by means of those same tubes, for every vacuum tube receiving set, no matter by whom made, uses tubes involving De Forest patents.

Illustrated below are Dr. Lee De Forest, discoverer of the three element vacuum tube, and the famous De Forest D-10 Reflex Radiophone, a four tube set with a reception range on indoor loop varying from 1500 to 3000 miles, according to atmospheric conditions—price $150 with drawer to contain dry batteries. The D-7-A Reflex Radiophone is a three tube set—price $125. Either set operates on wet or dry cells. Prices plus approximately 6% for transportation in territories West of the Rockies

These are the things which account for the achievements of De Forest Radiophones of today, such as the D-7-A Reflex or the D-10 Four-tube Reflex. When the Reflex sets frequently reached clear across the Continent on their indoor loops, the radio public was thrilled. But it was no surprise to De Forest's Company. He and his associates had been working toward such a goal for a quarter of a century. Super clear reception of broadcasting—the true musical tone—simplicity of control—the elimination of noise—the forgetting of static—all these things were what might be expected of sets marked De Forest.

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feller here." He jerked a disdainful thumb toward his prisoner.

"Such laws as them nitwits saddles onto us!" Tippora whipped an intimate garment of Adlai's like a flag of defiance toward the courthouse. "Youse kin tell that there judge he won't git no more wotes off me, not if he runs from here to sunset still!"

She subsided in the midst of the litter upon the cot and gazed, stiff and motionless, at the sheriff. The sheriff, stiff and motionless against the wall, gazed back at her.

Adlai's wide, bewildered stare had been searching from one to the other. Now he began to smile slowly.

"So you conceited you was going to prorate me, was it? And git me somepun off fur cash. I ain't no box of soap!"

Sarah giggled. At the sound Tippora jumped. Thirty dollars is thirty dollars. But, after all, a husband is a husband—provided, of course, that a lady can retain him in her own clutches. She whipped from them and bent over. From her petticoat pocket she drew forth a tight wad of bills and leafed off a half dozen.

In unconscious drama, she extended them at arm's length toward the sheriff and turned her eyes away.

"Put your thirty to it then!"

The official scrouged closer to the wall and knotted his fists in his pockets.

"Nothing I ain't putting to it. I done my limit a'ready and I ain't doing nothing more."

"Tippie, yet, where is so keen on the penny!" breathed Adlai, his eyes tugging.

A belated sense of her responsibility as hostess fluttered the spoon in Sarah's batter.

"Won't you spare your hat," she tittered politely, "and make yourself to home?"

Tippora wrenched upward. She cast the bills from both hands upon the floor. "Take it then! Take the sixty! Take it all what pop inherited to me!" And she burst into nervous sobs.

Adlai gathered up the money and went to her.

"Now, now, Tippie!" He patted her arm. "You was all het up, ain't? I ain't worth no sixty dollars. What was the matter of you, anyways? Tired, mebbe. But listen now—I have got it all up-fixed fur youse. Sadie and I have got such a little joke ——"

"Sadie!" hissed Tippora, and flung from him.

But a staccato tapping upon the stairs climaxed at that moment in Henry Kreider, who, flushed and hatless, hopped upon the corridor waving a paper.

"You're elected a'ready! I been by the polls a-settin', a-countin' 'em off! Two hunert fifty head o' woters has come in and went out a'ready and all the precincts ain't ——"

"'Course I was elected!" Ofendahl interrupted haughtily. "But where's your manners, bustin' in here? Take yourself off now! This here's somepun priwate."

"You was elected! Was you, now?" Kreider sagged over his crutch, limp with laughter. He winked at Adlai, then turned about. "I got to go put it out where Ofendahl says he was elected, still! Priwate! His wotes is so priwate, now, mebbe they wouldn't even to find none of them!"

Ofendahl grabbed at the longest scraggle of his beard.

"Nobody's runnin' but me!" he bellowed down the stairs.

"Tell that there to Kutz oncet!"

The official squared toward his prisoner, his eyes loose and wild in their sockets.

"Well, I wasn't just to say runnin', mebbe. But I'm gittin' wrote in. It costs less expensive than to spend at the election cards and whatever. Ain't so, Tippie?" He appealed toward his wife, but Tippora's tongue, though it was palpitating between her open lips, was for the first time in her life palpitating soundlessly. "And look how it will make fur us! With the farm let on the shares and this here job ——"

"You—up and trickin' me—under my own rooft!" The sheriff's fists mottled, as did his face.

"Well, I never ast to git under your rooft. But when you up and got me here some such way, I seen where it would suit me pretty good to keep on stayin'. But I ain't aimin' to snow you under, Brother Ofendahl," he added kindly. "Tippie here, she rid me round till I got just so many as would fetch me in. And Sadie here, she was right-hand man ——"

The sheriff whirled upon his wife; she met him with a dimple. He went weak in the middle like a jackknife loose in the spring.

"You—you—a-workin' agin me!"

"Not just to say workin', mebbe. But I was a-fetchin' 'em up the steps," she said proudly. "And I wrote his name at the ballot behint nine o'clock this morning a'ready. Only"—she turned regretfully toward Adlai—"I spelt it with two *l*'s and I didn't have nothing by me fur to rubber it out."

"Dopple! Pighead! Takin' the bread out from my teeth! Youse could starve then!"

"No, there wouldn't be no sense in that," observed Sarah placidly. "Pop he was in day behint yesterday and he passed his promise fur to rent us that there lower forty. Where the crick runs through fur the ducks," she added wistfully.

"Me—a-runnin' after ducks!" groaned the sheriff.

"They don't never run very fast," placated the literal Sarah.

"Now that makes a thought fur me, Sadie!" cried Adlai gayly. "Such times as I am ridin' at my horse and a-lookin' fur crim'nals—fellers where sell off their dead ducks fur chicken feed or some such—well, mebbe I would stop off by your kitchen and come a-beggin' like a tramp or whatever!"

"Ain't, you will?" Sarah flung out her apron coquettishly. "Well, mind then, Tuesdays always I bake them fresh rusks."

The sheriff turned smitten eyes upon Tippora. Tippora turned smitten eyes upon the sheriff. Then she rose as though strung on stiff wires and stalked to the head of the stairs.

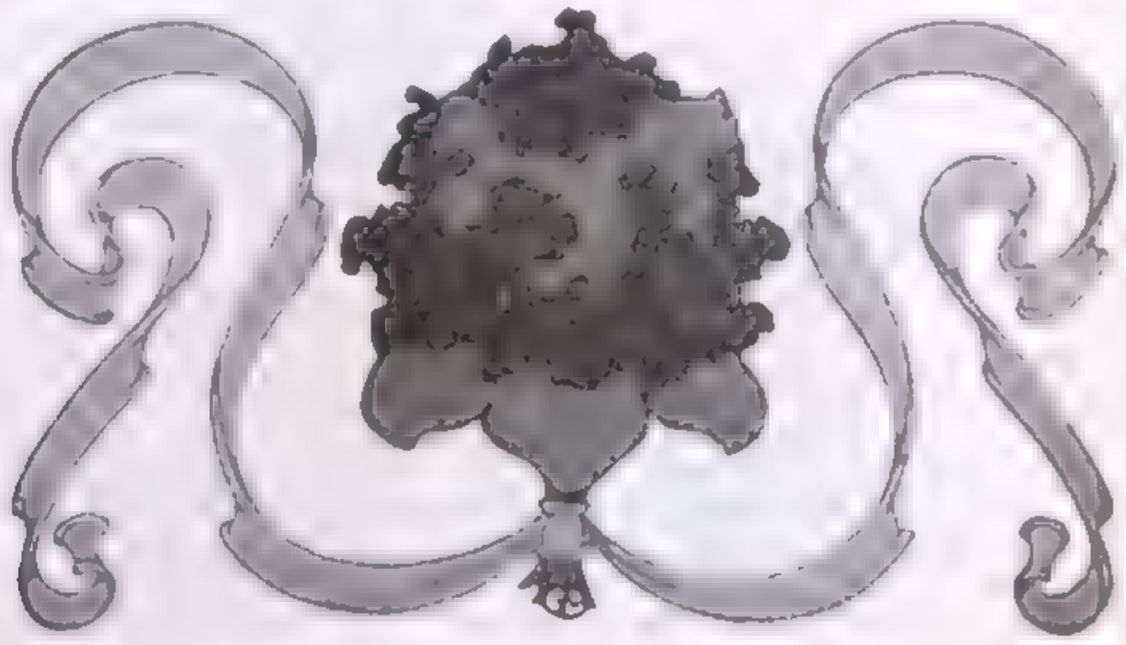
"I guess I ain't—I guess youse kin git along without me."

She fumbled downward for the step. Adlai sprang to her and turned her about.

"Now, now, Tippie! Why, what kin be ailin' youse?" He gazed in concern at her quivering lips. "Why, I couldn't near git along without youse!" He paused, then quickly drew forth his pocketbook. "Here now! Here's somepun you kin do me now. You stop by preacher's and give him them ten dollars fur the Near-Easters. And here, you take this here dime and fetch us back a bag o' gumdrops fur to celebrate."

He pressed the money into her moist palm and closed her fingers in childish fashion over it. And as Tippora, gulping, started down the stairs, he gazed after her, then turned his wide, perplexed stare upon the others.

"I guess I was too much fur my jokes, now," he murmured regretfully. "But it don't come wery often in a feller's life where he kin be at the same time both his own sheriff and both his own pris'ner."



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Consider, too, the part your bedding plays in discouraging or inducing deep and dreamless sleep. Study your spring and mattress critically tonight.

Then go to any good furniture store and compare what you are using with the Simmons springs and mattresses you will find there in a variety of styles and prices to suit every income. Judge for yourself their comfort and your need of the sort of rest they give.

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BUILT FOR SLEEP

ALL KINDS OF MONEY

(Continued from Page 23)

"When it comes to that," said the Big Un, "who'll own us?"

"I don't git you"

"Are we going to sell or hang on?"

Daddy tilted back his chair and gently stroked his thin chin whisker.

"What do you say, Ben?" he asked.

"I say we hang on. That offer of theirs ain't a third of what this acreage is worth. Let's go ahead and develop it ourselves. We can find the money."

"Maybe," the old man conceded "But that offer was the only real one we got. The others all run under it."

"Of course they did. Ain't I told you the big fellers are in cahoots?"

"I'm glad to hear you say that, Ben," said Mr Kincaid soberly, "because that's exactly the reason I want to sell."

"Sell?"

"Sure! Son, I've watched things shape up for years, and in this oil game, if you don't find a bed with the big fellers you're a-goin' to sleep awful cold. How many of the small fry who wouldn't throw in with them have lasted? Hey?"

"Do you aim to lie down and take what they feel like givin' you? Well, I don't!"

"There's two sides to everything. We've got five gushers producin' close to forty thousand barrels a day. And we own a right smart of land all around. You think, and I think, and 'most everybody thinks that all this acreage is A1 stuff and will be proved up."

"Sure it will."

"Maybe. Maybe not. I've saw a ten-thousand-barrel well on one side of a fence and a dry hole on the other. And this field is spotty."

"Yeh, but there's a world of oil here."

"Under the ground," Daddy reminded him. "Have you figured how much it would cost us to get it out?"

"Even at that, their offer is way below what the stuff's worth."

"But it's net, ol'-timer—all velvet," interrupted the Big Un. "And no grief, no more worry. You're figurin' on flush production now, but that won't hold up. I say we grab it. It'll mean two million dollars apiece, and that's more'n anybody wants, onless he's a hog."

Ben jumped to his feet, to pace up and down the room.

"What I hate," he cried, "is to give in. And besides, there's a bunch of stockholders to be considered."

"That's easy," said Daddy, opening the drawer of his desk. "If that's all that's worryin' you here's a bunch of proxies"

Dumfounded, Gober did not know what to say.

"Oh, all right," he agreed wearily. "If you fellers want to sell I'm willing. Let's go to it."

"You'll never be sorry, Ben, take it from me," the Big Un assured him.

"But let's take part cash and part royalty, just to play safe"

"Uh-huh!" Daddy Kincaid was very firm on this point. "We'll take their lower figure and all cash—leastways, cash and stock in the big comp'ny, which is pretty near the same thing. They keep a lot in the treasury just for a buy like this. I've saw too many of these here royalty deals, Ben. On paper they figure at millions, but payment is in oil as it's produced—and maybe there ain't any oil, or the field goes salt water, and first thing you know the profits're down to nothin'"

"That's right, Ben. Daddy's right."

"Oh, go ahead and fix it up to suit yourselves!" cried Gober in disgust.

"I suppose you and Daddy'll hit for town now and horn into some country club, and get all dressed up like a Christmas tree and learn to play golluf. Hey? Yes, and get trimmed too! Yes, you will! Else why do you want to quit work at your age?"

"I got my reasons," replied the Big Un darkly.

Later, in the garrulity bred of his satisfaction over the decision they had made, Big Un confided certain hopes to his friend which hinted strongly at what those reasons were.

"You're sure enough stuck on her?" demanded Gober.

"Say, ol' settler," replied Big Un in quavering tones, "there's the finest li'l' woman ——"

"Shucks, I've heard you say the same identical thing about forty of 'em! Why, it wasn't three months back that you said it about Maisie!"

"Maisie? Who the Sam Hill is Maisie?"

"That short thick-laigged gal with the burlesque show You remember"

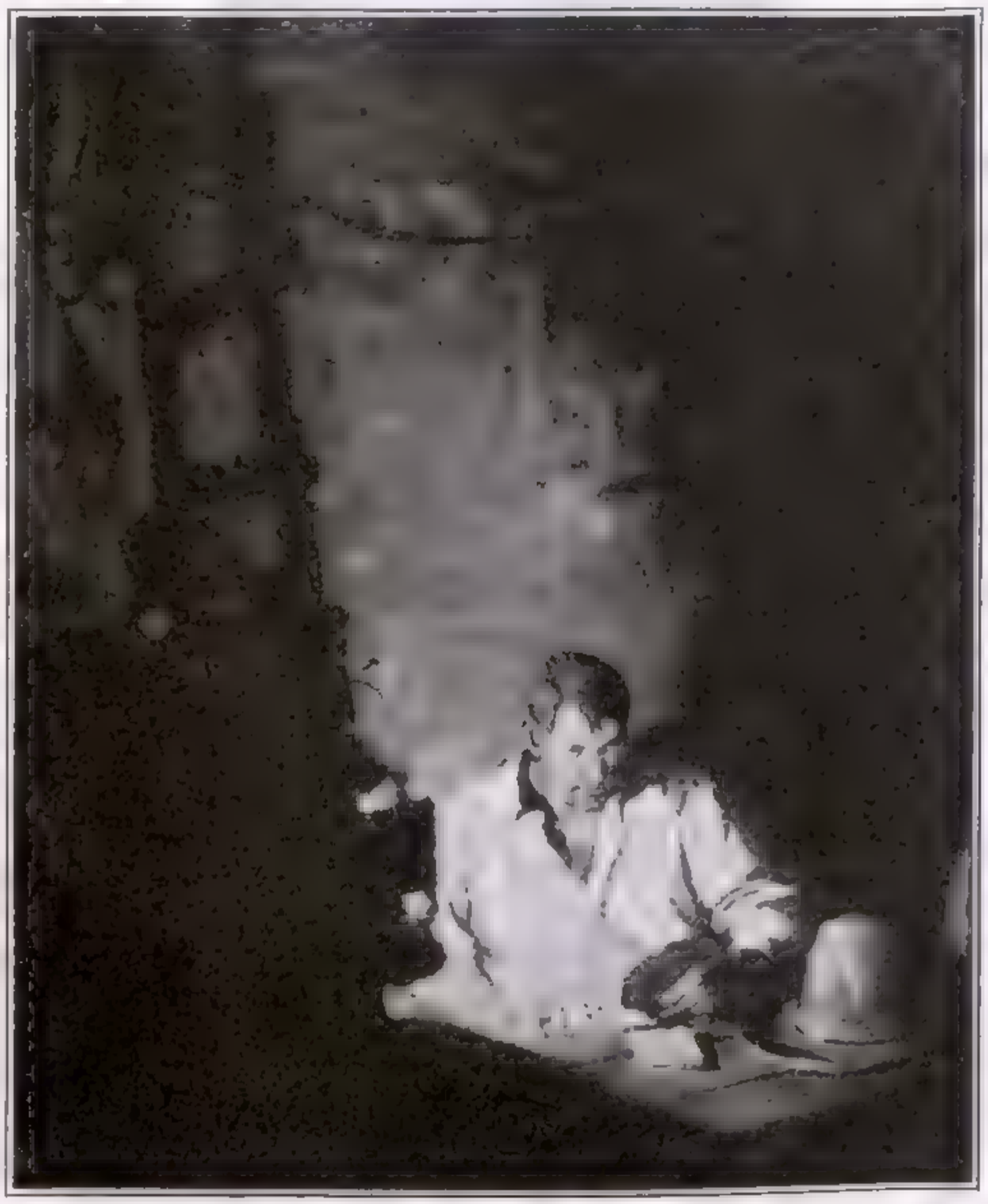
"Oh, her!" cried Big Un, with a contemptuous wave of the hand. "This is different"

"Then, for Gawd's sake, why don't you go ahead and marry her?"

"That's just it Why don't I?" His partner laughed bitterly.

"Oh, well, I'll bite—why don't you?"

"Because she won't have me that's why."



On the Evening of the Fifth Day Gober Came to Him as He Sat Moodily in the Warehouse Office, Playing Solitaire

"Won't have you? Have you asked her?"

"Sure! Leastways yes, I have"

"What did she say? What's she got agin you?"

"She didn't say nothin'."

"She must of said something; if she didn't she meant yes."

"But I didn't exactly ask her. I felt kind of silly—you know how it is, Ben. So I done wrote a letter."

"Well," remarked Ben, with a sigh of resignation, "Daddy was right. You're a mush head."

It developed that the letter was the secret cause of Big Un's recent gloom and sensitiveness to any reference to Miss Fry, because she had ignored it. In fact, her manner had betrayed a faint resentment of late

"It's that dog-gone lease hound who's been runnin' after her," opined Big Un savagely "It beats all what women will fall for. An honest heart ain't got a chance against city ways"

"Forget it! She wouldn't waste ten seconds on that bird if she got a chance at all your money."

"Money? That shows how much you know about it!" My money's just the trouble. I've heard her say a dozen times she just hates money, because it spoils real love; and onless she could love a man for himself alone, she wouldn't ever marry him."

Ben hadn't the heart to look him in the eye. "Old friend," he murmured, "you're sunk."

Perceiving the hopelessness of reasoning with a mentality of that caliber, Ben took counsel with Daddy Kincaid

"She ain't ever answered his letter?" exclaimed Mr. Kincaid. "It's like she couldn't make out his writin'."

But Gober scouted this theory.

"Then she must of took it to her lawyer to find out if she could gouge more out of him with it than by marryin' the big boob."

"No-o, I don't think so. But something's loose somewheres."

The mystery was cleared up the following morning when Daddy tackled his accumulated mail. Much of it he merely skimmed over. There were twenty-seven appeals from various charity and relief organizations, located in every part of the United States; some sort of committee wrote that they were astounded not to have heard from him in respect to their recent request for a subscription toward the alleviation of the lot of the prisoners in our penal institutions; five religious denominations were putting on drives and invited Daddy to subscribe anything from ten thousand dollars up; there were clarion calls to save the Greeks in Anatolia and the Armenians in Turkey; he was given a chance to relieve the distressed Hoohoos in Africa and the starving Gourmands in Montmartre; and somebody in Brooklyn offered Daddy the opportunity to bring sunshine into the life of a sweet young girl who could finish her education and attend a girls' camp in Maine during the summer, instead of hunting a job, if he would send only a few hundred dollars. A photo accompanied this missive. Daddy studied it critically.

"No, she won't do," he decided. "If she didn't try to look so dog-goned goody-good I'd send the money." And he cheerfully tossed the whole mass into the wastebasket.

Next he examined his business letters. Only one of them held his attention for more than a glance. This he read very carefully.

"That's right queer," he remarked, handing it over to the Big Un. "The president of the Texas Comp'ny says he's sure grateful for our promise that we'll be good to him and give him a nice home and never love nobody else as long as the world lasts, but these assurances ain't the reply the comp'ny expected to its communication of April sixth Know what he's drivin' at?"

The Big Un's jaw dropped; he stared foolishly at the paper in his hand.

"Must of got them letters mixed," they heard him mutter, and he hurriedly stuffed the sheets into a pocket.

"I should say we do need more office help," Gober burst out. "I swan, Big Un, how come you could make a mistake like that?"

"Oh, leave me be." He sent his chair back with a vicious jerk and clanked out, his spurs jingling.

"Love will find a way," chirped Daddy.

Big Un didn't show up again until supper time; but when he did, he was radiant—filled with a great and holy peace.

"It's all right," he told Ben, gripping his hand.

"She's agreed to overlook your money?"

"It don't matter that!" replied Big Un, snapping his fingers. "And say, Ben, to think I've been worryin' over that sorry lease hound. Har-har! Why, she was only stringin' him along!"

"Fine, ol' settler! I'm sure glad."

For the next few days the Big Un proved a total loss in a business way. Then his exhilaration vanished; he grew constrained, and unaccountably careful and precise in his speech—so much so that conversation with him became a trial to his friends.

"What the tarnation's come over you, anyhow?" Daddy demanded irritably.

"Nothin'—nothing."

"What makes you so damned polite all of a sudden?"

"She's learnin' him grammar, I bet you!" exclaimed Ben.

"You know all about it, don't you?"

"Well, I've been there myself. Ain't she now, Big Un? Tell the truth."

"Just because a man don't act like a roughneck all the while ——"

"There! What did I tell you? She aims to make him talk pretty."

Daddy Kincaid displayed the liveliest interest. "Is that why you crook your li'l' finger when you drink coffee?" he queried.

"Aw, shut up!"

"Yes, and he's quit blowin' on it too," cried Ben. "Dad-gum, she'll have him eatin' lady fingers next!"

From Daddy's serious mien it was apparent that the Big Un's behavior filled him with grave concern.

"You ain't been with us to a dance since you got engaged," he remarked.

Ben forestalled his friend. "Sure not! She's a-going to reform him."

"Now listen to me, Big Un," continued Mr Kincaid, leaning forward in his earnestness. "That ain't the way to start. If you let a woman git the jump on you at the go-off well, your goose is cooked, that's all. Brace up and be a man."

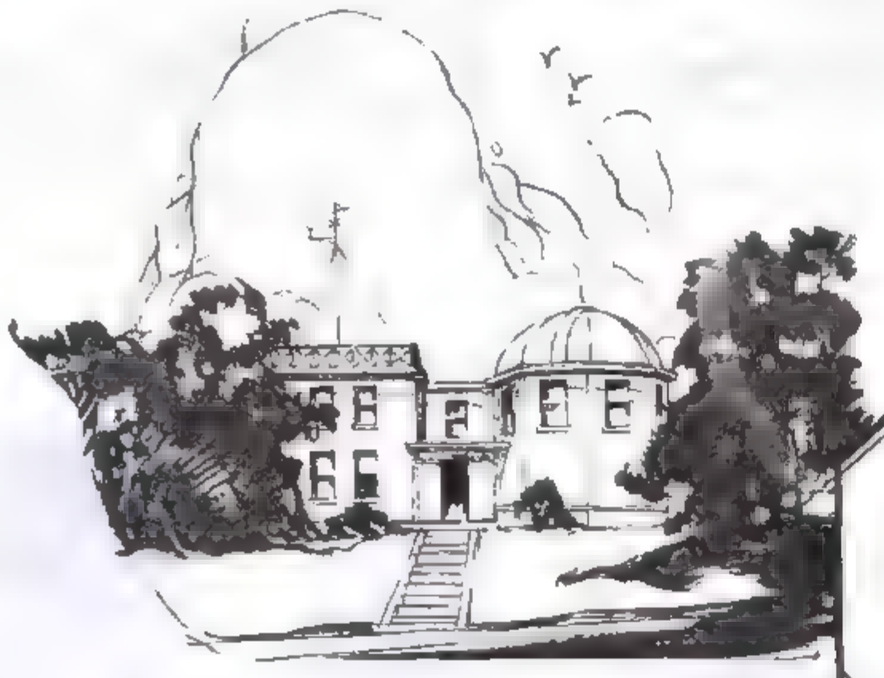
"I am a man."

"Then don't let her buf'lo you. A woman ain't got any real use for a man she kin ride over. This business of crawlin' on your hands and knees is all right in books, but all the women I've knowed had more respect for a rough guy."

"That's old stuff."

"Maybe so," said Daddy, abandoning his effort, "but so're women."

Continued on Page 125



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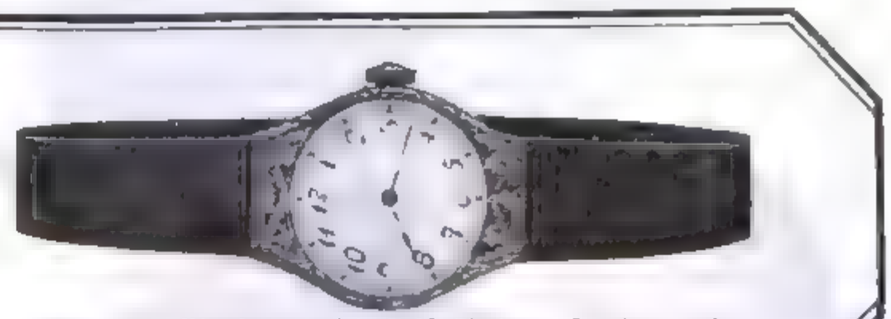

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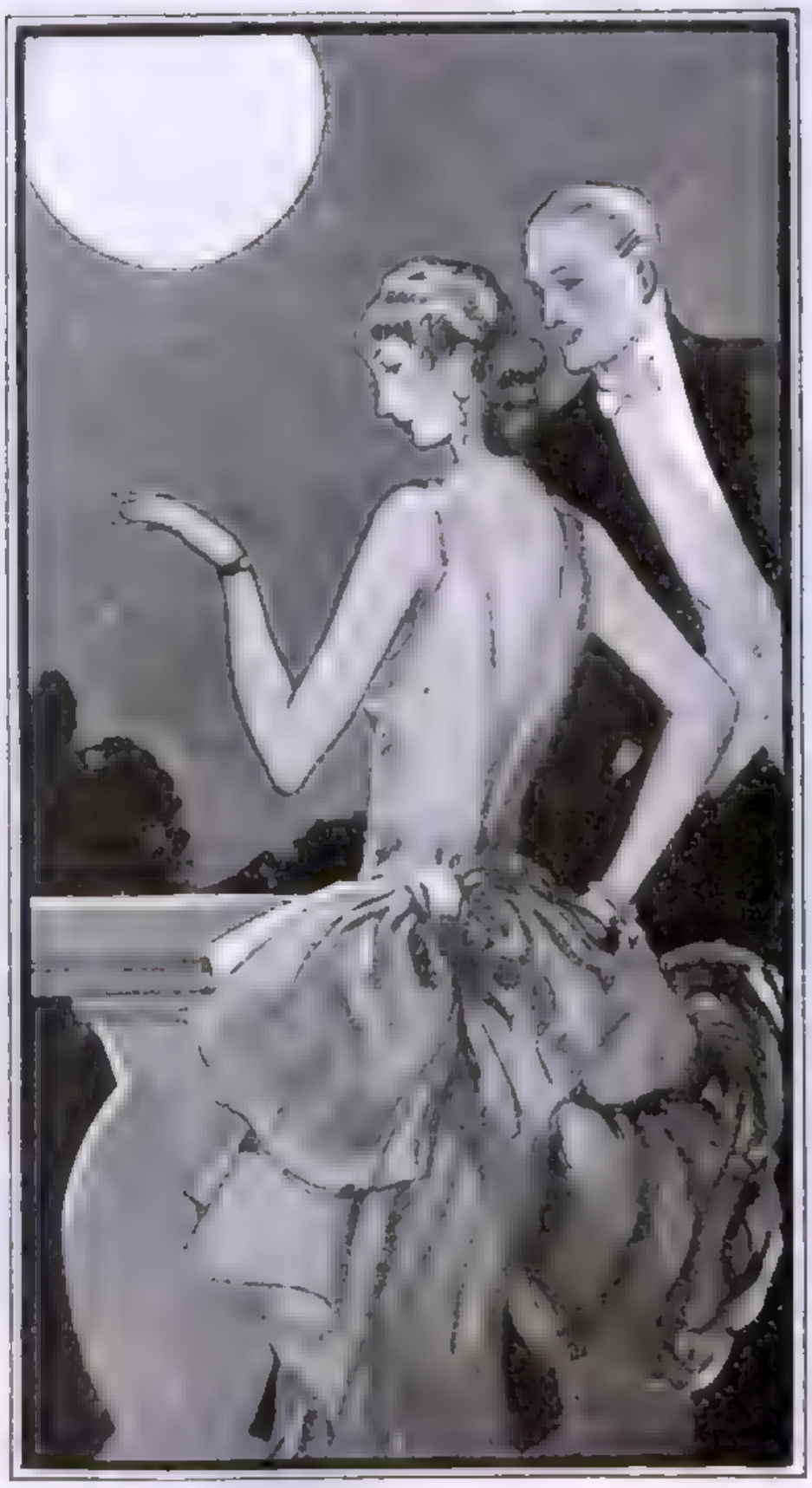

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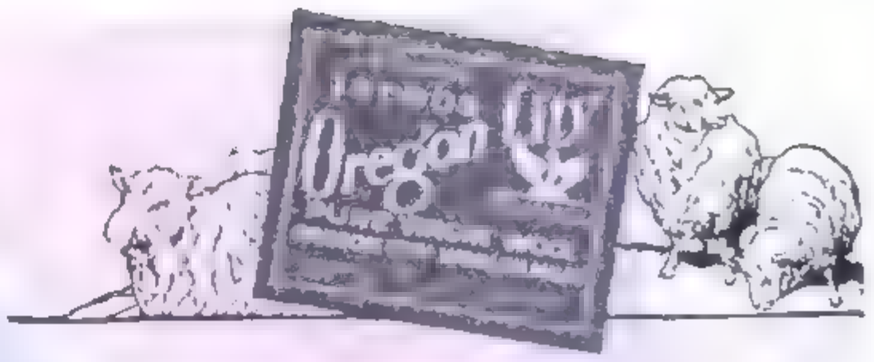

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That is why men are unwilling to pay less for any inferior collar when for 50c they can buy the VAN HEUSEN.

VAN HEUSEN

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(Continued from Page 120

It was agreed between the Big Un and Miss Fry that they would be married in sixty days. This would give the partners time to wind up the sale of their properties, of which Miss Fry was keenly desirous, for she was determined to leave those parts, never to return. Also, it afforded opportunity for her to buy a trousseau and have her kinfolks to the wedding. All expressed eagerness to come. Three brothers, a brother-in-law and two cousins were already figuring on jobs.

"Ain't it beautiful?" cooed Mrs. McGaffey at supper one night, catching Daddy alone.

"Ma'am?"

"Ain't it beautiful, their getting married like this?"

"I don't see nothin' so beautiful about it," replied Mr. Kincaid, his eye on the door.

"Every man ought to have somebody to take care of him."

"Yeh?"

"He saves his money and he saves his health," continued the widow. "Over in Texas, my home state, it means a whole lot. A man's allowed to split his income in two—and just think what a saving that'd mean in taxes!"

"Sure!" agreed Daddy, looking wildly about. "But I'm from Missouri." And he went from there.

The days sped by. Ben and Mr. Kincaid closed the deal for the sale of their properties without a hitch. The price represented a return of about five hundred for one, and each of the trio emerged with more than two million dollars in cash and securities. A fortnight later the Standard subsidiary which bought their stuff completed two wells that had been sunk close to the largest gusher. One came in for a feeble fifty barrels a day; the other was a dry hole. The oil game is like fishing—sometimes you get 'em and sometimes you don't.

"Well, I guess I'm a bum, hey?" Daddy chuckled. "What've you got to say now? Take it from an old man, son—whenever you've got a good profit, grab it. And don't never try to hog all the profit neither. Let the other feller have some, or he ain't a-going to trade with you."

The soundness of his theory was demonstrated very soon. Came further slashes in the price of crude. Stocks of petroleum attained such proportions that the pipeline companies refused to take what they were not obligated to take, with the result that oceans of oil had to stay in earthen tanks out in the sticks. Those independent producers who had held out in the hope of building up giant corporations of their own were actually operating at a loss; every day took toll in failures.

"If we'd held on," the Big Un pointed out, figuring on the back of an envelope with the stub of a pencil, "we'd be flat on our backs right now. Yes, sir; with all our oil, we'd be losin' thirty-eight hundred dollars a week."

A slow grin of satisfaction overspread the freckled countenance of Mr. Gober.

"Say, fellers, maybe we ain't sittin' pretty!" he exulted.

"Now you've got it, what do you aim to do with it?" inquired Daddy.

Except for the Big Un, they had never given thought to that. All three had been so busy developing and consolidating their good luck that they had abstained from the spending orgies in which sudden millionaires usually indulge. Hard work had held them in the straight road—hard work and an underlying strength of character. The test of character often comes with success. As Daddy so justly observed, "Anybody kin be good when he ain't got the price."

Big Un, of course, planned to marry and settle down in a cozy little nest with his sweet li'l' woman and lead the idyllic existence of which he had dreamed throughout his years of struggle. To be sure, Miss Fry had a slightly different program, involving the great stone house which was the pride of her home town, and a fleet of motor cars and annual trips to New York and Paris; but the Big Un didn't know that yet.

"First thing I want to do is fix up a weddin' trip for ol' Big Un that he'll never forget," exclaimed Ben.

"Fine!" cried Daddy. "That's a great idee, Ben. Me and you'll give him and his wife the trip for a weddin' present."

"We'll hire a special train."

"Sure!" said Daddy.

"And they can take the dog-goned thing wherever they have a mind to. We'll pay for it. What d'you say, Big Un?"

Big Un, who had been looking forward to the expense of a honeymoon with a certain trepidation, beamed on them and declared they were sure enough pals and no mistake. So it was settled

"Why shouldn't we?" cried Ben, when second thoughts began to blow cold on Daddy's enthusiasm. "We're millionaires now, ain't we? We'll never miss it."

Not long before the wedding was to take place an event occurred which threatened to upset everything. The three went to town one evening to see a picture show, and after the performance Daddy proposed that they drop in for a dance before going home. Ben was perfectly agreeable, but the Big Un demurred. He had sworn off barrel houses and every manner of dissipation since his engagement. Not even choc beer could tempt him, and whensoever his partners paused for a drink, it was the Big Un's custom to walk away with a virtuous, if somewhat wistful air.

"Aw, come on, Big Un," urged Daddy Kincaid. "Where's the harm?"

"Well, I don't think it looks good when a man is fixing to git married."

"There you go agin! I declare, the notions you young fellers have nowadays! Do you mean to say you're a-goin' to let that gal rule it over you this way?"

"I ain't holding you fellers back," retorted the Big Un sullenly.

"All right. Come on in anyhow. You don't need to dance. Just wait about half an hour while me and Ben shake a laig."

Well, he did, standing on the fringe of the crowd of roughnecks and lease hounds and town workers which watched the dancers. His conduct was blameless. Yet he got into trouble, and serious trouble.

It so happened that several of the girls approached Big Un and asked him to dance. They all knew him, and he had danced scores of times with every girl in the room during the preceding winter, peddling out quarters with reckless hand at a time when two bits loomed as big as a house to him. Big Un declined, and felt a vague resentment that he ought to decline.

Suddenly there was a commotion at the far end of the hall, near where the orchestra was droning Three o'Clock in the Morning. A girl screamed and darted out from the press, with a hulking lout in soiled overalls in hot pursuit. He caught her and grabbed her round the waist.

"Turn me loose!" she shrilled. "I don't want to dance any more! Leave me go, you hear? Help!"

He yanked her toward him, though she fought like a wildcat. Some of the crowd laughed, thinking it was a lovers' spat, but others yelled "Cut that out!"

The Big Un didn't hesitate. He plunged through the crowd like a Leviathan taking the water, and he tangled with that gentleman. Those who had the good fortune to be there say that it was some fight. His opponent was no slouch, tipping the scales within ten pounds of Big Un's weight, and being sufficiently teed up on white mule to be vicious. But by the time Big Un got through with him, he was painfully sober and an emergency case.

Naturally, it didn't remain a private fight long. Several willing workers horned into it, and before the proceedings ended, the floor was littered and guns began to bark. The consequence was that the dance-hall proprietor had to repair next day two exits and half a dozen windows which had been carried away.

The surprising thing about this kind of brawl is the low casualty list when compared with the ammunition used. Not a single person was hit, although spectators asserted they heard at least twenty shots. Some of the gentlemen bore contusions from the butt ends of guns applied at close

quarters, and a couple of ladies wore black eyes as a result of partisanship; but that was the extent of the damage except to the hall itself.

"Well," panted Daddy, when the trio were safely outside and hotfooting along the trail for camp, "you sure attended the party, Big Un."

"What else could I do?" rejoined the Big Un.

That is the precise answer he made to Miss Fry when she frigidly demanded an explanation of the affair. But she couldn't see it. Women are awfully narrow about some things.

"It ain't the fight that's botherin' her," Big Un reported to his friends; "but she says no decent man'd git mixed up with them creatures almost on his weddin' eve, you might say."

Gober nodded in understanding. "Sure! If you'd beat up that guy on the street you'd of been a hero, ol' settler. But because you done it for another woman—well, that's a different bet."

"Is she real mad?" queried Daddy in vast surprise.

"Is she? She wouldn't even come downstairs to see me when I went out to the hospital this evenin'."

"Fine!" cried Daddy. "Now's your chance, Big Un. You can sneak out of it and it'll be her fault."

"But I don't want to sneak out of it. And maybe it was my fault. I hadn't ought to of been there."

Mr. Kincaid glanced at Ben as though to say "What can you do with a bird like this?" and straightway dropped the subject. However, when a couple of days passed without a reconciliation he began to feel for the Big Un, who seemed to be taking it hard.

"Do you reckon she's in earnest?" he asked Ben.

"I dunno. Maybe she figures this is the way to handle him—it sort of gives her the whip hand. See?"

"Tell you what," said Mr. Kincaid. "How'd it do if I was to go to that gal and take all the blame—say it was me who dragged the Big Un into the mess, and he was fightin' for me and not for that woman?"

Gober considered this suggestion carefully. "It might go, at that," he admitted.

Daddy seldom allowed a generous inspiration to grow cold. With Big Un's permission, he went around to the hospital to see Miss Fry the same afternoon.

"Well," demanded the Big Un anxiously when he returned for supper, "what did she say?"

"It's a-going to be all right, big feller," replied Daddy cheerily. "I took all the blame on myself. Even said as how it was me that licked Heffernan!"

"But did you fix it up?"

"Well"—he hesitated—"not exactly. But she's a-coming around. It'll take time, maybe—you know how women like to drag out a thing like that."

"She'd best git a move on. I'm near fed up on this monkey business."

"Oh, just hold your horses, Big Un, and it'll all come right," Daddy assured him. "Say, that's one smart gal, I'm a-tellin' you. She's got good sense. Peach too."

"How soon do you reckon you can fix it up? That's what I want to know."

Mr. Kincaid seemed to weigh the probabilities. "Well, it may take a coupla days," he said, with a smile full of confidence, "and it may take longer. But you just leave it to me, Big Un. I'll fix it."

It did take longer; but Daddy fixed it.

On the evening of the fifth day, when Big Un's patience was exhausted and he had about made up his mind to go around and demand a show-down, Gober came to him as he sat moodily in the warehouse office, playing solitaire.

"Big Un," he said quietly, "do you like baseball?"

"Of course I like baseball. Why?"

"What d'you say if we hit East to see the world's series?"

The Big Un laid down the cards.

"Don't talk foolish, Ben. You know right well I'm a-going to git married."

"I've got a special train, and we can take some of the gang along—a bunch of the chamber-of-commerce boys and anybody else you want. We'll do it up brown, too, ol' settler. A party's comin' to us. Hey?"

"Say," cried his partner, "what the Sam Hill're you drivin' at?"

"Well, Miss Fry and Daddy up and got married this evenin' and left on the 5:40 for Niagara Falls."

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HUSBAND AND WIFE

(Continued from Page 19)

"There, confound it, look at that! Can't keep my mind on the game! I never did play a decent game of golf with you along. You get me all on edge right at the start. I watch your swing and it throws me all off my game."

"Well, you asked me to come and play. Now, are we going to play golf or fight—because if we are I'm going straight home, and I shouldn't think you'd want to advertise your disposition to the caddies."

At this happy moment Mr. and Mrs. Green appeared from the clubhouse and waved merrily.

"Oh, wait a minute!" Mrs. Green called. "Let's make it a foursome."

"Fine!" replied Peter, and then to his wife in an undertone, "There goes our round of golf shot to pieces. We got to listen to their squabbling all the way around. I don't see why that man can't lay off his wife on a golf course. He nags her every shot she makes."

Winnie stared at her husband briefly and then walked to the other side of the tee.

"Have you driven?" asked Mr. Green.

"Such as it was," said Mr. Hyde, "we have."

"Then," said Mr. Green, "we will show you how it ought to be done. . . . Shoot, Nellie."

Nellie prepared to shoot, but before she took her stance she fixed her husband with her eye and there was dangerous intention lurking in it.

"Orson," she said, "this is going to be just a sociable game. I don't want any lesson today."

"Mum's the word," said her husband.

Mrs. Green popped her ball a matter of seventy-five yards and regarded it with disappointment.

"I must have teed it too high," she said.

"Huh!" said her husband grimly.

"Well, I did," said his wife.

"Among other things," said her husband.

Mr. Green's drive was long and straight, and his face wore a look of self-satisfaction maddening to Mr. and Mrs. Hyde, but positively insulting to the perception of his wife. She sniffed.

"I guess," said Mrs. Hyde to her husband, "we'll have to play my ball, seeing yours is out of bounds."

Mr. Hyde, in no buoyant state of mind, essayed a brassy shot which came off.

"There," he said, "that's the shot I've been trying to show you."

"Trying," said his wife, "is the word."

"Now which ball shall we play?" asked Mrs. Green.

"I think you'd better play mine," said her husband. "You ought to get home with a brassy—it's only a mashie shot."

But when they reached the ball it was lying downhill. Mrs. Green reached for her brassy.

"Not that club—not that club!" snapped her husband.

"You said a brassy. Didn't he say a brassy?" she appealed to the Hydes, who maintained a discreet silence.

Mr. Green assumed the attitude of a schoolmaster lecturing a backward pupil.

"Look at the ball," he said with a calm that did not deceive. "I ask you to look at the ball. Is it a downhill lie or is it not? And what have I told you about downhill lies? Have I not, I ask you, told you ten thousand times never to use a wooden club on a downhill lie? How many ——"

"I saw Barnes play a brassy with just such a lie as this," said his wife, who had a passion for attending professional matches.

"Perhaps—perhaps. But—and I am sure you will agree with me for once—you are not Mr. Barnes."

"What shall I use then?"

"A putter," said her husband ironically.

Mrs. Green snatched her iron, swung on the ball as if it were her husband's solar plexus, and sent it whistling into a trap twenty yards to the right of the green.

The Hydes' ball lay just off the edge of the green, and Mr. Hyde regarded it lovingly.

"Some poke, eh?" he said to Green. "And now, honey, the chip shot. Remember all I've told you."

Mrs. Hyde took her mashie.

"The chip shot! The chip shot!"

"I'm going to play it with my mashie. I like a mashie better."

"Go ahead, play it with a cricket bat if you want to," said Mr. Hyde in despair.

And so it went from hole to hole. For a time, after each shot by their wives, Mr. Hyde and Mr. Green would look at each other deprecatingly and shake their heads sympathetically. Then they stopped the sympathy, then they omitted the deprecation, and finally they not only ceased looking at each other at all but speaking to each other as well. On the fifth hole, after Mrs. Hyde had topped a brassy into the rough, where her husband found it just in front of a hummock and was unable to propel it farther than ten feet, he turned, glared at the lady, walked to a near-by rail fence and smote it mightily with his pet mid-iron. The fence remained, but the shaft of the iron ceased to be.

"If," said his wife, "you're going to make an exhibition of yourself, I'm going back to the clubhouse."

"Do you think—do you really think," asked Mr. Hyde with ironic courtesy, "that the clubhouse is far enough?"

"What do you mean?" snapped Mrs. Hyde.

"Exactly what you think I mean," said her husband.

On the next hole it was Mr. Green's turn. After carefully coaching his wife to make a mashie-niblick pitch to the green, she showed that common woman's wayward preference for the treacherous mashie, hit the ball with all her might, cleared the green and plopped into a four-foot-deep sand trap. Mr. Green drew a deep breath. He walked—no, marched with military precision—across the green, leaped into the pit like an enraged lion, snatched up the ball and hurled it with all his strength out of bounds.

"I'm through!" he said.

"You don't know how through you are!" said his wife.

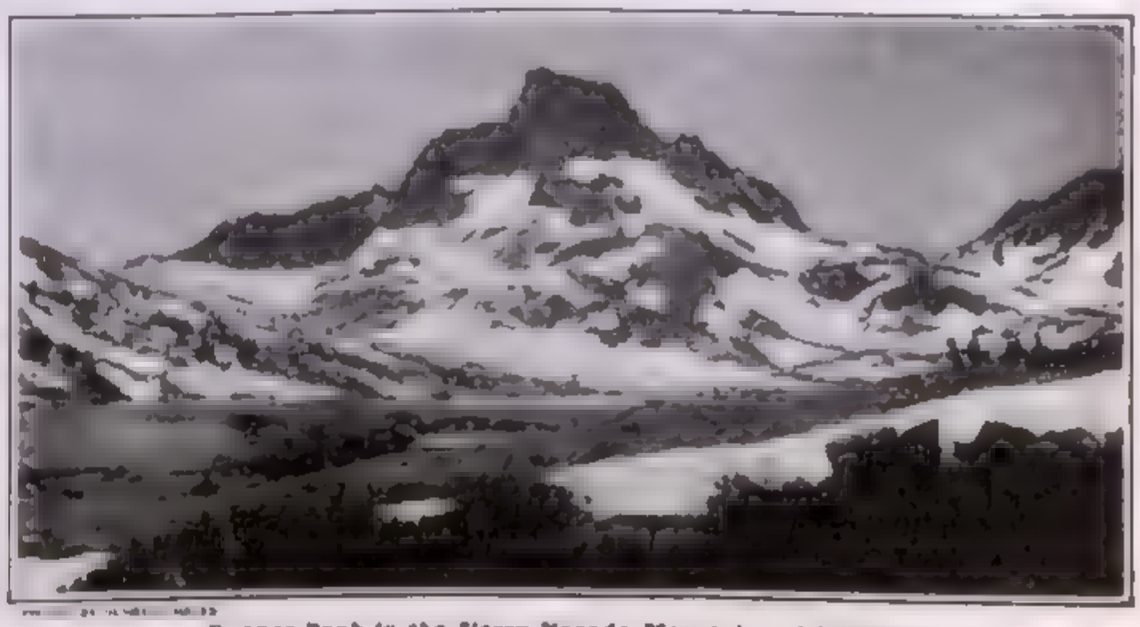
Mr. Green growled at his caddie and started for the clubhouse.

"You keep right on going," said his wife. "I shan't ride home with you. If the Hydes won't take me, I'll get a taxi."

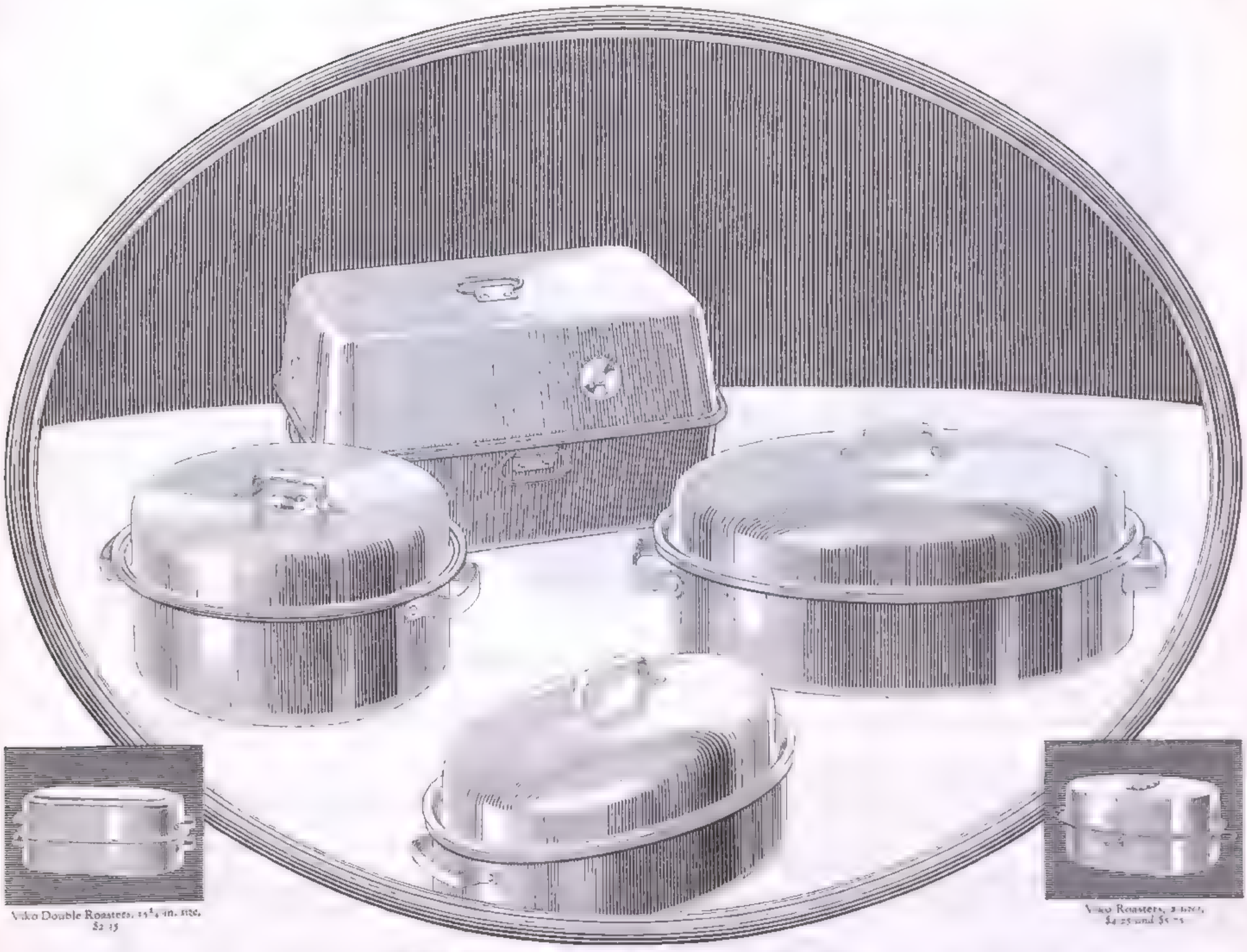
"Mr. Hyde may take you," said Mrs. Hyde, "but if he thinks I'll get into the same car with him he's mighty mistaken."

Following which, Mr. Hyde took Mrs. Green home and Mr. Green drove Mrs. Hyde. What followed in the two homes is unknown, but it is of record that Mrs. Hyde called Mrs. Green on the phone.

(Continued on Page 125)



Banner Peak in the Sierra Nevada Mountains of California



Viko Double Roasters, 15¾ in. size, $2.15

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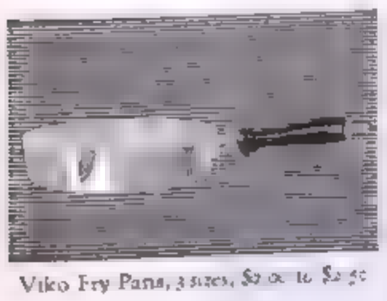
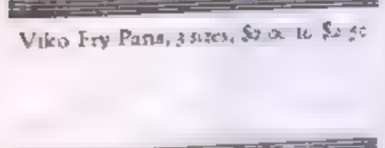
Viko Oblong Roasters, 2 sizes, $4.00 and $6.50. Viko Oval Roasters, 2 sizes, $2.10 and $2.90. Viko Baking Roasters, 12 in. size, $2.15. Prices somewhat higher in Extreme West and Canada.



Viko Fry Pans, 3 sizes, $2.00 to $2.50



Viko Oblong Roasters, note two sizes, $5.00 and $6.50

Fit Your Oven, Roast and Purse

Your cook stove may be a kitchenette model with pocket-size oven; it may be a great old-fashioned range that thinks nothing of cooking Thanksgiving dinner for the whole family, from grandfather and grandmother down to the younger generation perched on Webster's Unabridged.

Anyhow, you may be sure of finding in VIKO, The Popular Aluminum, the very roaster to fit, not only your oven, but your roast, be it modest shoulder of mutton or noble holiday turkey.

For convenience and efficiency, every kitchen should have *two roasters*—a small round one, perhaps, and a big oblong or oval one. Cooking a small roast of beef in a turkey-size roaster is harder work than need be—and so is cleaning up afterward.

Fortunately, Viko is popularly priced. You can have your two roasters and not spend a fortune; and you will have made a permanent investment in quality. Viko utensils are the guaranteed product of the world's largest manufacturer of aluminum ware. They are soundly, handsomely made of pure thick metal. They last long; they hold their shape; their hard smooth surface makes cleaning easy.

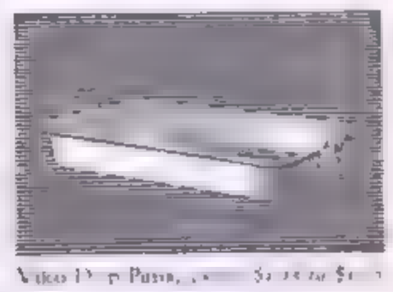
Good stores usually sell Viko. Our Miniature Catalog A5, willingly sent on request, will give you an idea of the completeness of this excellent line.

Dealers—Ask Your Jobber

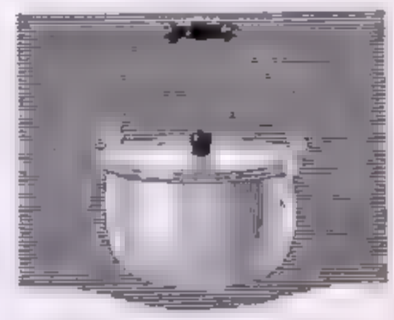
Aluminum Goods Manufacturing Company

General Offices: Manitowoc, Wis., U. S. A.

Manufacturers of Everything in Aluminum



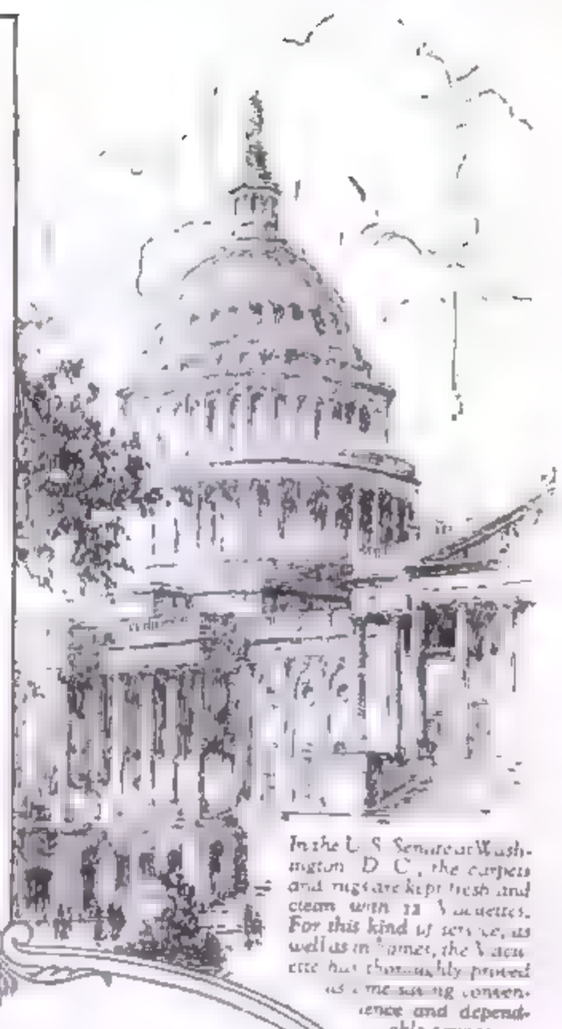
Viko Deep Pans, [illegible] $2.25 to $[illegible]



Viko Convex Kettles, 2 to 12 qts., 90c to $2.50

VIKO

The Popular Aluminum



In the U. S. Senate at Washington, D. C., the carpets and rugs are kept fresh and clean with 12 Vacuettes. For this kind of service, as well as in homes, the Vacuette has thoroughly proved its time-saving convenience and dependable service.

Now Homes are Vacuum cleaned the Wire-less Way

The rugs in this home and in over 300,000 more are vacuum cleaned the wire-less way

THIS remarkable vacuum cleaner, the Vacuette, automatically creates its own suction. It requires no electricity! No electric cords—no plugs—no switches. It is always ready for instant use.

Of course the Vacuette is easier to use—it can be taken from room to room without any delay or change of electrical connections.

So light and easy to use

The Vacuette is always ready, just as practical to use for cleaning up ashes or crumbs that you want to whisk up in a minute, as for the thorough daily cleaning. This modern cleaner is surprisingly light and easy to carry around—the Vacuette actually weighs only seven and one half pounds. It glides over your carpets so freely and easily that cleaning the Vacuette way seems almost effortless.

Daily cleaning saves rugs

Most everyone knows that rugs last much longer when they are thoroughly cleaned each day, but with ineffective devices this is such an effort that scarcely anyone will undertake it.

Now daily cleaning is accomplished in hundreds of thousands of homes in only a few minutes.

Cleans thoroughly

The Vacuette cleans deep down into the nap of your rugs with powerful air suction. The revolving brush gathers up threads and lint so hard to pick up with ordinary cleaning methods.

The combined action of brush and suction assures thorough cleaning. Makers of all kinds of fine rugs urge women to clean their treasured floor coverings the Vacuette way.

Surprisingly inexpensive

In spite of its wonderful cleaning efficiency and with all its advantages and greater convenience, the Vacuette costs only about half what you would expect to pay.

And, because of its automatic suction, there is of course no upkeep or running expense.

Try it in your home

A demonstration of the Vacuette in your own home will not obligate you in any way. Look in your phone book for Vacuette or—if there is no branch in your city—write us for the address of our nearest representative.

When you see the wonderful Vacuette clean, when you lift it and feel how light it is and how easy to handle, when you feel its strong suction, you will appreciate the tremendous improvement in this new cleaning efficiency.

THE
SCOTT & FETZER CO.
Cleveland, Ohio

Largest manufacturers of Automatic Vacuum Cleaners in the World
Also manufactured in Canada by
Vacuettes, Ltd., Miller Bldg.
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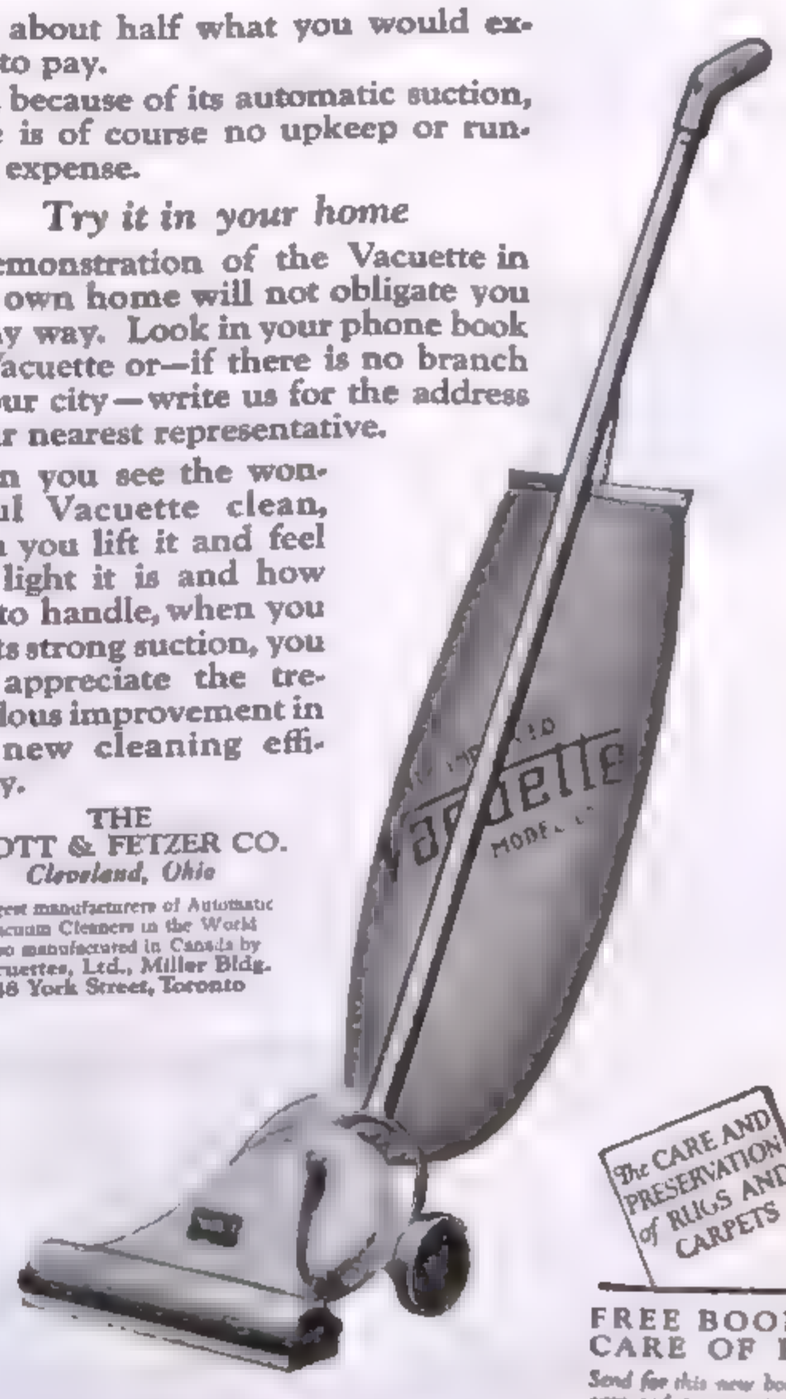

* Approved by Good Housekeeping and Modern Priscilla

FREE BOOK ON CARE OF RUGS

Send for this new book on the care and preservation of rugs. It tells how to make your rugs last longer—how to remove all kinds of rug stains

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Vacuette

non electric VACUUM CLEANER

(Continued from Page 126)

"Oh," said Mrs. Green, "I was just lifting the receiver to call you, Winnie. Come on over and play bridge tonight. I think I've got Orson tamed. I was so ashamed."

"Ashamed isn't the word for it," said Mrs. Hyde. "I was humiliated."

III

MR. AND MRS. HYDE were listening to their radio. It was Friday night and the Husband-and-Wife Tournament was to be played the following morning. Mr. Hyde's mind was not on golf, but was casting far and wide through the air for strange collections of capital letters like XYZ or SMP, designating distant broadcasting stations. Mr. Hyde was not interested in music, he cared little for lectures, and bedtime stories held absolutely no thrill for him. What he craved was distance. He was the sort of man who would buttonhole you next day to tell you he had got PIG station in Seattle, where he heard Professor Stopoff lecture on the culture of the lima bean. Lima beans were nothing in his life, nor was Seattle; but his soul thrilled at the thought that sound waves were traveling three thousand miles to batter against his ears. He would rather hear a recitation in the Polish tongue, emanating from Los Angeles, than a broadcasting of the Metropolitan Grand Opera Company twenty miles away. The radio has given birth to a new and choice lunacy, and Mr. Hyde was one of the ultra-lunatics. He did not use a loud speaker. The headpiece for him. The loud speaker was just a toy, said he.

So he and his wife sat through long evenings with dinguses fastened over their ears, and every time Mrs. Hyde would hear a scratch of something she liked to listen to, her husband would twist a whatnot and go scouring the ether for something less interesting from farther away. Finally she cast away the contraption.

"Let's talk," she said. "You won't light any place long enough to get any sense out of it. Do you know there will be twelve foursomes starting in the Husband-and-Wife tomorrow?"

"Gosh!" said Mr. Hyde, who had just got in touch with Santa Fé.

"We," said Mrs. Hyde, "are playing with the Greens."

"Fine!" said her husband abstractedly, being now through with Santa Fé and in the process of feeling about for Denver.

"I want to win it," said Mrs. Hyde.

"Well," he said, "if you'll just hold your temper we've got a sweet chance."

"My temper! When did I ever smash a golf club over a fence?"

"U'm. . . . Here's Butte, Montana."

"Oh, take those things off your ears and listen!"

Mr. Hyde did so obediently but with reluctance. This was the night he had hoped to get Honolulu.

"Can't we agree not to squabble for once? We don't quarrel except on the golf course—much."

"We can agree not to," he said.

"If you'll just stop criticizing my play ——" she said.

"If you," he said, "would just try to play the way you've been taught ——"

"Oh, go back and listen to your old radio! I'm going to bed. . . . But we're going to win that cup just the same."

"Arkwright's cup?" he asked with a grin.

"That one too," she said with a sudden gleam in her eye. "The Hyde family is going to set a world's record. We're going to play eighteen holes without a cross word."

"If we do," said he, "I buy you that piano you've been howling about."

"It's my piano," said she.

Next morning Mrs. Hyde took the precaution of starting the day right by calling down to her husband to go ahead with his breakfast alone. She did not appear until he was through and so in a reasonably genial frame of mind.

"I won't take but a jiffy," she said. "Go get the car around and I'll be ready."

When she came out of the door her husband looked at her and then stared.

"What in thunder," he demanded, "have you been doing to your hair?"

She smiled sweetly.

"Now, Peter," she said, "let's not say a word to each other on the way, and keep it up for eighteen holes. . . . I feel perfectly lovely. As a matter of fact, I don't really mind much if you tell me about some of my shots."

"I asked what in tunket you've done to your hair."

"I feel sure," said Mrs Hyde, "we're going to win."

"Huh!" said Mr. Hyde.

He parked his car and followed his wife to the locker house, where, displayed on a table, was the Husband-and-Wife trophy, and beside it a large silver cup engraved as follows:

THE ARKWRIGHT TROPHY
Won By
The Husband and Wife who Played Eighteen Holes Without Squabbling.

Mrs. Hyde looked at it placidly and smiled.

"The old idiot—him and his hole in one," said Mrs. Green. "I shouldn't think the board of governors would allow such a thing."

"Isn't it a nice cup?" asked Mrs. Hyde.

"Your hair is becoming, fluffed out over the ears like that," said Mrs. Green.

"I'm sure," replied Mrs. Hyde, "that we shan't have rain."

The Greens won the toss and drove off first. Mr. Green stood with lips tightly compressed until his wife's shot came to rest, and then drove in grim silence himself. Mr. Hyde turned his back so his soul could not be harrowed by Mrs. Hyde's back swing and then sliced out of bounds. However, Mrs. Hyde's drive was unusually good, so he kept his temper on a firm keel. He played an excellent brassy, and then the Greens began to wrangle about which of their drives to play. Mrs. Green won and played her husband's ball. Again, as the last time they played, Mr. Hyde's ball lay on the edge of the green.

"Now the chip shot," he said to his wife, but with perfect sweetness she reached for her mashie and played a pitch and run. It stopped four feet from the pin.

"I told you the chip shot!" he rasped.

Mrs. Hyde smiled benevolently.

"Your putt," she said.

He missed his putt; but his wife sunk a five, which was one better than the Greens.

On the second hole, which was one where much grief might be endured by golfers subject to the suggestion of water hazards, a knot of the regulars was gathered to enjoy themselves. McWhinney was there, and Old Man Arkwright, and Olney and Weevil.

"How's the start-off?" McWhinney asked. "Still speaking?"

Mrs. Hyde beamed upon him.

"What a lovely day," she said.

"Jim Brooks just threw his bag of clubs in the pond and quit cold," said Old Man Arkwright. "I guess nobody wins my cup this year."

"Peter's playing exceptionally well," said Mrs. Hyde.

"What did you make on the first?" Weevil asked her.

She looked placidly into his eyes and replied, "I think I shall play around the pond rather than try to go over."

"Huh!" said Weevil with an odd glance.

Now, it may as well be admitted that Mrs. Hyde's game did not please Mr. Hyde. Her stance irritated him, her back swing maddened him, and her choice of clubs had him jumping up and down with rage. He mentioned these faults, mentioned them distinctly, and trimmed up his instructions in his best dialectical manner. He said things which would have provoked a sheep to war; but his wife, after each volley, only turned upon him that placid, sweet smile and said something so utterly inconsequential, so far from the point, so totally lacking in temper, that, gradually, his face took on a look of bewilderment that was almost fright.

He couldn't understand it.

"Great cat, Winnie," he roared, after she had tried to play out of a trap with a midiron, "a two-year-old child with the rickets would have more judgment than to play a shot like that! Suffering Moses, where do you get that stuff? Won't you ever learn?"

But Winnie made no tart rejoinder. Her placid brow did not darken or her eyes flash.

"What a lovely view it is from this tee," she said, and her husband sat down limply to stare at her as if she were something unusual even in the Metropolitan Museum.

As for the Greens, they had not spoken since the third hole. Mr. Green addressed his wife through his caddie. Mrs. Green addressed nobody, but considered quitting, leaving her husband for good and going home to her mother. Their score was mounting.

The Hydes were out in fifty-one, which was a record for Husband-and-Wife play.

On the tenth Mr. Hyde found reason to launch another offensive. He really took pains with this one. He did his best. It required a matter of minutes for him to clear his mind of his thoughts concerning the amount of money he had wasted paying for golf lessons for his wife. But Winnie, as the saying goes, never batted an eye. When he was all done and on the point of breaking his putter over his knee, she touched his arm gently and smiled tenderly.

"I don't know," she said, "when I've had such a lovely day. It's so nice being out here with you, dear. . . . Let's have the Greens to dinner tonight."

"Awk!" said Mr. Hyde, and from that time he was silent, dazed. He felt that his reason tottered. When a thing happened before your eyes which was against Nature, which could not happen, then it meant one's reason was askew. That was it. Maybe it was the heat. If a pink hippopotamus had galloped out to play with him he would have set it down as all of a piece with what was going on.

But they finished the second nine in an even fifty, fourteen strokes ahead of the Greens, who were now severally considering consulting lawyers. As they walked up to the bulletin board to enter their score Mr. Hyde touched Winnie's arm, and she turned quickly, with a pleased expression, to place her hand in his. He swallowed hard.

"Say, Win, what—er—how —— Winnie, for Gawd's sake, what ails you?"

"I think," Winnie said, "we've won."

"Do —— Are you sick?"

"And I'll bet we've won Mr. Arkwright's lovely cup."

Her husband licked his lips. This was at least ninety times Winnie had used that word "lovely" today.

"Say I "

She only smiled the more sweetly.

"Let's all have lunch together here," she said, "and then we can watch the others come in this afternoon. . . . I love this club."

Old Man Arkwright came doddering up.

"Any claimants for my cup in this foursome?" he demanded jocularly.

"Oh, Mr. Arkwright," said Mrs. Hyde joyously, "do you know, Mr. Hyde and I have won your cup! Haven't we, dearie? We've never squabbled a bit all the way around—not a bit. It's just too lovely, playing without a lot of bickering!"

"Eh?" gasped the old gentleman. "Are you serious? Do you mean it?"

"Mrs. Hyde," said her husband, "has been wonderful." He was looking at his wife with eyes inclined to wall a trifle. "But it's true. She's been as—as placid as —— Great heavens," he burst out, "I never saw anything so dog-gone placid!"

"How about you?" the old man asked of the Greens. "I don't suppose you quarreled, either."

Mrs Green gave her husband one nasty look, turned her back and entered the clubhouse. Mr. Arkwright grinned. Again Mrs. Hyde touched her husband's arm.

"Honey, I'm going in and freshen up a bit before luncheon. It won't take me ten minutes."

He stood staring after her, waggling his head and scratching his ear. Presently she emerged, fresh, her hair combed and tidied and a smile on her lips.

"All ready," she said.

"You've done your hair over," said her husband. "What was the idea this morning? You had it fluffed all over your head."

"Oh, I just thought I'd try it that way," she said with a twinkle.

That night in their home Mr. Hyde sat down at his radio.

"Hey, Win," he called, "one of the head dinguses is missing. Who in thunder's been monkeying with my radio?"

Winnie came in with the what-not in her hand, its two round black ear pieces distinct against the white of her dress.

"I borrowed it," she said.

"Borrowed it? What for, in heaven's name?"

"To win the Husband-and-Wife," she said.

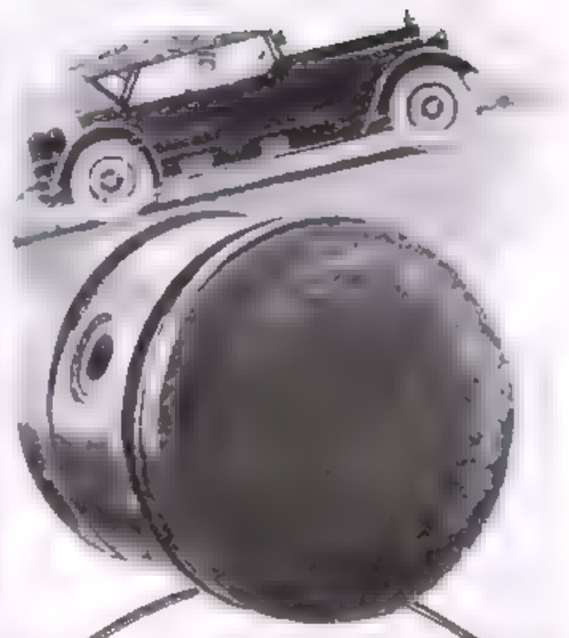
"Eh?"

She smiled sweetly.

"I wore it this morning," she said. "I padded the ear pieces and put it on, and then fluffed my hair over it so nobody could see it. I couldn't hear a thing."

"And that —— and you didn't ——"

"I never heard a word you said, dear," replied Mrs. Hyde.



A Remedy for Carbon

WHEN piston rings do not fit *tight* against the cylinder walls, gasolene leaks around the rings into the lubricating oil in the crankcase.

The oil, thinned with gasolene, then "pumps" up into the firing chamber and is burned. This causes carbon deposits and carbon which retards engine efficiency and ultimately proves a matter of repair and expense.

To prevent carbon, the piston rings must be held *tightly* and *evenly* against cylinder walls, so that gas and oil cannot seep past.

RINGPAK is a strip of reinforced asbestos which is fitted into the groove back of each ring. It holds the ring tight against the cylinder wall and keeps oil and gas apart. RINGPAK not only saves gas, oil and motor wear, but restores power and increases speed. The engine runs sweet and true.

Tell your serviceman to put RINGPAK in your cylinders.

RINGPAK

THE PERFECT PISTON SEAL
(Patent Applied For)

RINGPAK is put up in strips (each strip sufficient to pack one piston groove) in three packages, as follows, for pistons 4" or less in diameter.

Can of 12 strips, 1/16" . . . $4.00
Can of 18 strips, 1/8" . . . 6.00
Can of 12 strips, 1/4" (For Ford) 4.00

Special sizes and packages furnished for wider or narrower rings and pistons of larger diameter.

FORD OWNERS

Your sturdy Ford will run much better, with greater power and efficiency, when the piston rings are supported with RINGPAK. If troubled with excessive "oil-pumping," RINGPAK will stop it quickly and easily. Write us for information.

Line your Brakes with GARCO Brake Lining

General Asbestos & Rubber Co.
Main Offices & Factories,
CHARLESTON, S. C.
Branches: New York, Chicago, Pittsburgh
Canadian Distributors:
Canadian Asbestos Co., Montreal, Canada.

ROTO Prints *Perfect*

IS there a Rotogravure section in *your* paper?

The camera, eye witness of world events at home and abroad, gives you through Rotogravure, truthful pictures of people and happenings everywhere. From the far corners of the earth it gathers photographs that convey accurate, clear-cut conceptions of things you would like to see if you could be everywhere at one time.

GRAVURE
Pictures - the Universal Language

The newspaper with a Rotogravure section touches your home with the broadening influence of knowledge of world activities, gained from interesting pictures. Men and women of the hour, ceremonial occasions, beautiful scenery, the stage and its stars, fashions, the world of sports and its personages, all sweep before your eye in an ever-changing, ever-absorbing procession. In pictures, the one language that needs no interpreter, Rotogravure brings the beauty, the culture, the progress of the world to your entire household.

Above all, Rotogravure is truthful and accurate. Without favor or prejudice, it presents things as they are. Rotogravure is clean and wholesome but alive and full of zest—human but not sensational.

These pages show the scope of Rotogravure journalism. If there is a Rotogravure section in your local paper you will find it listed in company with the finest newspapers published in America.

There are many good newspapers of importance which are not yet equipped to supply Rotogravure due to present building limitations or contemplated changes in presses, but which have indicated their intention to add this feature. So watch for future announcements.

Kimberly-Clark Company
ESTABLISHED 1872
Neenah, Wis.
NEW YORK, 51 Chambers St. CHICAGO, 208 S. La Salle St. LOS ANGELES, 510 W. South St.

This is the first of a series of articles published by Kimberly-Clark Company, who manufacture Roto-plate, a superior paper for Rotogravure printing.

Like having a private 'phone booth at your desk

IT IS no longer necessary to side-step confidential 'phone calls. The embarrassment of giving guarded answers when others are sitting close beside you or asking your caller to hold the wire while you rush madly about to find an isolated 'phone or booth, is fast becoming a thing of the past.

The stuffy, space-filling and unsanitary 'phone booth is likewise becoming obsolete. It is being replaced by the convenient and handy

HUSH-A-PHONE

a new invention which permits you to carry on confidential telephone conversations right at your desk without lowering your voice or any conscious effort on your part.

The Hush-A-Phone gives absolute voice privacy, people sitting close beside you cannot distinguish a word you say.

Office Quiet is promoted by its use because the voice does not escape into the room and disturb other workers.

A Quiet Wire is assured at all times because all outside noises are kept out of the transmitter. This is especially advantageous in making long distance calls where both time and money are saved by eliminating the necessity of repeating your messages.

The Hush-A-Phone is not a permanent attachment—it slips instantly on and off the mouthpiece of any 'phone. It is used and endorsed by banks and many business houses both in this country and abroad.

If you live in one of the larger cities we shall be pleased to give you a free demonstration on your own 'phone, but no matter where you are you should read our free descriptive booklet.

USE THIS COUPON TODAY

THE HUSH-A-PHONE CORP.
19 Madison Ave., New York City

Please send your free booklet "How to make your telephone a private instrument"

Name

Street

City — *State*

THE INSIDE OF THE BAG OF TRICKS

Continued from Page 27

one-armed, bearded and effeminate types. External characteristics are the essential thing. This is understood so thoroughly that when an actress applies for an engagement she will dress, make up and comport herself as nearly as possible to resemble what she thinks the part is going to be. An actor who speaks French fluently assumed a strong Gallic accent when interviewing a manager for a dialect part, and was instantly engaged because he was it.

Several years ago a Viennese actress, who spoke perfect English, came to New York to try her luck. She was young, pretty and versatile, having had the comprehensive European training in drama, comedy, farce and operetta. For months she sought a suitable engagement fruitlessly. Finally she got a chance to play a bit—an old scrubwoman, with a strong German dialect. She was not primarily a character actress, and she did not wish to identify herself with parts out of her line; but her equipment qualified her to act anything, and to make a start she seized this opportunity. She made a hit in the bit and received unusual praise from the critics. That settled it. Other engagements offered, all for parts of the same *genre*. She found herself classified as a type. Her artistic soul rebelled. She determined to throw off the shackles. Vaudeville! There lay the avenue of escape; there she could act, dance, sing and exercise all her accomplishments. She went to vaudeville headquarters. They knew her reputation; they would be glad to give her an opening. But she must have a sketch written in which she could appear as an old German scrubwoman! She threw up the sponge and went back to the theater, where she is still playing character bits.

Labor Union Affiliations

This type casting, adopted because the commercial managers found it the easy way, resulted in letting down the bars to anybody and everybody who sought a footing on the stage. Today there are hundreds, if not thousands, that claim to be members of the theatrical profession who are ignorant of the elemental requirements of acting. They have never learned, nor have they had the opportunity to learn in present conditions, the A B C's. The number of our good actors now is pitifully small, and they are chiefly of the older generation. As they pass there are almost none to take their places. Despite the lack of training, because of the vast number of plays required by the constant increase in theaters, many of these incompetents find employment, but new recruits arrive so rapidly from season to season that fully one-third are unable to find engagements. There are not enough to go around, and besides, numerous types have to await the peculiar parts for which only they are deemed to be suited. When a discerning and conscientious director—there are a few left—seeks to obtain a cast that will give a fair interpretation of a play of the better kind he finds it a baffling task. When the rehearsals begin he discovers that he is conducting a beginners' class in acting.

Moreover, the attitude of the actor toward his work has undergone a decided change. The commercial manager has commercialized him too. As he expresses it, he is in the business to get all there is out of it. If good luck or the current requirements put him in the position of being sought after, his first thought is of the opportunity this gives to jack up his salary. A good-looking young leading man of ordinary ability whom fortune has favored in this manner draws a salary that in a theatrical season of thirty-five weeks aggregates more than that paid in a year to a judge of the Supreme Court or the Mayor of New York. The few actors in constant demand are overpaid, while the rank and file are underpaid.

Some years ago a group of actors formed the Actors' Equity Association to protect the profession from the practices of certain managers unfair in their dealings with their employes. The individual actor, especially the minor actor, was powerless to cope with these interests, and reputable managers welcomed the new organization, particularly as the founders maintained that Equity was not only to be the name but the keynote of the new association and that its influence would be used to guard the honest manager from the dishonesties of the irresponsible, contract-breaking actor.

The Equity Association and the managers agreed upon what they considered a fair form of engagement contract. But a coterie of managers—the same that had brought the Equity into existence—failed to live up to this agreement. The decent managers had not power to compel the adherence of the others, and the result was a growing distrust and resentment among the actors. Finally the managers organized the Producing Managers' Association in order that there should be a central and representative body qualified to deal with the Equity. The membership, though comprising producers, covered also the chief theater managers, as the majority of these are engaged in play production.

In the spring of 1919, when the term for which the then existing engagement contract was drawing toward a close, conferences were held between the Managers' Association and the Equity looking to the adoption of a new form of engagement contract. For a time these negotiations moved smoothly, but eventually, as no agreement could be reached, they were broken off.

The radical leadership of the Equity, which had the blind allegiance of the majority of the members, decided to apply for admission to membership in the American Federation of Labor, and secured that status by arrangement with a small vaudeville organization that had already secured a union franchise. Overnight, as it were, the majority of the players were transformed into trade-unionists. Next followed a decision to strike. The new actors' union ordered its members to break their existing individual contracts, and they obeyed, with the result that at the beginning of the autumn season practically all theaters were closed, and the business throughout the United States was at a standstill. There was a bitter contest between the opposing factions for several weeks.

A number of actors, among them a group of the most distinguished remaining in the American theater, who deplored the situation, rejected the idea that acting was a trade, honored the traditions of their art and refused to enroll in the union ranks. They formed the Actors' Fidelity League, and though protesting against unionism recognized the fact that actors must organize for protection. What this organization lacked and still lacks in numbers it made up in its conservative policy and in the personal influence and weight of its members.

The Closed Shop Movement

The managers conducted their campaign unwisely and by false moves antagonized the unions of stagehands and musicians, as well as organized labor generally, with the result that these related interests cast their lot actively with the striking actors. After the conflict had proceeded acrimoniously for two or three weeks the Managers' Association offered a five years' contract to the newly formed Actors' Fidelity League, embracing practically all the points for which the Equity was striving. This offer was accepted. Soon after, joint committees of the managers and the Equity met, adopted in all essentials the same form of engagement contract, and signed a working agreement to remain in force five years, and the strike ended.

It had been a disastrous experience for both parties, and it left in its wake hostilities and animosities that still endure.

And thus it came to pass that the relationship of Equity actor and commercial manager changed. The manager cherished a prejudice against the actor and the actor took on the air of a conqueror who felt loyalty and responsibility only to his own organization. Under the agreement the managers could engage whom they pleased, Equity actor or non-Equity actor but the radical Equity leaders proceeded to strengthen their position and increase their power. Naturally when unions are created salaried positions are created, too, and the men in the saddle felt the usual urge to make their jobs permanent and unassailable. They concluded to try to force the closed shop on the managers. They did not call it the closed shop but adopted the euphemism the Equity Shop. Owing to the five years' agreement they could not institute the scheme with the members of the Producing Managers' Association, but they declared it against the independent producers and managers of stock companies.

That meant that no member of the Equity would be permitted to appear in a cast that contained any non-Equity actor in a production that was not made by a member of the Producing Managers' Association. The object of this move was to compel the independent actor to join the Equity and contribute his dues in order to continue in his profession. The agreement between the Managers' Association and the Equity will terminate on June 1, 1924. The managers, wishing to know where they were going to stand after that date, recently held a series of conferences with Equity representatives looking to an extension of the present working agreement. The latter insisted on the closed shop. The managers refused.

Apparently there is no high principle involved on either side. The actors' representatives want to secure for their association still greater power, and to compel all persons who wish to appear on the American stage to pay tribute to their organization and subject themselves to its rule. The managers fear the consequences of giving complete control to the radicals. They know, too, that the closed shop would probably drive from the stage a majority of the few remaining actors of note, who are members of the nonmilitant Actors' Fidelity League.

What Directors Should Know

Since the strike, in many cases, the attitude of the actor toward the employer and the director has changed. In place of cooperation there has developed a chip-on-the-shoulder spirit subversive of good results. The manager is an enemy, the director must be held down; if a difference arises it must be referred to the Equity for adjustment. Maximum of salary and minimum of return is too often the order of the day. Of course this does not make for improvement in the standard of performances. The actor, who, like a soldier, ought to be subject to the commands of his superior officer, has become a mutinous individual with the feeling that there stands behind him an organization that will aid and abet him—if he has paid his dues.

Next to the author comes the director in importance in the theater. Success depends largely upon him. He ought to be really something of a superman. In the first place, it is his function to understand completely the author's meaning and intention in order to bring about a true and faithful interpretation. Further, he should possess a keen power of analysis and a rich imagination in order to be able to discover and rectify the author's inevitable lapses and shortcomings. He should have a thorough knowledge of all sorts and conditions of men. He should be acquainted with the amenities of social life. He should know the attitude and gesture of those who belong—how and what fastidious people eat and drink; how they speak and behave; their foibles, weaknesses and oddities. He should be familiar with the thoughts and ways of the parvenu, the Puritan, the loose liver, the idle rich. He must know dialects, accents, bad manners, mispronunciations and slovenly speech. He must know racial peculiarities, the characteristics of different nationalities. He must be close to the people, their wrongs, their problems, their sufferings, their aspirations. He must know the dark sides of life, all about crooks, adventurers, swindlers, drug addicts. He should be a student of the drama, know something of painting and designing, be well versed in history, politics and literature. And he should have the power to cajole or compel from actors the response necessary to give vitality and verity to the creations he is required to transform from the cold written page into copious and compelling reality, suffused with artistic color, so that there stands forth the vivid form and body of the author's fancy.

Under commercial influence directing plays has degenerated with every other department of the theater. What else could be expected in a situation where the commercialists are not interested, aware or requiring? In the preceding day we had Wallack, "the glass of fashion and the mold

of form," and the light comedian *par excellence*, to place before us with ineffable charm and irresistible humor the English comedies of manners; Boucicault, the amazing wizard of the stage, who ran the gamut of life from the bogs of Ireland to the drawing-rooms of London's West End; Palmer, the arbiter of culture and good taste; and Daly, the keen, delicate, experienced purveyor of everything scintillating, veracious and delightful in the smart circles of his day—and many others less famous, but almost equally equipped to furnish forth all those simulacra of human life that the theater in its best estate reveals.

And now look at the damned thing! What have we now? In place of men who knew life and society and literature and the drama and who were fully qualified to translate plays to us, not only in their integrity but with the addition of insight and sympathy, we have for the most part a group of ignoramuses, whose bad taste, poor technic, lack of mentality and general incompetency result in botching the work of the authors and misguiding the actors.

A few instances that have come under my notice lately will suffice to indicate the descent of the director and make clear what I mean. They illustrate the caliber and character of a majority of the persons to whose tender mercies the works of dramatic authors and the guidance of our young actors are intrusted by the commercialists. Of course there are some exceptions, but they are few.

Vagaries of Directors

A literary woman wrote a play. It was accepted by a New York manager and put in rehearsal. The author, a complete stranger to the customs of the theater, asked me as a friend to see a rehearsal because "they were doing dreadful things" to her work that disturbed and distressed her. I told her I could not go unless invited by the director. He invited me. I watched the rehearsal. A scene came along between the two leading characters, a husband and wife. On the surface the dialogue was commonplace, but it had a special and peculiar significance, nevertheless, an under meaning, and this was not brought out. The director left the stage and came down to us in the orchestra to discuss it.

"That scene don't seem just right to me," he said. "What do you think's wrong with it?"

I ventured that I thought, as the characters were saying one thing and thinking another, that the actors should subtly suggest that fact in their treatment.

Whereupon the director went back to the stage and said to the actors, "Go over that scene again, and this time make it more dense."

One of our best-known directors has invented methods distinctly his own. The psychological elements of a play must be reduced to physical methods of expression. For instance, a conflict of minds is translated into an encounter that seems imminently to portend a boxing bout, the adversaries nose to nose, fists clenched, voices raucous. "Snap" and "speed" are his eternal watchwords. Whenever possible, scenes must be acted close down to the footlights. At all important points the characters must deliver their lines standing up, as he holds that they are never effective when sitting down. "You're not playing for the four highbrows who pay three dollars apiece to sit in the front row," he impresses repeatedly upon his actors. "Remember, you're working for the little guy who gives up his quarter to get into the back row of the gallery."

Another director's pet idea is to let the actors direct themselves. He thinks this produces an effect of unstudied naturalness. The result, of course, is an impression of unmeaning artlessness. Actors are not able to regard the interests of a play as a whole; they are concerned in making their individual parts stand out.

Then we have the director who insists that the loud pedal shall be put on every line, if not on every word. To him the chief desideratum is that the dialogue shall be vociferously projected to the farthest reaches of the auditorium. Still another stands at the back of the dark parquet while a rehearsal is progressing and if things go not according to his liking he runs down the aisle to the orchestra rail on all fours, emitting cries like an enraged animal. His theory is that this will impress the actors so indelibly that they will put forth their best efforts. Another refuses to give any reasons for his instructions on the ground that it would be a sheer waste of time, as the actors do not possess sufficient mentality to understand him; wherefore he contents himself—and them—with saying simply "Do this" or "Do that." One director has the players sit around a table reading their parts for a week or two, permitting no rehearsals meanwhile. Another, whose knowledge of English is confined to the sort that is heard on the street corner, often insists that actors shall mispronounce words, on the ground that if they sound right to him they will sound right to the public. Another, whose vocabulary has decided limitations, follows the rule of cutting out of a play any and every word whose meaning he doesn't understand himself.

One of the chief causes of the chaotic state of the theater is the superabundance of playhouses in the producing centers. New York has more than sixty of the first class, in which top prices prevail. When the postwar boom started there was a rush to build new theaters. There was no normal demand for them; the wants of the public were already more than supplied, but the additions went on crazily. In many cases they were merely real-estate speculations. What is the result? Suitable material cannot be found to supply so many stages; failures are plentiful; pseudo successes are kept alive either at a loss or by resort to the aid of cut rates. When there is a slump managers open their doors to whatever offers in order to keep going, or they have closed intervals in what should be a productive period. When business is above the average they insist on heavy guaranties as a condition of booking new plays. In flush times this exaction can be imposed upon producers, many of whom prefer to risk their money on the metropolitan hazard straightway rather than to lose on prolonged tryouts or in marking time with inferior out-of-town bookings while waiting for an available theater on the ordinary sharing terms in New York.

The oversupply of theaters is one of the reasons for the let-down in the general quality of plays. With more than half a hundred stages in New York to feed, discrimination becomes impossible. Yet in spite of this there is a concern controlling many theaters that requires the producer either to give up a substantial interest in his venture in return for a New York opening or to bind himself to play only in this concern's theaters in other cities, or both.

Agents and Speculators

In still another way the theater surfeit injures the character of performances and seriously affects the interests of the public. It creates a demand for hundreds of actors where there should be only scores. This spreads the few good actors over such a wide field that it has come to be next to impossible to assemble a suitable cast for a play. Almost invariably we find a cast containing three or four good actors, while the rest are mediocre, although there is scarcely a frequenter of the theater that does not appreciate the enjoyment of fine, homogeneous acting when he gets the chance. The well-balanced performances of the Wallack, Daly and Palmer companies, with their splendid team play, are impossible now.

Twenty years ago the ticket agencies were few and of minor importance. There were news stands in a few of the New York hotels where a small number of choice seats were kept on sale, mainly for the convenience of out-of-town visitors. A reasonable profit was charged for the accommodation. The seats were allotted by the managers. The agents had the privilege of returning those that were unsold an hour before the performance, and the managers received 50 per cent of the agents' premiums. The business gradually grew, and more and more seats were given to the agents, who multiplied. Outside the hotels agencies were established in office buildings downtown and uptown, and soon a large proportion of the best seats were to be had only at these places, the public finding it useless to seek desirable places at the box offices. Then came the practice of making "buys," which ended the chance of a patron getting good seats except by paying the increased price. The buy is managed in several ways. One is for the agents to send representatives out of town to see tryout performances. If the reports are favorable the agents buy outright practically all the orchestra seats at the regular prices for a period of four weeks

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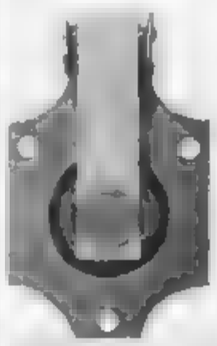

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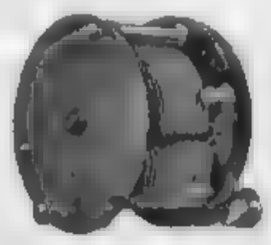

Variable Condenser
Panel Mounting

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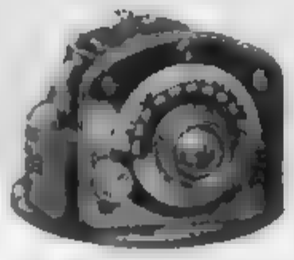

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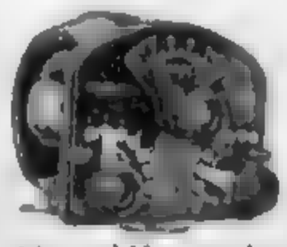

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in advance, with the privilege of returning before each performance 25 per cent of the tickets unsold. If the demand is large another four weeks' tickets are bought ahead, and so on until the success wanes. Meanwhile the early bird, if he is fatuous enough to apply at the box office, is told that there is nothing on hand for a month ahead.

Sometimes a manager who has a couple of hits running on which the agents are reaping a harvest uses that as a lever to force a buy for a new play that is weak in the knees. The agents take the seats, push their sale as far as possible, and dump the residue into the cut-rate establishments.

The agents are supposed to limit their premiums to fifty cents a ticket, but for the big hits they tack on as much as they can get. In some cases the eager purchaser is mulcted out of twice the scheduled price of the tickets. One agent, who proclaims that he never charges more than fifty cents advance, works an original device very successfully. A customer applies for a number of seats for a certain night. The agent informs him that there is a great demand for this particular performance and he hasn't one in the place. The customer must have the seats, for he has friends coming to town who, he has promised, shall see that play on that night. The agent tells him that he will send out and shop around among the speculators. The customer doesn't care; he must have those seats at any price. Next day he gets them. The price is exorbitant, but the agent could obtain them no cheaper from the conscienceless speculator who held them. He charges nothing for his service; he is delighted to be of use to a good customer. The good customer goes away impressed with the honesty and disinterested helpfulness of the agent, who smiles at the knowledge that the pasteboards were snugly reposing in a drawer under his counter all the while. As everyone knows, in this side line the public often gets the worst end of it.

Besides the many regular agents there are a myriad of petty speculators, successors to the army that used to peddle tickets on the sidewalks until the passage of a municipal ordinance drove them to seek shelter indoors. In the theater district they have found roosting places in small shops and cubby-holes, where they display lists of the theaters for which they sell seats. Some of the supply they obtain by what is called digging—that is, ordering seats by mail or telephone, or sending messengers or dummies to the box offices in case there are tickets, as occasionally happens, to be bought there. They even purchase from the recognized ticket agencies, paying the ordinary premium and trusting to luck or a strong demand to get a higher price.

The Cut-Rate Agencies

Equally important in the paradoxical conditions that obtain are the cut-rate agencies. The agents and speculators make their profit by charging more, while the cut-rate dealers make theirs by charging less. One of these dealers has grown so affluent in recent years that some managers have turned to him to pull them out of a financial pinch. In other cases when they were getting ready to withdraw an unprofitable play he has guaranteed a sufficient sum—in return for an unlimited supply of tickets at a reduced price—to keep the piece alive for a stipulated number of weeks.

There are few productions made in New York, however successful at the start, that do not get into the cut-rate list eventually. It generally happens when the gallery and balcony begin to show empty rows. Weakness develops in the gallery because the movies have reduced the patronage in that quarter, and the balcony is in disfavor, although all but the front rows are priced lower than the orchestra. So the manager begins to give a certain number of upstairs tickets nightly to the cut-rate dealers. When gaps show downstairs he includes the rear rows of the orchestra, and as the box-office sale continues to fall off, more of the best seats are included until the cut-rate dealers are getting all they want or all they are able to sell over their bargain counters. Their patrons know that eventually they will be able to procure the best seats for almost any play virtually at half the regular price, so they wait patiently until the inevitable occurs.

Tens of thousands of New Yorkers never buy tickets except at cut rates. Why should they? These New Yorkers are not confined to the class to whom economy is essential. In the principal agency well-dressed mobs besiege the counters just before the theater hour and limousines line the street. In the season the list of theaters for which seats are to be had includes a choice of anywhere from twenty-five to forty. A large number of these patrons are members of what the proprietor calls a club; they are enrolled at a charge of fifty cents a year and are entitled to a discount from the cut rate that the nonmember pays. It is said that this club numbers more than one hundred thousand, so the dues go a long way toward paying the operating expenses. The cut-rate dealer pays the managers on this basis: $3 seats, $1.25; $2.50 seats, $1; $2 seats, 75 cents; $1.50 seats, 60 cents; $1 seats, 40 cents. He sells these at an advance over their cost to him of twenty to fifty cents, although the price fluctuates slightly according to the demand. Through this system, it will be seen, a large body of theater patrons has been educated to pay about half price for seats, and never pays more. Often the anomaly is presented of three scales of prices prevailing: One at the box office, a higher one at the regular ticket agencies, and a reduced one at the cut-rate places.

Is it strange that the public, fully aware of these practices, grades the theatrical business on a level with the circus side show, and regards the average manager as a gouger whose aim is to trim the people that support him? This sentiment was strikingly illustrated during the actors' strike, when public opinion, quite irrespective of the merits of the controversy, was arrayed solidly against the managers; they were the enemy of the public, so they must be the enemy of the actor.

The Central Agency Plan

Claiming to be business men, conducting the theater on a so-called commercial basis, they have nevertheless pursued unsound methods. And they are now being overwhelmed by the evil forces they have created. Tardily awaking to the fact that the public distrusts them and believes that if they are not actually sharing in the spoils they are solely responsible for the system, they have been agitating ways and means to correct the gross abuses in the ticket traffic. The Producing Managers' Association lately has been wrestling with the problem of curbing the ticket agencies and the cut-rate dealers. Various schemes have been devised. Unanimity of action appears to be impossible among the diverse interests involved. The plan most favored is the establishment of a central ticket agency under the managers' joint control, at which seats for all theaters would be sold at a small advance over the box-office price, this premium to cover the expenses of the agency. For a time the idea met with favor, although it was admitted that speculators might find it easy to obtain their supplies surreptitiously from the central office and continue their trade in the present fashion, while managers would meantime lose the advantage some of them now think they enjoy through the recognized agents' buys. When the question of abolishing the cut-rate business also came up that proposal was lost because several managers controlling a considerable number of theaters threatened to resign from the association, as they believed the system was beneficial to their individual interests. At several critical junctures, in the case of other proposed reforms, threats of resignation by powerful interests have sufficed to kill them.

Mr. Augustus Thomas, who was engaged last year to reconcile differences of this sort, harmonize managerial sentiment and guide their ship into safe waters, has been unable to unite all the discordant elements, despite his tact, moderation and experience in handling men. For most of them are suspicious of their competitors and afraid that they may personally lose and others benefit by any decisive action intended for the general good of the business.

The other day the writer heard a manager assert that he regarded cut rates as a boon. "There are many people who will not pay box-office prices because they think them excessive," he said. "They look upon the ticket bought at half rates as a bargain. If the seats they occupy were empty the house would look bad, and when it gets about that a play is not filling the house people do not wish to see it—they want to be in the swim; they are attracted by success. The cut rate brings in something, and prevents the need to support any army of deadheads. Besides, it furnishes a way, while

(Continued on Page 137)

STYLEPLUS WEEK

Go to the Styleplus merchant and SEE these big features in every Styleplus suit and overcoat:—

Style: real distinction in clothes. Fabrics: all wool—the pick of the great looms—the latest weaves and fashionable patterns—every man's taste gratified. Tailoring: worthy of such fine materials and designing. Price: a distinct sensation, after you've seen the splendid quality of the clothes!

This is Styleplus Week from Maine to California. Special displays are being made by all Styleplus merchants.

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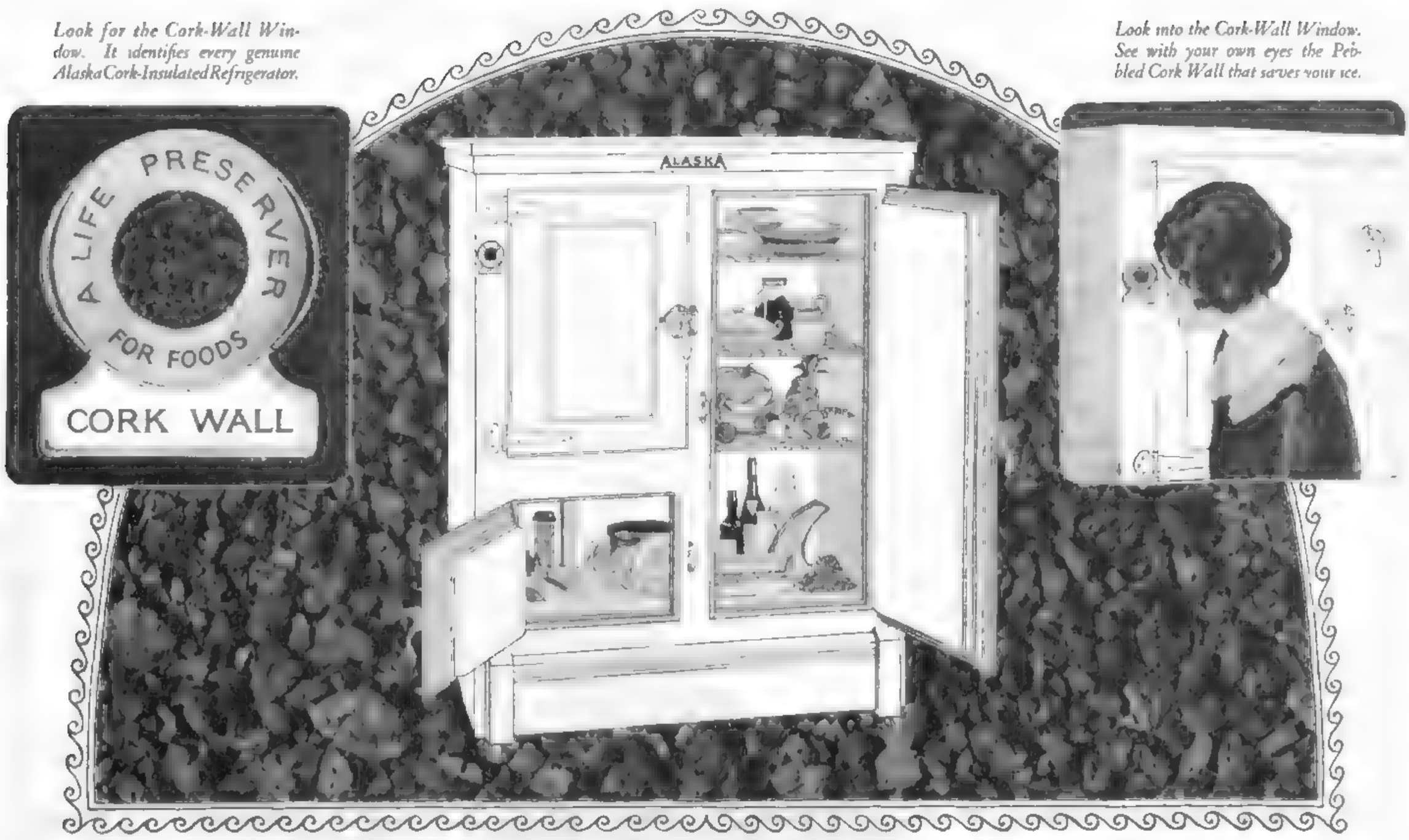
Look for the Cork-Wall Window. It identifies every genuine Alaska Cork-Insulated Refrigerator.

Look into the Cork-Wall Window. See with your own eyes the Pebbled Cork Wall that saves your ice.



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Peek into it and see the Pebbled Cork that Saves Your Ice

There has always been more or less mystery about the "insides" of refrigerators. How to *prove* insulation has long been a problem.

But now the problem is solved in the Alaska. The mystery is no more. From this time on you can see with your own eyes that the Alaska you select has the famous *Pebbled Cork* insulation. This feat is made possible by the new *Cork-Wall Window* now built into the front of every genuine Alaska. Note the illustration above. It is virtually a little X-Ray. It serves exactly the same purpose as boring a hole into the refrigerator. Through the lens of this little window you *see* the actual Pebbled Cork that has given the Alaska its nation-wide reputation as an ice-saver. Remember this mark. It is a feature found only on the genuine cork insulated Alaska.

A Wonderful Insulator

Alaska Pebbled Cork Insulation is the result of 46 years of refrigerator experience. Innumerable tests and experiments have consistently proved to us that it is the *best* of all heat retardants. Inner walls of *Pebbled Cork* hold the heat out and save the ice.

To be sure you have the genuine cork insulated Alaska, *look for the Cork-Wall Window* and then *look into the Window* and see the Pebbled Cork.

Other Alaska Features

Many such features, combined, have won for the Alaska its title, "A Life Saver for Foods." Among them, physical beauty is prominent. Both in design, finish and craftsmanship it is a joy to the eye.

But other features command your attention. For example, the Full Ice-Sweep Circulation. By this patented system, the circulating air is more fully chilled and dried It keeps foods fresh and wholesome. It saves food waste. It aids the Pebbled Cork in conserving ice.

Then there are the sanitary, seamless white porcelain and enamel interiors—with easy-to-clean, rounded corners; the seal-tight doors; patented, cold-conserving drain trap; non-rusting shelves, and others which your dealer will gladly show you.

Enjoy an Alaska

Hundreds of thousands of homes are insuring the wholesomeness of their perishable foodstuffs and saving ice with the Alaska Why not you?

We have styles to meet any requirement and prices to suit any income. See the Alaska dealer. Look for the *Cork-Wall Window*. See for yourself this revolutionary idea.

If you do not know the Alaska dealer, write us for his name and a copy of the Alaska Book.

THE ALASKA REFRIGERATOR COMPANY
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Makers, also, of the Alaska-Star Line of dependable refrigerators, not cork insulated

ALASKA

Cork-Insulated Refrigerator

To Dealers

If you are not yet supplying the demand for these better-built, ice-conserving refrigerators in your community, write us for complete information

(Continued from Page 134)

saving the manager's face, to compete with the low prices of the motion-picture houses."

But the cut rates always kill the legitimate sale of the cheaper seats; that is the invariable experience. The moment these tickets are offered at "Joe's" the demand stops at the box office. So when this is taken into account it can be seen easily that the gross receipts are not increased.

When you gently suggest that rather than pretend to maintain the high scale for a play that doesn't draw, it might be wise to adopt a flexible scale conforming to the appeal of each current attraction and thus strike an average to meet the public demand on an honest, businesslike basis, the manager holds up his hands in horror and assures you that that would never work—the prices charged now are too low and quite incommensurate with the increased expenses, and the public would never patronize a play that was not advertised as worth the high prices. But in point of fact he will sell tickets through the medium of the cut raters at prices that would be ridiculed by the movie manager. In other words, much of the time he is actually giving his performances at low prices.

Managers of theaters in the large cities—the week stands especially—are dependent on the plays that come to them from the two producing centers, New York and Chicago. They have learned that metropolitan successes are not necessarily successful locally, that their patrons are by no means always ready to accept the miscellany that receives the stamp of approval in the place of origination.

One-Night Stands Going

There is little harmony of judgment even in the producing centers. New York and Chicago have been reversing each other in a bewildering way of late. Plays that ran a year or more in New York have died in a month in Chicago and vice versa. Either the playgoers of the other cities are doing their own thinking or their requirements differ from those of communities that are large enough to furnish a separate public for a variety of theatrical pabulum. Coupled with the competition of the movies, the managers operate under expenses that have increased rapidly since the war. Overhead has increased fully 40 per cent. Exactions of the stagehands' and musicians' unions form no small part of the excess. The attractions have grown steadily less attractive, and the box-office receipts have not grown steadily larger.

The one-night-stand managers have suffered even more. At best their margin for profit, owing to the large percentages given to visiting companies, is narrow. In recent seasons desirable bookings have been scarce and the ordinary attractions would not draw. So in a good many cases the small-town manager solved his problem by turning to motion pictures, or pictures mingled with a few vaudeville acts. For this he required practically no advertising in the newspapers and no billposting. He dispensed with the orchestra, as a pianist answered all purposes. He bade the stagehands a fond farewell. He reduced his staff in the front of the house to a ticket seller, a doorkeeper and an usher or two. He changed his bill daily, kept his theater open day and night every day in the week, and he was not obliged to give up 75 per cent of his receipts to anybody. He found that under this arrangement his house was never dark and that the low prices and constant change of program augmented his public. And he made, and is making, more money than he ever dreamed of making when he played touring companies. Of course his being the only dramatic theater in the place, the drama perished from the earth, so far as that town was concerned. The small communities have accepted the change without a murmur, however, apparently satisfied with playless nights.

Of course only a portion of the one-night stands have gone over completely to the movies, but enough have capitulated to complicate the task of the manager seeking to book connecting time in good territory between the cities. Last season a touring manager persuaded the proprietor of a certain one-night-stand theater to open a night to him so that his company might play there. The company appeared; the house was crowded. A few weeks later application was made for a booking for another company.

"Never again," wrote the house manager. "The other show made a hit, but it took some time to get them coming to the pictures again. I had them well trained, but it sort of spoiled them. People kept dropping in to tell me how they enjoyed that show and wanting to know why I didn't give them more of the same sort. If we can live this down there'll never be another play given in my town so long as I'm manager of the opera house."

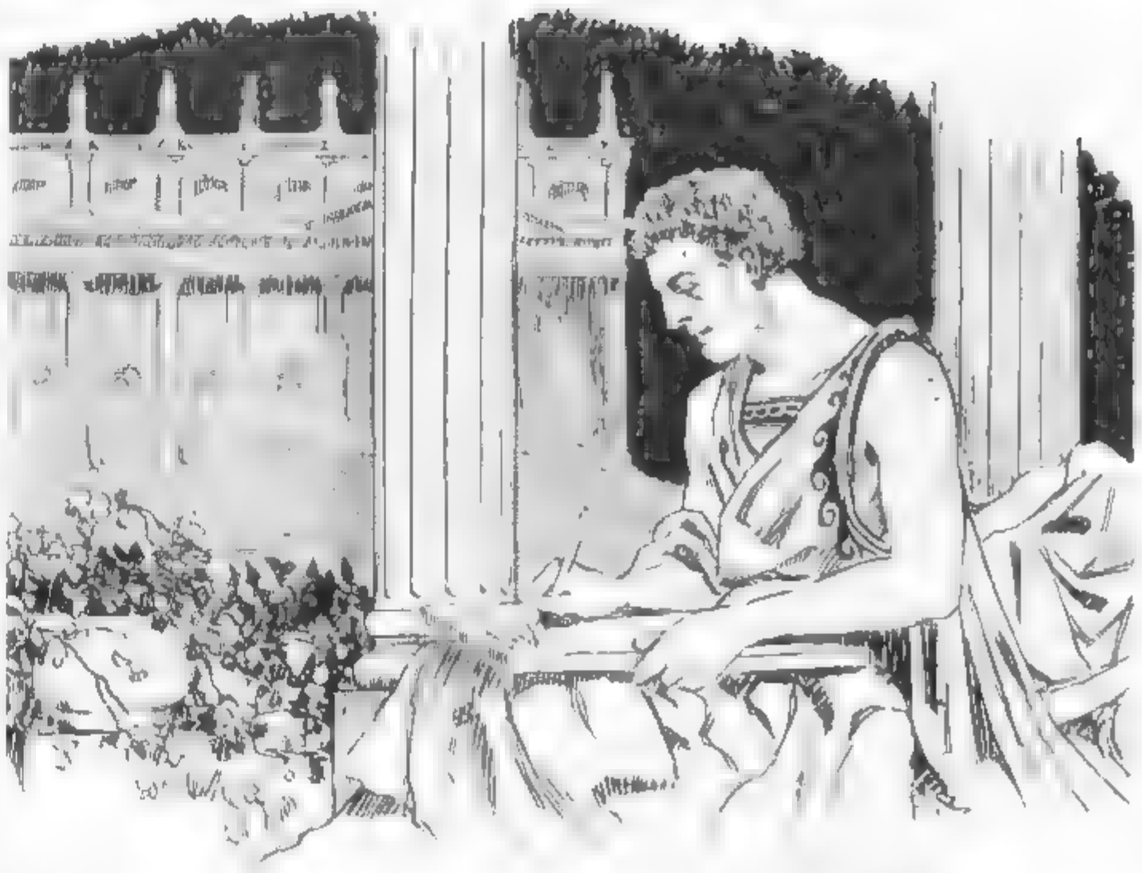
The way of the play producer is hard. After all, it is largely through his activities that the theatrical business exists. The theater—the edifice itself—has no power to draw the public; it is what is presented on the stage of the theater that attracts. Today the producer practically shoulders the major risk. He is the experimenter, the gambler; he stakes his money on his own judgment. Nobody helps him; everybody seems to be trying to do him.

At the outset when he accepts a play he is usually confronted by the author's agent, who sometimes makes all sorts of difficulties in arranging a contract. The author's agent frequently is a parasitic middleman, whose object is to swell the terms in order to augment his commissions. Then the producer meets the actors, who he finds are indifferently interested except with regard to securing the largest possible compensation. The few desirable people he discovers usually have inflated their salaries; if they are indispensable he is forced to accede to their demands. In order to keep the total salary list from becoming prohibitive he screws down the minor people, who are a numerous class and not in individual demand, and thus he completes a ragged, unsatisfactory cast that probably will be panned by the critics. Next he proceeds to the physical side of his production—scenery, properties, furniture, and the rest of it—and here he notes that the costs have about doubled since the good, easy old days before the war. The scenic artists explain that they are not profiteering, their gains are no larger than formerly, but when their assistants and paint boys unionized about the time of the Equity strike, and the artists, foreseeing the added burden that would be passed on to the producers, went to the Producing Managers' Association and offered, if backed up by them, to make a stand against the closed shop in the studios, they met with apathy and abandoned the struggle. Recently the artists and designers have been forced to join the union, much against their will. The assistants and paint boys, who are incapable of modeling or designing scenes, are now making as high as one hundred and fifty dollars a week, and the producers are paying from one to two thousand dollars for painting scenes that formerly cost from five hundred to a thousand dollars—except those canny chaps who have gone in for the so-called expressionistic scenery, which has the advantage of distinct economy.

The Producer's Troubles

The carpenters charge as much nowadays to build a set as it costs to build a comfortable bungalow in the suburbs. Canvas and lumber have gone up, to be sure, but as elsewhere throughout the whole business of the theater, it is labor that has added mostly to the increase. Ten years ago a play with two or three scenes and a small cast could be launched for ten thousand dollars; now the producer is lucky if he can put it on for twenty-five thousand dollars. The operating expenses—actors' salaries, staff and working crew, advertising, printing, railway fares, scenery transfer—all have gone kiting.

When the producer takes his company on tour he finds that his sharing terms have been cut down. As has been pointed out, the rival booking offices in New York, controlling the time of all the theaters in all the cities throughout the United States, are rivals no longer. In most cases the theaters no longer furnish an orchestra; if one is required he must pay for it himself, and the union musicians penalize him because the theater does not employ an orchestra regularly, by making him pay through the nose for it. The theater defrays but a modicum of newspaper advertising, and he must bear the larger share of all extras. The theater skins down the number of grips, clearers and other stage help, and charges the producer either the whole or the larger part of the wages of the additional men required to work the performance. For the producer everything has increased except the receipts. Altogether, his lot is not a happy



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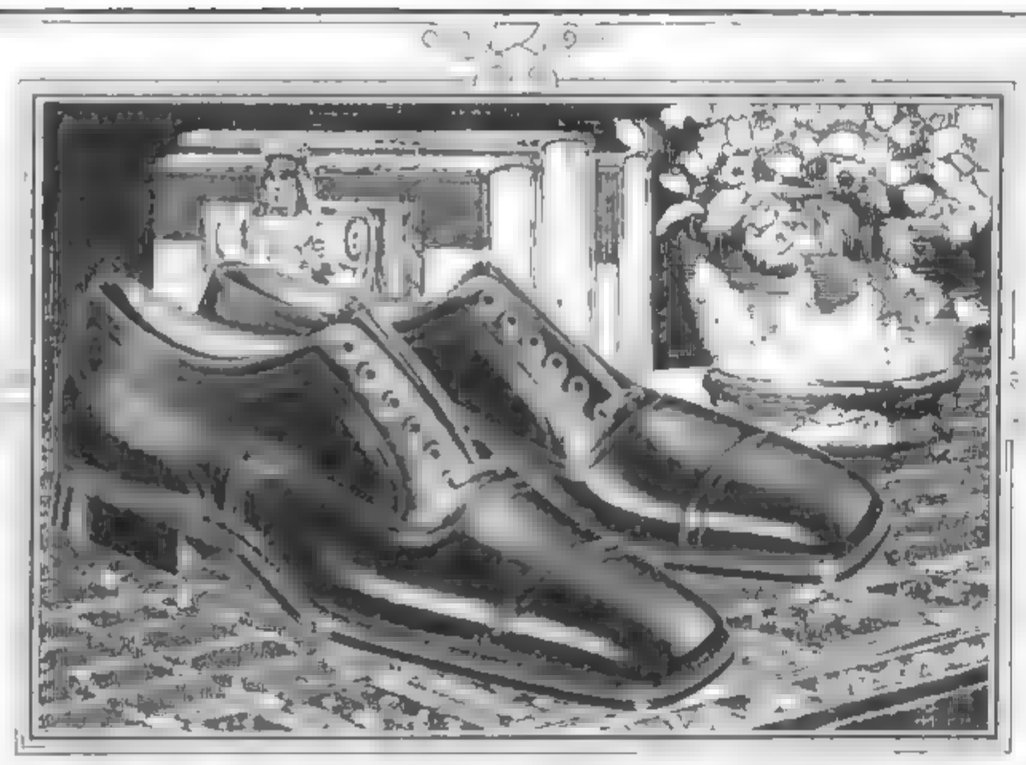

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one. He bears on his shoulders most of the burden of worry and hazard.

Apart from the precarious state of things within, the commercial managers are also suffering from the advent of three formidable outside opponents. The first of these is the motion picture, which has made enormous inroads into theatrical receipts and unfavorably affected the attitude of the public itself toward dramatic performances. The movies have narrowed the field of theatrical operations throughout the country, as already shown, and have driven the drama altogether from numerous communities. The automobile has also had a disastrous effect. Statistics reveal that there is one motor to every eight persons inhabiting the United States. Cars are owned principally by persons of moderate means. In the spring and autumn, especially during weekends, theater patronage falls off, and managers know that the automobile is responsible. Another source of trouble has lately appeared in the radio. Hundreds of thousands of people, under their own rooftrees, are listening in every evening and enjoying the varied programs that are broadcast for their benefit. Entertainment free of expense without the effort of going to a theater is a magnet, and here again the theater suffers a diminution of patronage.

The movies have done more to injure the theater than any other outside influence. When the photoplay came into being about fifteen years ago its sponsors urged that it would prove a blessing to the spoken drama. At that time the picture actor, so-called, did not exist, and it was essential to secure the good will and participation of players of the legitimate stage. Daniel Frohman, one of the earliest factors in this field, predicted that the motion picture would interest a new and numerous class of amusement seekers and would act as a sort of kindergarten for playgoers. He declared that it could never rival the regular theater, and that it would serve to broaden and intensify the enjoyment of the spoken drama. Since then what has happened? The movies have undermined and disintegrated the theater, artistically and commercially. They have built up an enormous public that supports them exclusively, and that has little or no knowledge of the real theater. They have not only diverted the younger generation from theater-going but they have seduced away numbers that formerly patronized the play.

The Vanished Gallery God

Such recruits as the theater has acquired through the movies bring their picture ideas with them and in choosing plays seek those that deal superficially and objectively with life. In some cities, notably Chicago, the trend toward material similar to that furnished by the movies is distinctly noticeable in the audiences at the regular theaters. A prominent manager, commenting on this, drew attention to the successes and failures recorded there during the past few years. Almost without exception the theaters flourished when presenting the cheapest sort of farce, comedy or melodrama, while nearly everything classed as fare for intelligent minds met with disaster. "We do business now in Chicago," he said, "only when we have something that appeals to the motion-picture public."

The movies have exercised this influence not only upon audiences but also upon managers, actors and dramatists. Managers find the picture theaters a form of competition they cannot meet. The movies have ruined the sale of the cheaper seats, especially in the gallery. In theaters recently built the gallery has been cut out entirely. The former gallery patron prefers a luxurious orchestra seat in a palatial movie house to climbing two steep stairways, sitting at a disadvantageous distance from the stage, and labeling himself as one who cannot afford the best in the house. The picture theater gives him at a lower price the sensation of being as good as everybody else. That is a strongly defined weakness of human nature, especially in this country. The manager of the picture house, moreover, runs little risk of having the film shown fail utterly, and if one doesn't draw there will be another the following week.

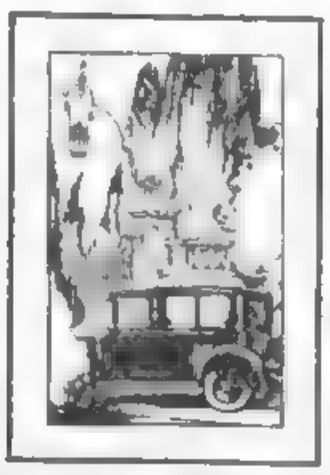
The risks attending play production, on the contrary, are great. Besides the initial preliminary outlay, the operating expenses are heavy, and if the offering is rejected the manager sustains a heavy loss, which is doubled if he makes it in his own theater. It is estimated that of all the plays produced, four out of five fail. With the films the important companies take no chances, as by their system of exhibitors' contracts they are guaranteed a profit for all releases.

There are not so many actors of first-rate ability on our stage that the draft made upon them by the movies has not made an appreciable dent in the resources for casting. The lure of salaries that are prohibitive in the theater is irresistible. The actors who desert to the movies generally profess that they dislike studio work and prefer the spoken drama, but they frankly admit that the emoluments outweigh their preference. In many cases actors have permanently gone to the studios not only because of the superior financial inducements but also because there are no production hazards, and the work makes very little demand upon the mental faculties. It is not a form of interpretation that requires the expenditure of gray matter. Others oscillate between the stage and the screen because continuous picture engagements are not forthcoming. Dramatists, too, have been seduced by the rewards of writing for the movies, or fat salaries in the scenario department; and this has, to some extent, had an effect in lowering the quality of the general dramatic output and opening the doors to an onrush of inexperienced, inexpert writers

Sharpers and Parasites

In the train of the greater ills that afflict the commercialized theater there have followed a number of minor evils. Among these are the schools of acting that encourage young people to pay high tuition fees and waste two or three years pursuing studies that are of slight practical use. These aspirants when they set forth after graduation to secure an engagement soon learn to conceal the fact that they have come from a dramatic school, since they discover that instead of being a passport to managerial consideration it is looked upon as a handicap. Then there are certain dramatic agents whose business lies in securing engagements for disengaged actors and getting a percentage of their salary. This, in itself, is legitimate when the agency is honestly conducted. But in several instances the agents are not content with their 10 per cent commission, so they have devised a scheme to rake off graft without openly violating the law, which defines the nature of their services and specifies their charges. These men get hold of unsophisticated people—young actresses especially are their prey—and under the promise of actively looking after their interests and procuring engagements induce them to sign agreements whereby the agent is constituted their personal representative at a stipulated weekly salary, thus evading the letter of the law. Of course the client does not enjoy a series of desirable engagements, as these lie in the hands of the managers and not the agents, but they find themselves bound, nevertheless, to pay the agent his regular stipend during a period of years.

These are the conditions, fairly stated, that are the result of nearly thirty years of stupid misrule. Every department of the theater has been thoroughly infected with the bacilli of commercialism, and the institution is in a bad state. It may get worse—if that is possible—but though the occasional prostration of the theater in the past has never been quite so complete as at present, its vitality is wonderful and it undoubtedly will recover from its ills sooner or later and enter upon another vigorous and brilliant period. The dramatic instinct abides eternally in the human heart, and when the era of rank materialism that the world—our part of it especially—has been passing through for a quarter of a century comes to an end; when the cyclonic disturbances of the Great War have become a thing of the past; and when the majority of the people demand of the stage what it has always within itself the power to give—recreation, mental stimulus, beauty and idealism—once more it will take its place as a great cultural force to make life better and happier. But the money changers will have to mend their ways or get out of the temple. They have worked their will for three decades, at the expense of the art they deride and of the public that has lost faith in them. If they can put their house in order, and if the actors will turn their eyes away from the false lights that are leading them into the sordid pit where the managers are wallowing, the equilibrium will be restored and the renaissance of the theater will begin.



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KEMAL PASHA

(Continued from Page 9

to get some sleep on the hard seat, for Pullmans are unknown in Turkey, than I began to make the acquaintance of the little travelers who had put the itch into Anatolia. They are the persistent little Nature guides to discomfort.

For hours the country had become more and more rugged. The fertile lowlands with their fields of waving corn and grateful green were now far behind. As we climbed steadily into the hills we could see occasional flocks of Angora goats. It was a dull, bleak prospect, but every inch of ground, as far as the eye could see, and beyond, had been fought over.

At nine o'clock the next morning we crossed a narrow stream that wound lazily along. Although insignificant in appearance, like most of the other historic rivers, it will be immortalized in Turkish song and tradition. In all the years to come the quaint story-tellers whom you find in the bazaars will recount the epic story of what happened along its rocky banks. This inconsequential-looking river was the famous Sakaria, which marked the high tide of the Greek offensive and the place where Kemal Pasha's army made its last desperate stand. Very near the point where we crossed, the Greeks were hurled back and their offensive broken. What the Marne means to France and the Piave to Italy, that is the Sakaria to the new Turkey. It marks the spot where rose the star of hope

Almost before I realized it a pall of smoke, the invariable outpost of a city, loomed ahead. Then I saw scattered mosques and minarets stark and white in the sunlight, and before long we were in Angora. The railway station is in the outskirts of the town and I had to drive for more than a mile to get to my lodging.

Despite the discomforts of the trip I must confess to something of a thrill when I stepped from the train. At last I was in a capital without precedent, perhaps, in the history of civilization. After their temporary sojourn first at Erzerum and then at Sivas, the Kemalists had set up their governmental shop in this squalid, dilapidated and half-burned village at one railhead of the Anatolian road. It was not without its historical association because once the crusaders camped here, and later Tamerlane the Terrible had overwhelmed the Sultan Bayezid in a famous battle and carried him off to the East as prisoner.

Angora, the Strange Capital

Almost overnight the population had grown from ten thousand to sixty thousand. With the advent of the Grand National Assembly, as the Turkish parliament is called, came the cabinet, all the members of the government, and the innumerable human appendages of national administration. Until the overthrow of the Greeks last year, Angora was also the general headquarters of the Turkish Army and its chief supply base.

Then, as now, Angora was more like a Western mining town in the first flush of a boom than the capital of a government whose future is a source of concern in every European chancellery. Every house, indeed every excuse for a habitation, is packed and jammed with people. Imbrie, the American consul, was forced to live for a year in a freight car which was placed at his disposal by the government. Moreover, he had to struggle hard to hang on to this makeshift home. The shops are primitive, and there are only two restaurants that a European could patronize.

Hotels as we know them do not exist. The nearest approach is the so-called *han*, which is the Turkish word for house. The average Turkish village *han* for travelers is merely a whitewashed structure with a quadrangle, where caravan drivers park their mules or camels at night and sleep upstairs on platforms. It is full of atmosphere, and other things more visible.

If you have any doubt about the patriotism which animates the new Turkish movement you have only to go to Angora to have it dispelled. Amid an almost indescribable lack of comfort you find high officials, many of them former ambassadors who once lived in the ease and luxury of London, Paris, Berlin, Rome or Vienna, doing their daily tasks with fortitude.

Happily I had taken out some insurance against the physical discomfort that is the lot of every visitor to Angora. After Kemal's residence, about the only one fit to occupy is the building remodeled for the use of the Near East Relief workers, which had lately been acquired by the representatives of the Chester Concession. Before leaving Constantinople I got permission to occupy this establishment, and it was a godsend in more ways than one. By some miracle, but due mainly to the three old Armenian servants whom I kept busy scrubbing the floors and airing the cots, I had no use for my insect powder. In fact I carried it back with me to Constantinople and exchanged it for some other and more æsthetic commodities.

This reference to the Chester Concession recalls a striking fact which was borne in upon me before I had been in Angora half a day. Everybody, from the most ragged bootblack up, not only knows all about the concession but regards it as the unfailing panacea for Turkish wealth and expansion. Ask a Turkish peasant about it and he will tell you that it means a railroad siding on his farm next month. There is a blind, almost pathetic faith in the ability of the Chester concessionaires to work an economic transformation. This is one reason why in Angora as elsewhere in Turkey the American is, for the moment, the favorite alien. But the whole Chester matter will be taken up in a later article.

Reasons for the Choice

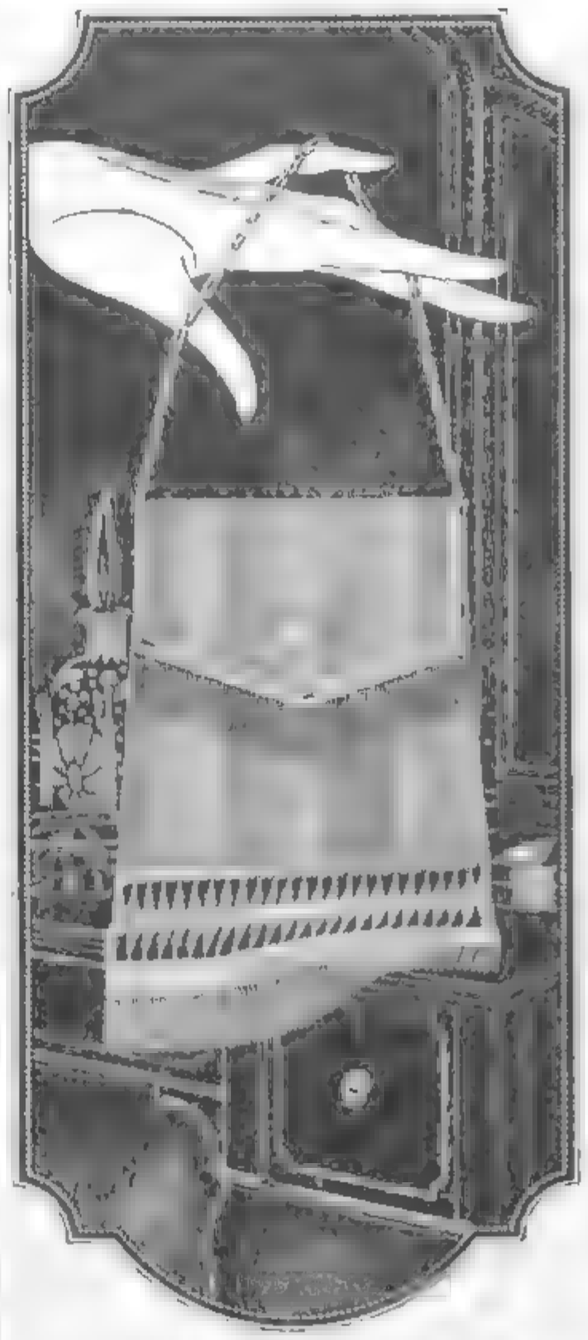
By this time you will have asked the question, Why did the Turks pick this unkempt apology of a town as their capital? The answer is interesting. The first consideration was defense. Angora is more than two hundred miles from the sea, and any invading army, as the Greeks found out to their cost, must live on the country. Even in case of immediate attack there is a wild and rugged hinterland which affords an avenue of escape. But this is merely the external reason.

If a Turk is candid he will tell you that perhaps the real motive for all this isolation is to keep the personnel of the government out of mischief. At Constantinople the official is on the old stamping ground of illicit official intercourse. The Nationalist Government is taking no chances during its period of transition. It was Kemal Pasha who selected Angora, and in this choice you have a hint of the man's discretion. Although the Turks maintain that Angora is the permanent seat of government and that the unwilling foreign governments must sooner or later establish themselves there, it is probably only a question of years until Constantinople will come back to its own as capital. Meanwhile Angora will continue to be the Washington of the new Turkey, while Constantinople will be its New York.

The principal thoroughfare of Angora is unpaved, rambling, and the fierce sun beats down upon its incessant dust and din. At one end is a low stucco building flying the red Turkish flag with its white star and crescent. Here, after the personality of Kemal, is what might be called the soul of the Turkish Government. It is the seat of the Grand National Assembly. In it Kemal was elected president, and here the Lausanne Treaty was confirmed.

Over the president's chair hangs this passage from the Koran: "Solve your problems by meeting together and discussing them." In Kemal's office just across the hall is another maxim from the same source, which says: "And consult them in ruling." In this last-quoted sentence you have the keynote of Kemal's creed, because up to this time he has carefully avoided the prerogatives of dictatorship, although to all intents and purposes he is a dictator, and could easily continue to be one, for it is no exaggeration to say that he is the idol of Turkey. His picture hangs in every shop and residence.

The Grand National Assembly is unique among all parliamentary bodies in that it not only elects the president of the body, who is likewise the executive head of the nation, but it also designates the members of the cabinet, including the premier. By this procedure a government cannot fall, as is the case in England or France, when the premier fails to get a vote of confidence. If a cabinet minister is found undesirable he is removed by the legislative body, a successor is named, and the business of the government goes on without interruption.



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The delegates to the Assembly are, of course, elected by the people.

But all this is by way of introduction. I was in the ken of Kemal and the job now was to see him. I had arrived at noon on a Wednesday and promptly sent Reschad Bey to see Rauf Bey, the premier, to whom I had a letter of introduction from Admiral Bristol. The cabinet was in almost continuous session on account of the crisis at Lausanne, and I was unable to see him until the following morning at nine.

I spent three hours with him in the foreign office, a tiny stucco building meagerly furnished, but alive with the personality of its chief occupant. Rauf Bey is the sailor premier—he was admiral of the old Turkish Navy—and has the frank, blunt, wholesome manner of the seafaring man. He is the only member of the cabinet, by the way, who speaks English, and he told me that he had visited Roosevelt at the White House in 1903. He was one of the prominent Turks deported by the British to Malta in 1920. In exile, he said, his chief solace was in the intermittent copies of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST which reached him through friendly naval officers. He had read these magazines so thoroughly that he quoted long extracts from them. He had been particularly interested in an article of mine about General Smuts, whose ideal of self-determination has helped to shape the new Turkish policy.

It was Rauf Bey who made the appointment for me to see Kemal Pasha at his house on the following afternoon at five o'clock. The original plan was for both of us to dine there that evening. Subsequently this was changed because, as Rauf Bey put it, "The Ghazi's in-laws are visiting him, and his house is crowded." By using the term "in-laws" you can see how quickly Rauf Bey had adapted himself to Western phraseology.

The premier's reference to the Ghazi requires an explanation. Ordinarily Kemal is referred to in Angora by the proletariat as the Pasha. The educated Turk, however, invariably gives him the later title of Ghazi, voted by the assembly, which is the Turkish word for "conqueror." Since that fateful day in 1453 when Mohammed the Conqueror battered down the gates of Constantinople and the Moslem era on the Bosporus began, the proud title has been conferred on only three men. One was Topal Osman Pasha, the hero of Plevna; the second was Mukhtar Pasha, the conqueror of the Greeks in the late '90's, while the third was Mustapha Kemal.

Friday, the thirteenth, came and with it the long-awaited interview with Kemal. He lives in a kiosk, as the Turks call a villa, at Tchau Kaya, a sort of summer settlement about five miles beyond Angora. Motor cars are scarce in Angora, so I had to drive out in a low-necked carriage. Reschad Bey went along. He was not present at the talk with Kemal, however.

The Ghazi's Residence

As we neared Kemal's abode we began to encounter troops, who increased in numbers the farther we went. These soldiers represented one of the many precautions taken to safeguard Kemal's life because he is in hourly danger of assassination by some enraged Greek or Armenian. Several attempts have already been made to shoot him, and in one instance his companion, a Turkish officer, was seriously wounded by the would-be assassin.

Two previous Turkish leaders, both of them tools of the Germans, the notorious Talaat Pasha and his mate in crime, the no less odious Enver Pasha, met violent deaths after the World War. But Kemal represents a different kind of stewardship.

Soon an attractive white stone house, faced with red, surmounting a verdant hill, and surrounded by a neat garden and almond orchard, came into view. At the right was a smaller stone cottage. Reschad Bey, who had been there before, informed me that this was Kemal's establishment, which was the gift of the Turkish nation. I might have otherwise known it because the guard of sentries became thicker. When we reached the entrance we were stopped by a sergeant and asked to tell our business. Reschad Bey told the man that I had an appointment with the Ghazi and he took my card inside.

In a few moments he returned and escorted us into the little stone cottage, which Kemal uses as a reception room. Here I found the Ghazi's father-in-law, Mouammer Ouchakay Bey, who is the richest merchant of Smyrna and who incidentally was the first Turkish member of the New York and New Orleans cotton exchanges. He had visited America frequently and therefore spoke English. He told me that Kemal was engaged in a cabinet meeting and would see me shortly.

Meanwhile I looked about the room, which was filled with souvenirs of Kemal's fame and place in the Turkish heart. On one wall was the inevitable Koran inscription. This one read, "God has taught the Koran." There were various memorials beautifully inscribed on vellum, expressing the homage of Turkish cities, and also magnificent jeweled gift swords. But what impressed me most was the life-size portrait of a sweet-faced old Turkish woman that had the most conspicuous place in the chamber. I knew without being told that this was Kemal's mother. It was on her grave that he swore vengeance against the Greeks, who had once driven her out of her home. I had heard this tale many times, and Mouammer Bey and others confirmed it. Happily for the mother, she lived long enough to see her son the well-beloved of the Turkish people.

Kemal's Steely Eye

I had just launched into a discussion of the Turkish economic future with Mouammer Bey when Kemal's aid, a well-groomed young lieutenant in khaki, entered and said that the Ghazi was ready to see me. With him I crossed a small courtyard, went down a narrow passage, and found myself in the drawing-room of the main residence. It was furnished in the most approved European style. In one corner was a grand piano; opposite was a row of well-filled bookcases, many of the volumes French, while on the walls hung more gift swords.

In the adjoining room I could see a group of men sitting around a large round table amid a buzz of rapid talk. It was the Turkish cabinet in session, and they were discussing the latest telegrams from Lausanne, where Ismet Pasha, minister of foreign affairs, and the only absent member, had, only the day before, delivered the Turkish ultimatum on the Chester Concession and the Turkish foreign debt. Economic war, or worse, hung in the balance.

As I advanced, Rauf Bey came out and escorted me into the room where the cabinet sat. There was a quick group introduction. I had eyes, however, for only one person. It was the tall figure that rose from its place at the head of the table and came towards me with hand outstretched. I had seen endless pictures of Kemal and I was therefore familiar with his appearance. He is the type to dominate men or assemblages, first by reason of his imposing stature, for he is nearly six feet tall, with a superb chest, shoulders and military bearing; then by the almost uncanny power of his eyes, which are the most remarkable I have ever seen in a man, and I have talked with the late J. P. Morgan, Kitchener and Foch. Kemal's eyes are steely blue, cold, stony, and as penetrating as they are implacable. He has a trick of narrowing them when he meets a stranger. At first glance he looks German, for he is that rare Turkish human exhibit, a blond.

His yellow hair was brushed back straight from the forehead. The lack of coloring in his broad face and the high cheek bones refute the Teutonic impression. He really looks like a pallid Slav. Few people have ever seen Kemal smile. In the two hours and a half that I spent with him his features went through the semblance of relaxation only once. He is like a man with an iron mask, and that mask is his natural face.

I expected to find him in uniform. Instead he was smartly turned out in a black morning coat with gray striped trousers and patent-leather shoes. He wore a wing collar and a blue-and-yellow four-in-hand tie. He looked as if he was about to pay his respects to a fashionable hostess at a reception in Park Lane, London, or Fifth Avenue, New York. Kemal, I might add, has always been a stickler for dress. He introduced the calpac, the high astrakhan cap which has succeeded the long-familiar red fez as the proper Turkish headgear, and which is a badge of Nationalism.

Rauf Bey introduced me to Kemal in the cabinet room. After we had exchanged the customary salutations in French he said, "Perhaps we had better go into the next room for our talk and leave the cabinet to its deliberations." With this he led

Continued on Page 144

80,000 Women Will Decide This Month

Before YOU buy ANY cleaner, ask the salesman about these essential points. Don't WISH you had, later on!

by MRS. MARY MADISON

FIGURES show that over 80,000 women will buy *some* kind of electric cleaner this month. But *what* kind? There are cleaners and cleaners—some 17 different makes, any of which is worth the money many times over, compared with the old dust-raising, unsanitary, back-breaking methods. By asking the salesman the following questions, you will safeguard your cleaner investment—and save regrets later.

1. Has it a self-starter? Will the motor *start* when you lower the handle, and *stop* when you raise it, so there won't be any ruinous running on one spot when you are called to the phone or door?

   Only the new OHIO has this big feature. Once you know the safety and convenience of a self-starter, you will be loathe to part with it. Raising the handle not only stops the motor automatically but enables the cleaner to stand anywhere without propping.

2. Has it really powerful suction? Will it readily pick up hair, threads, litter, and deep-imbedded dirt *without* the help of its brush?

   The new OHIO has such tremendous suction. All the motor's power is concentrated on the FAN. The motor is not slowed down to accommodate the brush, which is traction-driven in the new OHIO.

3. Has it, in addition, a gently revolving brush, to pick up lint and ravelings, and to harmlessly straighten and brighten the nap without making the cleaner hard to push?

   The new OHIO has such a gently revolving carpet-sweeper action brush (not motor-driven) which positively will not harm even the finest silken rugs.

4. Is it light enough to carry and use easily?

   The new OHIO is exceptionally light and handy to use. Even a small child can operate it, or carry it up or down stairs with ease.

5. Can it be carried upstairs without spilling dirt? Has it an automatic dust-shutter in the throat of the cleaner?

   The new OHIO has an automatic dust-shutter which positively prevents dirt from dropping back on the floor when the cleaner is being lifted or carried.

6. Is the dust-bag easy to empty and clean? Has the bag only a one-end opening so that you can empty it right in the room, without scattering dust? Can the bag be washed without injury, or readily turned inside-out, without soiling the hands?

   The new OHIO has such a dust-bag.

7. Will it do really effective cleaning with the attachments? Has it the proper tool for every practical use?

   The unusually strong suction of the new OHIO makes every attachment exceptionally efficient. And there's an attachment for every practical use.

8. Will it clean in corners and along baseboards?

   The new OHIO does. Its nozzle is designed to get up close to baseboards, corners and furniture, yet without injuring them.

9. Will it clean stairs?

   The handle of the new OHIO locks at any angle required. You can run the new OHIO at the necessary angle to clean stair-risers and other difficult places.

10. Can its nozzle be easily adjusted?

    The new OHIO can be adjusted to clean long- or short-nap carpets or bare floors.

11. Has it any electrical connections in the handle such as switches and electric wiring?

    The new OHIO has not. Its electrical connections are entirely outside its wooden handle. This not only reassures those who have unwarranted fear of electrical devices, but makes the cord very easy to get at, if repairs are ever needed.

The complete story of this unusual cleaner and the pitfalls to avoid in buying any cleaner are treated in the free booklet, "Good Housecleaning." It also tells you how to do your housework with less effort. Write for it.

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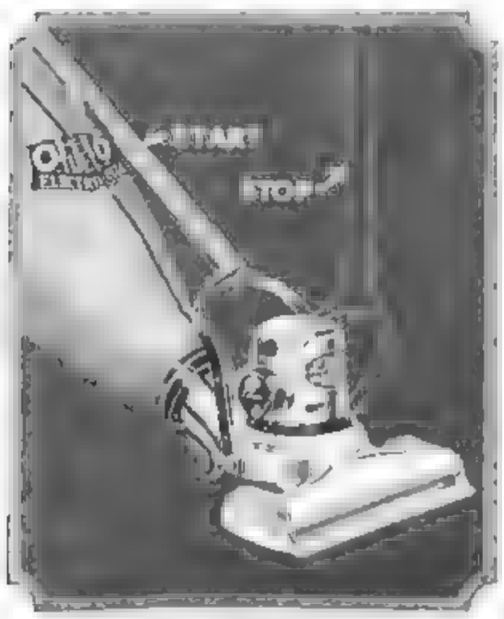
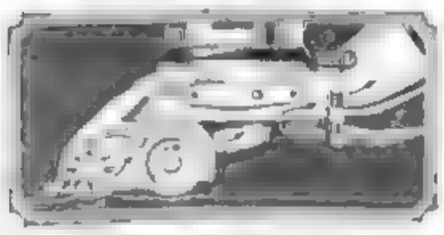


The Self-Starter



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Continued from Page 142

the way into the adjacent salon. With Rauf Bey at my right and Kemal on the left, we sat down at a small table. A butler, no less well groomed than his master, brought the inevitable thick Turkish coffee and cigarettes. The interview began.

Although the Ghazi knows both French and German, he prefers to talk Turkish through an interpreter. After I had expressed, again in my alleged French, the great pleasure I had in meeting him, Rauf Bey interposed the statement that perhaps it might be best for the great man to carry on in his own language. This was agreed upon, and henceforth the premier acted as intermediary.

Kemal had somehow heard of the difficulties and delays which had attended my trip to Angora. He at once apologized, saying that in the handicaps that beset administration in such a place as Angora such things were liable to happen. Then he added, "I am very glad you came. We want Americans in Turkey, for they can best understand our aspirations."

Then, straight from the shoulder, as it were, and in the concise, clear-cut way he has of expressing himself—it is almost like an officer giving a command—he asked, "What do you want me to tell you?"

"First of all," I replied, "can you give me some kind of message to the American people?"

There was method in this query because I knew that he felt friendly toward Americans and that it would immediately loosen the flow of speech. It is a maneuver in interviewing taciturn people that seldom fails to launch the talk waves.

Admiration for Washington

Without the slightest hesitation—and I might add that throughout the entire conversation he never faltered for a reply he said:

"With great pleasure. The ideal of the United States is our ideal. Our National Pact, promulgated by the Grand National Assembly in January, 1920, is precisely like your Declaration of Independence. It only demands freedom of our Turkish land from the invader and control of our own destiny. Independence, that is all. It is the charter and covenant of our people, and this charter we propose to defend at any cost.

"Turkey and America are both democracies. In fact the Turkish Government at present is the most democratic in the world. It is based on the absolute sovereignty of the people, and the Grand National Assembly, its representative body, is the judicial, legislative and executive power. Between Turkey and America as sister democracies there should be the closest relations.

"In the field of economic relations Turkey and the United States can work together to the greatest mutual advantage. Our rich and varied national resources should prove attractive to American capital. We welcome American assistance in our development because, unlike the capital of any other country, American money is free from the political intrigue that animates the dealings of European nations with us. In other words, American capital does not raise the flag as soon as it is invested.

"We have already given one concrete evidence of our faith and confidence in America by granting the Chester Concession. It is really a tribute to the American people.

"All my life I have had inspiration in the lives and deeds of Washington and Lincoln. Between the original Thirteen States and the new Turkey is a curious kinship. Your early Americans threw off the British yoke. Turkey has thrown off the old yoke of empire with all the graft and corruption that it carried, and what was worse, the selfish meddling of other nations. America struggled through to independence and prosperity. We are now in the midst of travail which is witnessing the birth of a nation. With American help we will achieve our aim."

Then leaning forward, and with the only animation he displayed throughout the whole interview, he asked:

"Do you know why Washington and Lincoln have always appealed to me? I will tell you why. They worked solely for the glory and emancipation of the United States, while most other Presidents seemed to have worked for their own deification. The highest form of public service is unselfish effort."

"What is your ideal of government?" I now asked. "In other words, do you still believe in Pan-Islam and in the Pan-Turanianism idea?"

"I will tell you briefly," was the response. "Pan-Islam represented a federation based on the community of religion. Pan-Turanianism embodied the same kind of community of effort and ambition, based on race. Both were wrong. The idea of Pan-Islam really died centuries ago at the gates of Vienna, at the farthest north of the Turkish advance in Europe. Pan-Turanianism perished on the plains of the East.

"Both of these movements were wrong because they were based on the idea of conquest, which means force and imperialism. For many years imperialism dominated Europe. But imperialism is doomed. You find the answer in the wreck of Germany, Austria, Russia, and in the Turkey that was. Democracy is the hope of the human race.

"You may think it strange that a Turk and a soldier like myself who has been bred to war should talk this way. But this is precisely the idea that is behind the new Turkey. We want no force, no conquest. We want to be let alone and permitted to work out our own economic and political destiny. Upon this is reared the whole structure of the new Turkish democracy, which, let me add, represents the American idea, with this difference—we are one big state while you are forty-eight.

"My idea of nationalism is that of a people of kindred birth, religion and temperament. For hundreds of years the Turkish Empire was a conglomerate human mass in which Turks formed the minority. We had other so-called minorities, and they have been the source of most of our troubles. That, and the old idea of conquest. One reason why Turkey fell into decay was that she was exhausted by this very business of difficult rulership. The old empire was much too big and it laid itself open to trouble at every turn.

"But that old idea of force, conquest and expansion is dead in Turkey forever. Our old empire was Ottoman. It meant force. It is now banished from the vocabulary. We are now Turks—only Turks. This is why we want a Turkey of the Turks, based on that ideal of self-determination which was so well expressed by Woodrow Wilson. It means nationalism, but not the kind of selfish nationalism that has frustrated self-determination in so many parts of Europe. Nor does it mean arbitrary tariff walls and frontiers. It does signify the open door to trade, economic regeneration, a real territorial patriotism as embodied in a homeland. After all these years of blood and conquest the Turks have at last attained a fatherland. Its frontiers have been defined, the troublesome minorities are dispersed, and it is behind these frontiers that we propose to make our stand and work out our own salvation. We propose to be masters in our own house."

Kemal's Constructive Program

Again he leaned toward me and said in his sharp staccato fashion:

"Do you know what has obstructed European peace and reconstruction? Simply this—the interference of one nation with another. It is part of the selfish grasping nationalism to which I have already referred. It has led to the substitution of politics for economics. The German reparations tangle is only one example. The curse of the world is petty politics.

"There are nations who would block our hard-won Turkish independence; who decry our nationalism and say it is merely a camouflage to hide the desire for conquest of our neighbors on the east, and who maintain that we are not capable of economic administration. Well, they shall see.

"The first and foremost idea of the new Turkey is not political but economic. We want to be part of the world of production as well as of consumption."

"What specific aid can the United States render this new Turkey of yours?" I asked.

"Many things," came from the blond giant at my left. "Turkey is essentially a pastoral land. We must stand or fall by our agriculture. In the program for regeneration three main activities stand out. They are agriculture, transportation and hygiene, for the death rate in our villages is appallingly large.

"First take agriculture. We must develop a whole new science of farming, first through the establishment of agricultural schools, in which America can help; second

through the introduction of tractors and other modern farm machinery. We must develop new crops, such as cotton, and expand our old ones, such as tobacco. The motor, whether on the highway or the farm, will be our first aid.

"Transportation is equally vital. Before the World War the Germans had laid out a comprehensive scheme of transportation for Turkey, but it was based upon economic absorption of the country by them. Happily we are rid of the Germans, and so far as I am concerned, they will never get back to authority. We look to America to develop our much-needed railroads. This is one reason why we gave them the Chester Concession. I hope that the Americans realize what this concession means to us. It is not only the hope of adequate transport, but the building of new ports and the exploitation of our national resources, principally oil.

"In the matter of hygiene we have already installed a ministry of sanitation as part of the cabinet and every effort will be made to prevent the infant mortality. Here America can again help.

"While I am on the matter of economics let me deal with another question of vital importance to the new Turkey. The tragedy of Turkey in the past was the selfish attitude of the great European powers towards one another in respect of her commercial development. It was the inevitable result of the great game of concession grabbing. The powers were like dogs in a manger. If they failed in their desires they made it their business to keep rivals out as well. It is precisely what has been going on in China for years, but they will make no China out of Turkey. We will insist upon the open door for everybody, as it was enunciated by John Hay, and equality of opportunity for all. If the European powers do not like this procedure they can keep out."

"What is your panacea for the present world malady?" I next asked.

"Intelligent cooperation and not unintelligent suspicion and distrust," was the swift retort.

"Is the League of Nations the remedy?" I continued.

"Yes and no," came from Kemal. "The League's error lies in that it sets up certain nations to rule, and other nations to be ruled. The Wilsonian idea of self-determination seems to be strangely lost."

When I asked Kemal if he was in favor of allying Turkey with the League of Nations he answered:

"Conditionally, but the League as at present operated remains an experiment."

On two significant subjects Kemal has views of peculiar interest. They are Germany and Bolshevism.

A Subtle Game

I am betraying no confidence when I say that long before the Great War, which proved so costly to his country largely because of German conspiracy, he persistently opposed the German intrigue at Constantinople. It was his violent objection to everything German that caused Enver Pasha, who with Talaat Pasha divided the mastery of government during the war, to seek to break him in the army service and get him out of the way.

Instead of ending Kemal's career Enver provided him with the means of redeeming Turkey and making himself the national hero. Kemal's antagonism to the Germans today is no less pronounced.

With the Bolshevists Kemal played a subtle and winning game. In the early days of the Nationalist movement he had urgent need of arms and munitions. He angled with Moscow until he got what he wanted in the shape of supplies, and then gave them the cold shoulder. At that time the Bolshevists looked upon the new Turks as heaven-born allies for the red conquest of the whole Near East. They were the first to recognize the Angora Government, and still maintain an elaborate mission there. Kemal and his chief colleagues are convinced that Bolshevism has passed the peak and is on the down grade. If the "Bolos" think that they have a willing tool in Kemal they have another guess coming.

Upon one subject of universal interest, the emancipation of Turkish women, Kemal has definite opinions. He not only favors the ultimate banishment of the veil but wants woman to be part and parcel of the public life. His views run in this wise:

"Our women ought to be the equal of men in education and activity. From the earliest times of Islam there have been women savants, authors and orators, as well as women who opened schools and delivered lectures. The Moslem religion even orders women to educate themselves to the same standard as men. In the war with the Greeks Turkish women replaced the absent men in all kinds of work at home, and even undertook the transport of munitions and supplies for the army. It was done in response to a true sociological principle namely, that women should collaborate with men in making society better and stronger.

"It is supposed that in Turkey women pass their lives in inactivity and in idleness. That is a calumny. In the whole of Turkey, except in large towns, the women work side by side with the men in the fields, and participate in the national work generally. It is only in large towns that Turkish women are sequestered by their husbands. This arises from the fact that our women veil and cloister themselves more than their religion orders. Tradition has gone too far in this respect."

During the whole interview, save for the two occasions when he leaned forward to emphasize his points, Kemal had sat erect in his chair, smoking cigarettes continually. The only time there was the slightest indication of a break in those stony features was when we started to discuss more or less personal affairs at the end of the talk, and when I told him that I had not married because I traveled so much and that no wife would stand such incessant action. He thereupon said: "I have only lately married myself."

Madame Kemal

This naturally leads to the romance in Kemal's life. Like other men of iron he has his one vulnerable point, and having met Madame Kemal I can understand why he succumbed. I heard the whole story at first hand and in this fashion:

While we were in the midst of the interview the butler entered and whispered something in Kemal's ear. Instantly he turned and said, not without pride, "Madame Kemal is coming down."

A few moments later the most attractive Turkish woman I had yet met entered I should say glided—into the room. She was of medium height, with a full Oriental face and brilliant dark eyes. Her every movement was grace itself. Although she wore a sort of non-Turkish costume—it was dark blue—she had retained the charming headdress which is usually worn with the veil and which, according to the old Turkish custom, must completely hide the hair. The veil, however, was absent, for madame is one of the emancipated ones, and some of her brown tresses peeped out from beneath the beguiling cover. A subtle perfume emanated from her. She was a visualization of feminine Paris literally adorning the Angora scene.

Kemal presented me to his wife, employing Turkish in the introduction. I addressed her in French and she replied in admirable English; in fact, she had a British accent. The reason was that she had spent some of her school life in England. Later she studied in France. Madame Kemal at once took her seat at the table and listened to the cross examination of her husband with interest.

Shortly after her arrival Kemal was summoned into the next room, where the cabinet was still in session, and during his absence she told me the story of her life, which is a charming complement to the narrative of her distinguished husband's more strenuous career.

Her father, as I have already intimated, is the richest merchant of Smyrna, which has been for years the economic capital of Turkey. Her name is Latife. To this must be added the word *hanum*, which in Turkey may mean either "Miss" or "Mrs." Thus before her marriage she was Latife Hanum. If she employed her full married name now it would be Latife Ghazi Mustapha Kemal Hanum.

During the early days of the Greek war she was alternately in Paris and London. In the autumn of 1921 she returned to Smyrna, which was then in the hands of the Greeks, who had imprisoned her father and who eventually arrested her on the charge of being a Turkish spy. She was sentenced to detention in her own home with two Greek soldiers on guard before the door. Here she spent three months.

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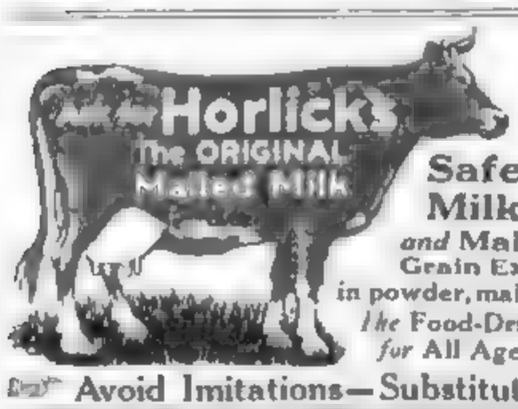

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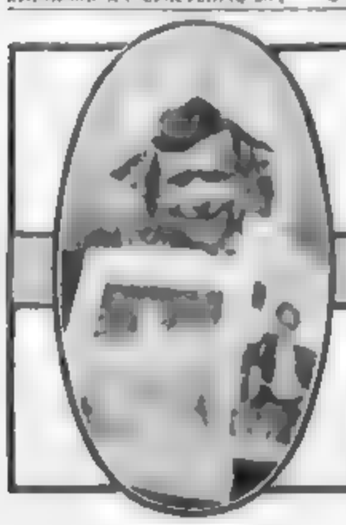

EXTRA MONEY

When movie thrillers, or the circus, or fall football games come along, the boy in this picture (Paul Sours of Ohio) never has to ask dad for money. With dimes and quarters jingling in his pocket every week, Paul can use them any way he likes. More fun, too, when it's his own money he's spending.

FOR YOU, TOO

Why don't you try his money-making plan, and, like Paul, be sure of next week's movie show? You can do it easily if you sell *The Saturday Evening Post* each Thursday afternoon to folks in your neighborhood. Great fun, too, for we'll help you get customers. Just send your name to

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hasty retreat, and early the next morning the conquering Turks rode into Smyrna. A few days later Kemal entered in triumph at the head of his victorious army. Let me tell the rest in madame's own naive words, which were:

"Although I had never met Mustapha Kemal I invited him to be our guest during his stay in Smyrna. I admired his courage, patriotism and leadership, and he accepted our invitation. I found that we had common ideals for the reconstruction of our country, and later we discovered that we had something else in common. Not long afterwards forty to fifty of our friends were invited to the house for tea. The mufti, as the Turkish registrar is called, was summoned, and without any previous announcement we were married. Our wedding ring was brought to us later from Lausanne by Ismet Pasha."

Madame Kemal spoke with frank admiration about her husband. "He is not only a great patriot and soldier but he is also an unselfish leader," she said. "He has built a system of government that can function without him. He wants absolutely nothing for himself. He would be willing to retire at any time if he were convinced that his ideal of the self-determined Turkey will prevail.

"I am acting as a sort of amanuensis for him. I read and translate the foreign papers for him, play the piano when he wants relaxation, and I have started to write his biography."

"What are your husband's diversions?" I asked.

"He loves music and when he does find time to read he absorbs ancient history," was the reply. Then pointing to three playful pups that gamboled on the floor at our feet she added: "I have also provided him with these little dogs, to whom he has become much attached." The snapshot of Kemal reproduced in this article shows the pups.

Education Before Suffrage

Madame Kemal has definite ideas about the future of Turkish women. Like Halide Hanum, she is strong for emancipation. Along this line she said:

"I believe in equal rights for Turkish women, which means the right to vote and to sit in the Grand National Assembly. I maintain, however, that before suffrage and public service must come education. It would be absurd to impose suffrage on ignorant peasants. We must have schools for women eventually, conducted by women. It is bound to be a slow process. I am in favor of abolishing the veil, but this will also be a gradual development. We want no quick changes. It must be evolution instead of revolution.

"On one subject I have strong views: Education and religion in Turkey must be separate and distinct. This is my ideal of the mental uplift of the women of my race."

We began to discuss books. Much to my surprise I found that Madame Kemal was a great admirer of Longfellow. She quoted the whole of the Psalm of Life. I was equally interested to find how well she knew Keats, Shelley and Byron. I referred to the fact that in the old days Byron's books were forbidden in Turkey on account of his pro-Greek sentiments, whereupon she remarked vivaciously, "All such procedures are now part of the buried Turkish past."

At this juncture Kemal returned, and the threads of the interview with him were picked up. When we concluded, twilight had come and it was time to go. I had brought with me a photograph of the Ghazi that I had obtained in Angora. It was taken in the early days of 1920. As he looked at it he said wistfully, "That reminds me of my youth." He signed it and then gave me two others at my request.

The farewells were now said, and I left. As I drove back to Angora through the gathering night, hailed at intervals by cavalry patrols, for the watch on Kemal increases with the dark, and with bugle calls echoing across the still air, I realized that I had established contact with a strong and dominating personality, a unique leader among men.

It remains only to reveal the somewhat brief and crowded span of Kemal's life so far. He is the son of an obscure petty government official and was born forty-three years ago at Saloniki, which was then under the Turkish flag. The fact of his birth here has given rise to the widespread belief that he is a Jew, which is not true. The surmise was natural because during the Spanish persecutions Saloniki became the haven of innumerable oppressed Israelites. Here, as elsewhere in the Turkey that was, and is, they have become important factors in both the commercial and the political life. The Turks are a mixed race, however, because of the old itch for conquest, and Kemal's mother had a strain of Albanian in her.

Kemal was destined for the army and at the proper age entered the military school at Monastir. Once in the army, he impressed his colleagues by a real love of soldiering. Then, as now, he was a nationalist. In those days this was heresy, because Turkey was in the grip of a corrupt stewardship which combined control of both church and state in the sultanate. In other words, the sultan was not only ruler but as grand caliph was also defender of the faith.

A comrade of Kemal's early soldiering days told me in Constantinople that when the Committee of Union and Progress, which was controlled by Enver Pasha, and which brought about the revolution of 1908 and the counter revolution of 1909, was at the height of its power, the future emancipator of his country said: "These politicians are bound to fail because they represent a class and not a country. Their motives are purely political. Some day I shall help to redeem Turkey." Like Napoleon, he believed that he was a man of destiny, and his subsequent achievements have confirmed that early belief.

Kemal at the Dardanelles

It is interesting to add that at a time when smart officers in Turkey had brilliant prospects in politics Kemal stuck to his profession. He fought in Tripoli against the Italians, but it was not until the World War that he emerged from the more or less anonymity of the average officer's life.

With his antipathy for the Germans, he naturally opposed Turkey's entrance into the war on the side of the Central Powers. At once he incurred the bitter enmity of Enver Pasha, and this hostility became more acute during the years of the conflict. Enver tried in every way to humble him, but he was too good a soldier to be sacked. At one time he temporarily left the front to accompany the future Sultan Mohammed VI, then the crown prince, on a state visit to Germany.

Prior to the Dardanelles campaign Kemal was a colonel of infantry. Even before the British and French made their ill-fated landing he had been given a command on Gallipoli. Soon after, he was made a brigadier general—this gave him the title of Pasha—and he took over the 19th Division. When the notorious Liman von Sanders fell from favor he became one of the chief ranking Turkish officers on the peninsula.

Most people do not know that it was largely through Kemal's quick judgment that the Dardanelles expedition failed. On the day that the Australians made their historic attack at Anzac Beach, Kemal had ordered the two best regiments of his division on parade, fully equipped for a maneuver against the very heights where the Anzacs, as the Australians were known, were about to operate. When the news of the landing and of the defeat of the Turkish troops along the coast first reached him it was coupled with the information that the movement was merely a feint, and with a request that he would detach only one battalion to deal with it.

Kemal judged from the firing, and from the direction of the advance, that this was no mere feint but a serious attack. He took it on himself at once to order all three battalions standing on parade to carry out their prearranged maneuver. They were followed by the whole of a second regiment and by a mountain battery which Mustapha himself posted and directed. He had committed the commander of the other division as well as his more cautious superiors, and had, in fact, saved the situation.

At the close of the World War Turkey lay prostrate. The British Fleet was in the Bosporus, and the Sultan and his advisers were under the thumb of the Allies. When the Armistice of Mudros was signed in 1918 and the Turks surrendered, Kemal had just returned from Palestine, where, after a heroic struggle, he saved the Turkish rearguard. He was now made inspector-general of the remnants of the Turkish forces in Asia Minor with a view to bringing order out of the chaos into which the defeated Turkish Army had been plunged.

(Continued on Page 149)

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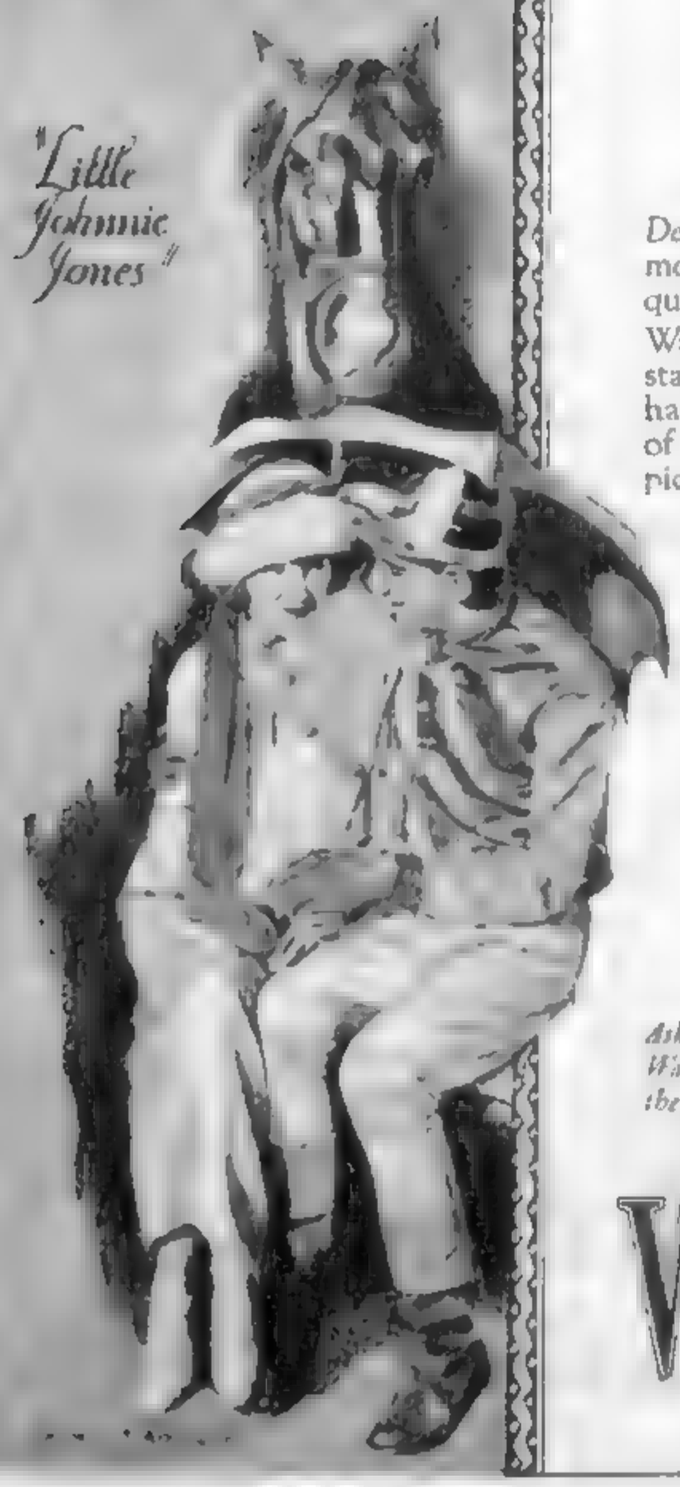

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UFF BUTTON
"the snap that lasts a lifetime"

(Continued from Page 146)

In May, 1919, the Greeks occupied Smyrna, which they had long coveted. This ill-advised procedure was due almost entirely to Lloyd George, and, although the British premier did not realize it at the time, was the first of the events that hurled him from power.

Just as it marked the beginning of ultimate disaster for the Greeks, and the final overthrow of Lloyd George, so did it at the same time mean that Kemal's great hour had come. The occupation of Smyrna by the Greeks, together with the brutal way they imposed their will, was the spark, as it were, that started the flame of the new nationalism in Turkey.

Far up beyond Erzerum was Kemal with the remnants of an army which he had been sent to demobilize and disarm. As news of the Greek outrages in and around Smyrna, and accounts of the deportation of many of his Constantinople colleagues by the British filtered in, he realized that the time to strike was at hand. Instead of demobilization and disarmament he sent out a call for arms and volunteers with which to resist what he believed was the inevitable extinction of his country. He began to organize a counter government whose platform was the liberation of Turkey from foreign domination. Since he was the head and front of the movement his followers came to be called Kemalists. The first capital of this new nationalist movement was Erzerum, in what was Turkish Armenia. Later it was moved to Sivas, and early in 1920 to Angora.

Meanwhile the Sultan's government at Constantinople, at Allied dictation, had sent peremptory word to Kemal to return. When he refused he was outlawed and sentenced to death. This only added to his growing popularity.

Kemal's task was twofold: One phase was to "Drive out the Greeks," as the slogan became; the other was to perfect the Nationalist Government. Both consummations were achieved. They required the genius and strategy of military leadership on the one hand, and keen, organizing statesmanship on the other. Kemal combined all these necessary qualities in himself.

There is no space here to recount the story of those two years of fighting in which the Greeks advanced as far as the Sakaria River, which means that they were forty miles from Angora, and how under Kemal and the no less astute Ismet Pasha, who is a soldier and not a diplomat by training, the invaders were driven back into the sea. It is an oft-told tale.

Turkey's New Constitution

What concerns us mainly is the system of government that Kemal created amid the hardship and discomfort of Angora, and with every alien hand except ours raised against him. It is really a striking adventure in democracy. Although not so technically designated, it is for all practical and working purposes a republic.

Under the so-called National Pact adopted by the Grand National Assembly in Angora in 1920 the Turks paralleled the American Declaration of Independence. It declared, among other things, that "it is a fundamental condition of our life and continued existence that we, like every country, should enjoy complete independence and liberty in the matter of assuring the means of our development, in order that our national and economic development should be rendered possible."

The new Turkish Constitution is embodied in what is known as the Fundamental Law, which decrees that the sovereignty of the nation rests with the nation as exercised by the Grand National Assembly elected by the people. This assembly alone can declare war or make peace. It elects its president—the office now held by Kemal Pasha—who is the first official of the state. As I have already pointed out, the assembly also chooses the members of the cabinet.

Far more significant than these innovations, when you consider the past history of Turkey, is the absolute separation of church and state. The sultan business is finished, and the head of the Moslem faith reposes in a caliph named by the Grand National Assembly. He continues as spiritual chief of the Mohammedan world but has no influence upon Turkish affairs. In brief, he is the pope of the Moslems.

This separation of church and state has a big meaning for the foreigner and his business interests. Until the Nationalist movement a sort of extraterritoriality under the name of capitulations existed. These were necessary under the old régime because religion and law were closely related. The church throve upon the ignorance and superstition of the masses. The Pious Foundation—the *Erkaf*, as it is called—which controls all church property, is one of the richest trusts in the world. Hence, as in China, the alien had to have his own courts. One of the first things that Kemal did was to abolish the capitulations. With the courts purged of religious influence the alien now has a square deal.

Personal Characteristics

By this time you will have realized that Kemal is no ordinary person. When you study the man and his method you discover that two qualities underlie his astounding performance. One is doggedness of purpose which marches at the behest of an iron will; the other is his profound respect for public opinion. Although the adored of his people, who have implicit faith in his judgment, he has, from the start, consulted them in every step. When he wants to put over a proposition he goes to the masses and through the agency of what we should call a town meeting states his case. So in his relations with the Grand National Assembly.

Although he is a stickler for smart clothes and etiquette his whole life has been marked by a direct simplicity. When he went to the front to lead the last stand of the Turks against the advancing Greeks the only document that he left behind was the following brief note for Dr. Adnan Bey, who was then vice president of the Grand National Assembly:

To the Vice President of the Grand National Assembly: I am leaving for the front and I ask you kindly to take care of my affairs during my absence.

MUSTAPHA KEMAL
President of the Grand National Assembly.

Compare the failure of Enver Pasha with the success of Kemal Pasha and you can see how they differed in strategy. Enver went straight ahead to the fulfillment of his purpose. If he struck a stone wall he tried to batter it down. Eventually he succumbed. Kemal, when he meets an obstacle, waits patiently until he can get around it, and he usually gains his ends.

The patience to which I have just alluded stood him in good stead at Sakaria, which represents the peak of his military career. For days the outlook was desperate. Regiment after regiment had been hurled against the Greeks, who fought them back with terrible loss. Three divisional generals were killed in the first day's fighting. Turkish disaster seemed inevitable. An orderly dashed up to Kemal saying that another position had been lost. Turmoil raged all round him, but the commander in chief stood unmoved and without the slightest expression on that sphinxlike face.

At the critical hour he gave a quiet word of command and five thousand picked troops, which he had kept in reserve and under cover, leaped into action. Their instructions were not to fire until they saw the whites of the enemy's eyes. They turned the tide and the Greek retreat began.

For the moment Kemal is secure on the dizzy eminence where the tide of his accomplishments, aided by the almost frenzied acclaim of his people, has landed him. On August fourteenth last he was reëlected president of the Grand National Assembly. Only one vote was cast against him. It was for Ismet Pasha, and the impression is that Kemal so honored his eminent associate. Thus for two years his post is safe.

Meanwhile his troubles will begin. Just now he dominates—in fact he is—the so-called Defense of Rights Party, which is the People's Party, and which has practically no opposition. Another wing must eventually develop and the inevitable political division will arise.

More immediate is the task of translating that kindling formula of economic and political self-determination, the Magna Charta of the new Turkey, into cold and practical reality. The tumult and shouting have died out. Peace is signed. The wounds of conflict must now be bound up. Kemal's real test as national leader, therefore, will be to bring order and prosperity out of the rack and ruin wrought by twelve years of almost continuous warfare.

Whether as economic messiah he will duplicate his astounding record in field and forum remains to be seen. Whatever fate holds out for him, he has already written himself large in the history of his time.

Radio clear—
or radio "chatter"

How to make your radio set work better

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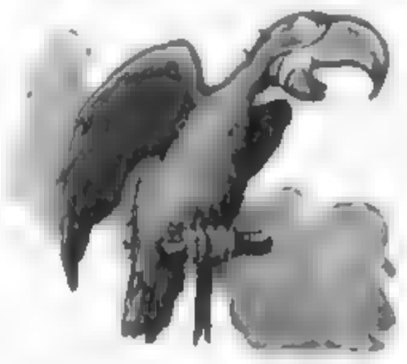

OPERA SINGER OR PARROT?
Distortion in a radio set—like a parrot trying to imitate an opera singer—can only produce discords

This is the Acme A-2 *Audio* Frequency Amplifying Transformer. When used in one stage of amplification (consisting of a vacuum tube, the Acme A-2 itself and certain minor apparatus) it produces strong, clear signals in any head set. When two Acme A-2's are used, an Acme Kleerspeaker or other loud speaking device will give loud, clear, undistorted music.

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THEN they perfected a second instrument which gives any set greater range. It builds up the strength of the incoming radio waves before they are acted on by the detector. So signals from far distant stations (which have never before been of sufficient strength to cause the detector to act) can now be secured—and with the aid of Acme A-2's turned into loud, clear, undistorted concerts. This second instrument is the Acme *Radio* Frequency Amplifying Transformer, and is made in three types, R-2, R-3 and R-4, for more than one stage of radio frequency amplification.

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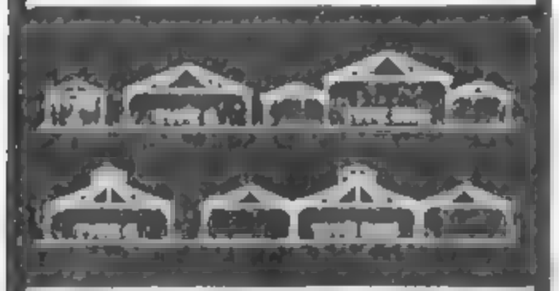

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Used in every industry for every purpose

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ORDINARY THINGS ABOUT INDIA

(Continued from Page 34)

After that I paid my devoted respects to their excellencies, whom I had come to like quite well enough to be reconciled to the loss of Lord and Lady Willingdon, who were their delightful and universally beloved predecessors in Bombay, and went back to the hotel for the purposes of recasting my baggage and doing some necessary shopping in my processes of preparation. I had not been there more than an hour or so when a bell boy came along escorting two of the most extraordinary human beings I had ever seen. They were applicants for the job I had to offer; and when, in perturbed astonishment, I asked them if they had been sent by the chief steward at Government House they said they had. But had they had any experience as traveling servants? In asking this question I was thinking that they looked more like scavengers than anything else. But, oh, yes! From the lordly demeanor with which they emphasized their answer I gathered that they probably were the president and vice president of the Traveling Servants' Union. They drew from the folds of their garments large packets of soiled letters from former employers; letters mostly of excessive recommendation: "The bearer—So-and-So—has been in my employ"—and so on. Such servants are never referred to in India as servants; they are always referred to as bearers, and I remember once having the notion that they came by this curious designation as a result of their invariable custom of arming themselves with these huge bundles of letters—the bearer, and so forth—which they expect every prospective employer to read.

An Unpromising Candidate

I looked the letters over and then asked, "But why a Hindu and a Mohammedan?"

"It was not known which the lady sahib would prefer," said the Hindu.

Well, I preferred him. He was tall, young, almost black, but very good-looking; he spoke carefully selected if fragmentary English and had intelligent eyes. But he was dirty. He was dirty from his dirty puggree to his dirty bare black feet.

I said to him, "You are not clean. Are those the best clothes you have?" His answer was:

"Ah, mem-sahib, I am a poor man! The mem-sahib will arrange the clothes."

That was it! His appalling outfit was a make-up pure and simple. I remembered then that no Indian had ever applied to me for a job as a servant who had not appeared before me in the most disreputable garments he could find to put on, and that I had reclothed every one I had ever employed, only to find him afterward blossoming out in all kinds of prideful raiment for which I certainly was not responsible. I decided to engage this Hindu and repeat the somewhat amusing and really not at all expensive process. But he had some questions to ask me. To begin with, where was I going?

Well, I would be going first to Delhi, where, for part of the time at any rate, I would be a guest at Viceregal Lodge. After that my plans were uncertain, but I would be going to Jeypore; perhaps to Udaipur, Jodhpur and Mt. Abu. After that to Agra, Cawnpore, Lucknow, Benares and on down to Calcutta. From Calcutta I might go to Madras, if by that time the weather had not become too unbearably hot. In any case, I would return to Delhi and go from there up into the Punjab, over into Kashmir and eventually up to the Northwest Frontier. I might go on into Afghanistan, but that would depend upon arrangements that would have to be made with the Afghan Government.

I observed that the lad was growing weaker and weaker. Finally he murmured, in a soft voice and with a look on his face of entire unbelief, "The mem-sahib will go to the Northwest Frontier?"

On the instant I remembered Vilayat doubling himself up with rheumatism when I announced that we were about to set out for Mesopotamia.

"Why, yes," I replied, "the Northwest Frontier is the most interesting part of India." All this as briskly as possible, thinking I might buck him up.

But he reached out and took up his packet of letters from the table beside which I was sitting and said, "I cannot go. I do not speak the language."

That left me with the Mohammedan. I had merely glanced at him, and knew at a glance that he would not do. He, too, had on the poverty make-up, which in his case consisted of a frayed old coat of foreign manufacture, ditto trousers, bagging at the knees and turned up over a pair of very dirty shoes, which I afterward saw looking quite respectable under a coat of whiting. He wore a dirty old black astrakhan fez, which he did not trouble to remove, and when I turned to interview him I caught him following the departure of his rival with a look of insolent scorn on his face I have seldom seen equaled. For an instant I felt like thrusting him forth without any ceremony whatsoever; but I did need a servant, my time was short, and he certainly had come to me as highly recommended as one usually expects. He had only one eye, and the lid over his eyeless socket had an awful way of blinking up and down with the lid of his other eye. To add to his beauty, he had a harsh scar leading from his blind eye down across his cheek and on under his collar. He assumed a respectful, not to say an obsequious attitude, and hastened to assure me that he spoke Punjabi, that he was not afraid to go to the Northwest Frontier, to Afghanistan or anywhere else that the lady sahib might wish to go. That was Chabu.

I asked him how long it would take him to get some decent clothes, and he answered that they could be made for him overnight. Very well; I told him to go to a tailor and get himself a couple of white uniforms and a khaki outfit for traveling, and not to turn up in my presence again until he could do so without causing me to shiver. He took my word for it. He knew he could do that, of course; but it proved that he was not so poverty-stricken. He went out and spent his own money for clothes—he must have been up all night trying them on—and came back about noon the next day looking like the petted though disfigured valet of a multimillionaire. He had on his khaki suit and there was not a wrinkle in him from his stiff stand-up collar to his glossy brown shoes. He was so pleased with himself and so conscious of his smartness, however, that he was unable to bend; and when I told him to undo my blanket roll on the floor in order that I might get its approximate dimensions and make a note of what I needed in the bedding line, he lifted it gingerly, then went into the corridor and called my room boy's coolie helper to unfasten the straps.

Agile Bookkeeping

I smiled in cheerful resignation and contented myself with saying: "I want a very strict account from you of all the tips and other expenses you pay for me, and you are not to pay any more for anything than you would if you were in the employ of an English sahib. You understand?"

"Yes, mem-sahib," he answered, "I understand. I keep good account. I not pay too much."

"And you are not to pay yourself anything for the work you hire somebody else to do. Do you understand that?"

"No, lady sahib."

He was smileless then, and his blind eye batted at me most unpleasantly.

"What I mean is that I pay you for doing certain work, most of which you probably will get somebody else to do for you at my expense. That part I don't mind. But I hope you will not adopt the system with which I am familiar of making every four annas you pay to a coolie look like a rupee in your expense account."

I could see him thinking that his new lady sahib was not a representative American, but at that was as far as I could penetrate into his Oriental mind. And I underestimated him. What he did was to make every four annas look like two rupees in his expense account, and after three or four weeks I began to have a genuine if reluctant admiration for his financial ability and his cleverness in juggling figures.

Among the first things that an American traveler in India has to learn is that a rupee amounts to practically thirty-three cents. There are only three of them to a dollar, with maybe a few annas over in queer little pierced lead coins, some of them square and some round, in the kind of change the average American usually refers to as

(Continued on Page 152)

Ford bands *now* adjust themselves

There is *now* no need to take chances with loose bands, and their consequent serious accidents. That too-often badly neglected job of adjusting Ford brake and reverse bands can now be done *automatically*.

With this simple new equipment it is impossible to overlook and be careless about this vital element of driving safety. You'll find it a great relief to know that your brake bands are always snug, always right, always within the brake laws.

Cooper "Automatic" Band Adjusters

This simple little device adjusts Ford bands *automatically*. As the brake and reverse linings wear the Adjuster takes the bands up just enough to keep them exactly right at all times.

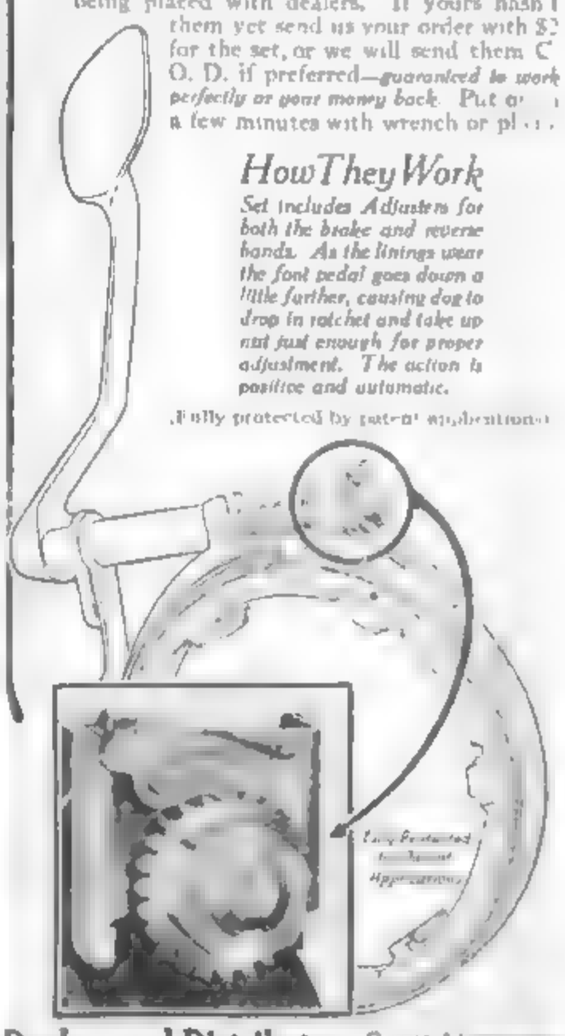
This *automatic* self-adjustment eliminates the danger, as well as most of the clatter and chatter caused by loose bands. With these Adjusters there is no need to remove the transmission cover during the life of the linings and that mussy, awkward job of adjusting bands is done away with. You take no chances with loose bands, serious accidents and arrest.

Ford Owners Thousands of Cooper Adjusters in actual use are giving utmost satisfaction. They are now being placed with dealers. If yours hasn't them yet send us your order with $2 for the set, or we will send them C. O. D. if preferred—*guaranteed to work perfectly or your money back*. Put on in a few minutes with wrench or pliers.

How They Work

Set includes Adjusters for both the brake and reverse bands. As the linings wear the foot pedal goes down a little further, causing dog to drop in ratchet and take up nut just enough for proper adjustment. The action is positive and automatic.

Fully protected by patent applications



Dealers and Distributors Cooper Adjusters are now being placed with dealers as rapidly as our distributors can contact them. They come mounted on self-selling counter cards. Write for attractive distributor proposition. Some good territory open.

A. C. SMITH
MANUFACTURING COMPANY
Chamber of Commerce Denver, Colorado

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Now - DIRECT SUBTRACTION

Nothing to "think" about—just press the key

In every great business center, from New York to San Francisco, you will hear men talking about the New Sundstrand with direct subtraction. "Think of an adding machine that really gives *direct* subtraction," says one. "Imagine subtracting as easily as you add—and getting a printed proof," says another. "And all on a machine that sells at so low a price," says a third.

Subtracting on the New Sundstrand is as simple as adding. You merely press the subtraction key. The amount "written" will be subtracted, appearing on the tape like this, 42769–. Total in the machine will be reduced by just that amount. Nothing to "think" about. No rules to follow. No more need for the usual complementary figures on keys. Many times faster than old machine. You get complete, 100% printed proof.

Direct subtraction is an *added* Sundstrand feature. It reflects the same fine, inventive genius as that which developed Sundstrand's many other famous improvements, such as: 10-key simplicity, portability, one-hand control, automatic column selection, etc. With it you add deposits, subtract withdrawals; add gross prices, subtract discounts, etc. Moreover, you instantly eliminate, by *direct* subtraction, items listed and added in error. It offers further evidence that Sundstrand, as usual, is "showing the way."

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Rockford, Illinois, U. S. A.

Sales and Service Stations throughout the United States and Canada

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ADDING AND FIGURING MACHINE *with* DIRECT SUBTRACTION

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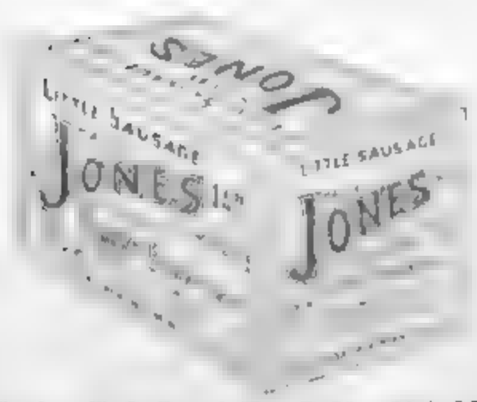

ASK FOR IT BY NAME

Continued from Page 150

chicken feed. We always have been a hopeless lot in our attitude toward money; but in recent years we have been further demoralized by having to spend abroad depreciated currencies that cannot fail to arouse in the thoughtless individual feelings of contempt. An American—just the everyday American you find wandering about—will nearly always ask a certain question. He can be depended upon to do it. It is an expression of his pride in himself and his nationality. He will be purchasing something, and the price of the article will be quoted to him in the currency of the country he happens to be in. But listen! Nine times out of ten you will hear him say, "How much is that in real money?" He will be told instantly, because everybody on earth except the American knows the value of the American dollar.

This viewpoint of the American may be quite excusable nowadays in such countries as Russia and Germany, where he gets millions of rubles or marks for his little rotund and excessively healthy simoleon; but in those countries whose peoples salute the Union Jack it indicates merely a combination of arrogance and mental limitations. The silver rupee is not so very much larger than the American quarter, and really does not impress one as having eight or nine cents' worth more authority than the quarter. But it has, nevertheless. In our country the quarter, to a large extent, has replaced the dime as the tipping coin; and it is probably to be expected that in India, with his smaller change looking to him like a lot of lead nickels, the American would hand out a rupee for the kind of service he would pay a quarter for at home. And this is especially interesting in view of the fact that the average wage of the hardest worked laborers in India is only slightly over one rupee a day. According to the tables compiled for May, 1914, in those days it was about seventeen cents.

The point is that American extravagance or thoughtlessness in this regard adds greatly to the difficulties of the domiciled British and other foreigners in India, who find themselves constantly combating the exorbitant demands that Americans do so much to create. And another point is that the people we spoil have much less respect for us than they would have if we managed to impress upon them an idea that we have a little common sense. An Indian once told me that Indian servants like to work for Americans because an American never seems to be able to think in small sums of money, but that they invariably gave better service to Englishmen and had more respect for them. And I was thinking of that when I warned Chabu to forget that I was an American.

Indispensable Bedding

But to get on with the journey: Your necessarily somewhat cumbersome impedimenta include a roll of bedding. When I went to Russia last year I provided myself in London with the best sleeping outfit I could find. It was the kind of thing British army officers used to take to war with them, and was to be obtained only in military stores. It was a thin tufted mattress, with a pillow attached, and a quilted khaki sleeping bag that you could crawl into, and on top of which you could pile your army blankets or your steamer rugs; and being done up in a neat canvas cover, with a supply of linen, a few shoes, a couple of sweaters and an extra overcoat, some food supplies in the way of boxes of crackers and canned meats, half a dozen cooking utensils, maybe, that failed to fit in anywhere else, and a reserve supply of solidified alcohol for cooking purposes, it made a handy little bundle about the size of a medium-sized elephant.

But as I was traveling in Russia during the time of year when the mercury is hardly ever able to struggle up above the zero mark, I found the bed and bedding worth all they cost me in hard labor every night in spreading them out for myself, and still harder labor every morning in rolling them up as a part of my regular job of keeping our traveling quarters in order. But even my satisfaction in my own neatness, and the sense of virtuous efficiency I felt in being able in communist Russia to do everything for myself just as well as anybody could, did not reconcile me to the weight and the unsightliness of that piece of luggage; so when I got back to London I left it at the headquarters of the American Relief Administration to be bestowed upon the next victim who might be going in to lend a hand on the job of relieving Russia. And that left me in the at least temporarily blissful state of being minus a bed roll.

What Chabu and the coolie revealed in my slender little Scotch-plaid blanket roll was just one steamer rug and a dinky little down pillow that always goes with me wherever I go and that probably is the most widely traveled pillow on earth today. It has traveled over five hundred thousand miles and has stood between me and many a hard encounter.

With my Russian experience in mind, and not forgetting similar experiences in China and other fatiguing areas, I instantly decided that a couple of pairs of sheets, an additional small pillow and another steamer rug would cover all my requirements in the way of bedding and leave me with a compact little piece of luggage that would not take up more than my share of room in a railway carriage. It was just that I had not traveled enough in India to know. I had traveled altogether in daylight trains, where you may sit up in a more or less ordinary day compartment that is not excessively, but is quite sufficiently upholstered. I had not encountered the hard, springless bench bed with its neat but unyielding upholstery of tightly drawn leather, and I was to learn that a single steamer rug between me and a plank offered very little accommodation for my contours. I went on through with it, however, to the bitter end, even though there was one stretch of nearly four weeks when I slept on a train every night of my life. I shall be telling about that later on.

Shopping Under Difficulties

I might have known that a mattress was a necessary part of a traveling kit in India when I found that mattresses were to be obtained of almost any quality in the principal British shops. No shop in India carries anything that is not a necessity except those queer mid-Victorian gewgaws that still appeal to the native taste. Near-silver ornaments in soul-harrowing models are to be found in bewildering numbers and varieties. If you want a green plush pincushion held up by a sweet little white metal cupid; if you want an alleged-silver cake dish formed by the waves inwrapping the tail of a beautiful mermaid; if you want cheap jewelry in fantastic designs; if you want anything with which to ornament your person or your environment with the greatest possible effect of richness and grandeur for the least possible outlay, I can tell you exactly where to go in almost any city in India. All you have to do is to walk down any business street and look in the shop windows.

But if you want a sensible hat or a simple gown, a pair of serviceable shoes, a coat or a sweater, some new stockings to replace those that have been swiped or lost or turned into all the colors of the rainbow by some mysterious cleansing process; if you want anything of common everyday utility, you have to get out and search for it with patient diligence, and in the end you have to content yourself with selections, if any, from such meager stocks as the merchants have found—after years of experience, no doubt—to be profitably merchantable.

And the prices you pay! The British merchant in India pays very little duty on anything he imports for sale in India; and, moreover, for purposes of so-called equalization there is an excise duty on practically everything the Indians produce that can be produced in Great Britain. But from England to India is a long haul, and no Englishman is in business in India for anything except amply remunerative returns. Which is quite all right so far as I am concerned, except that one may have occasion to be interested in his conception of ample remuneration.

At the largest and most reputable shop in Bombay one day I paid one hundred and ninety-six rupees for a small steamer trunk that I could have bought in New York for seven dollars. That is, if I could have bought it in New York at all. I doubt if I could. It is not the sort of thing an American would be expected to buy. It reminds one of immigrants from the Balkans. It is a strong little cheap wooden box covered with green canvas and bound with rounded wooden bands. I wanted it for books and papers. Wherever I go I always accumulate a library and soon find myself loaded up with a lot of books that I think more of

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Educator Shoes are made for him. Built for growing feet, to allow room for all toes. They guarantee comfort and natural development.

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Write for free booklet, "Going Barefoot with Shoes On"

than anything else in my possession. But I cannot very well carry a stack of books around on my head, as an Indian carries everything from a paper of pins to a grand piano; so in Bombay I began to find myself sorely in need of a box for books, and this mal-de-luxe at one hundred and ninety-six rupees was the only thing I could find.

My only comment was, "Well, what do you know about that!"

Yet there was nothing unusual about it. It was just an everyday example of what the unfortunate foreigner has to expect.

I used to wonder how Englishwomen resident in India managed about clothes. For the most part they are exceedingly well dressed on all occasions; indeed, I might say that on all occasions a great many of them are excessively well dressed. They create in the mind of a stranger an impression that their lives are chiefly influenced by rivalries in fashionable effects. Yet the climate of India is a ruthless destroyer of all kinds of clothes. During the hot and the rainy seasons—and in many parts of India these are the seasons that predominate—all manner of fabrics mold and rot in no time at all. And that sort of thing can be a real tragedy, as every woman knows. I myself have had the experience of taking down to put on what I fondly regarded as a handsome evening gown which I had hung up a few days before in perfect condition, only to have it fall to pieces in my hands like so much rotted tissue paper.

Very well then; how do the Englishwomen manage? A great many of them manage by being very clever. They may devote their entire lives to the problem of dress—as I know many of them do—but they solve it with conspicuous success. They employ native seamstresses and the more durable fabrics to create effects that are quite extraordinarily effective, and the husbands of such women may not charge them with overburdening extravagance. In nearly every domestic difficulty that comes into the courts of India, or out of India into the courts of England, there is always some evidence adduced about the man's inability to keep even with his wife's extravagance; and in reading about such cases I often think of the somewhat arrogant phrase the women use who get all their gowns "out from home." It is an expensive thing to do. I imagine that a majority of Englishwomen in India do it, but there is every reason to assume that they have considerable difficulty in maintaining their standards of elegance.

The Useful Chuprassy

And the importers cannot help much so far as the prices of things are concerned. Their steamship fares, freight charges and other expenses must be paid, and they must be paid for their time and their services. There are a few of them—mostly women in a limited line of enterprise—who make annual trips to Paris and London; but they are besieged when they return to India with their purchases, and one's ordinary experience in attempting to add something to one's wardrobe is to find their stocks looking like something left over from a fire sale. And that's that.

Just about an hour before train time the day I left Bombay, and after all my luggage had gone to the station, I received a message setting the date of my visit to Viceregal Lodge a week ahead, the explanation being that their excellencies were unexpectedly paying a visit of ceremony that week-end to the Nawab Begum of Bhopal. That sounded to me like a very picturesque thing to be doing and I wished that I had been included in the viceregal entourage; but in any case it was too late for me to change my plans, so I telegraphed the military secretary at Delhi that I was on my way and asked him to make some kind of reservation for me at an hotel. I had to write "an hotel," because even the best of Britishers drop a few of their aitches, and with their inherent sense of euphony they could hardly be expected to speak of "a 'otel," could they? But come what might, I was leaving Bombay and setting my feet upon a long and tortuous trail that was to lead me manywhere before I came to the end of it.

My instructions were to go to the station, where a Government House chuprassy would meet me with my tickets and see me comfortably aboard the train. That was nice! In the general scheme of things in India the chuprassy is an extraordinarily powerful and important individual. He is everywhere; and wherever he is, there is a center of authority. He is dressed in a bright red uniform, with a red-and-yellow girdle wound round about him in the approximate vicinity of his waist; he wears upon his chest the massive brass insignia of his office, while his headgear is a gorgeous red-and-yellow puggree that is not to be mistaken for the puggree of anything but a chuprassy. He decorates the scene. Nearly all public buildings in India are painted white, and he shows up against his customary background with striking effect. He lifts the various governments and departments of government about from place to place with the utmost nonchalance; he eases the ways of all men who have anything to do with government, while he blocks the ways of all men who would approach government unofficially or whose purposes he believes to be self-seeking.

When the Government of India—with capital letters, if you please, because the Government of India still means the viceroy and his council, even though nowadays there is a kind of popular Assembly tagging along—when the Government of India leaves Delhi to go into summer quarters at Simla the year-round residents of Simla do not need to be told that this annually important move is in immediate prospect or that it has been made. All they have to do is to observe the fact that the streets are suddenly aswarm with chuprassies. When the government of Bombay is transferred from the torrid city to the cool heights and soothing delights of Ganeshkhind or Mahabaleshwar the torridity in the city is reduced by just so much glaring red and glittering brass, and so on throughout the length and breadth of the land.

Necessary Baggage

It is said that the chuprassy is a grafter and that a maharaja, *par exemple*, cannot keep an engagement with a British excellency without paving a way for himself with gold through the red and yellow ranks. About that I do not know. I only know that I was to meet a Government House chuprassy at the railway station and that I had sent Chabu along about an hour ahead of time with my somewhat multiplicate and multigenerous impedimenta. Are they not the grand words? The dictionary says they mean, respectively, "consisting of many" and "having many kinds," and these definitions do certainly describe the collections of burdens with which you are likely to fare forth in India.

In the first place there is your wardrobe trunk. Could any woman travel in India without a wardrobe trunk? Oh, yes! Much better just a suitcase with a few odds and ends of absolute necessities. But not until after she escapes from the social atmosphere in which her chief heroic thought must inevitably be: "If you have clothes prepare to wear them now!" I wrote that in a book once upon a time under exactly the same circumstances, but I suppose I may repeat myself without transgressing any very sacred rule.

Then there is your trunk filled with winter garments provided for the hill stations, and in recognition of the idiosyncrasies of the general climate; there are your hatbox, shoe trunk, book box, typewriter, dispatch case, golf clubs, bedding roll, your what not and your food basket. I had almost forgotten the food basket. Unless you want to starve to death on a long journey you carry with you what you may happen to need, and you do not get peevish when your servant comes along with a few bottles of soda water done up in a bit of old calico. You may be willing to take a risk, but you are taking a tremendous risk in drinking anything but bottled water no matter where you are. There are plenty of light wines and beers, to be sure, and anything else you may happen to desire; but there are a few of us camels left who simply have to have an occasional drink of undiluted water, and in India, unless you can boil it yourself, it is wise to confine yourself to the bottled varieties, however effervescent and unpalatable they may be.

It was all quite perfect. When I arrived at the station the chuprassy was there and was already putting my luggage-van luggage through the booking process. We call it a baggage car and speak of checking our baggage, but we are not the only people on earth who speak the English language.

The chuprassy was over six feet tall and at least three feet across. He had a bulging façade upon which his brass insignia lay in impressive repose. The crowd fell away on

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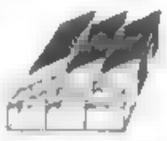

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either side of him and a lane was formed for his imperial progress. I followed in his wake and the ticket taker at the wicket bowed to me with profound respect. The wicket was not yet open and the surging crowd behind it was held in check. But that meant nothing to us. We were guv'ment! It was all very entertaining to me. It was a study in interesting contrasts, and from a wholly detached viewpoint I thought many an illuminating thought.

The chuprassy marched me straight to the best compartment on the train and stowed me away as snug as you please. We went through the necessary details of straightening out our financial affairs—he having to collect the price of the tickets and all that sort of thing—then, somewhat to my embarrassment, but to my delight, nevertheless, he stood on guard outside my door until the train began to move. Whereupon he bowed quite majestically, said "Salaam, lady sahib" and turned away. And at every station between Bombay and Delhi there was some kind of subordinate-subassistant-deputy station master standing guard at my door and passing people along with the information that that was a government carriage in which there were no vacancies.

Which goes to show that there is one way to secure privacy on an Indian train. But it was the only experience of the kind I ever had, and I have often wondered just how it was brought about. It must have been that an official message was sent up the line to say that I was not to be intruded upon, for which I thank his excellency of Bombay with many thanks

It is a dull and dreary ride from Bombay to Delhi. The railroad was built mainly for strategic purposes, or at any rate with possible military necessities in view. It gives nearly all points of interest on the way a wide berth and strikes off across interminable stretches of dry and dusty and almost unbearably monotonous jungle. Not the kind of tropical, vine-draped and otherwise luxuriant jungle that is dear to the imaginations of most of us, but a gray, repellent waste of scrub timber broken only by occasional wide spaces of desert unrelieved

The Ancient Stronghold of Gwalior

There was a glimpse every once in a while of something interesting off on the far horizon—an ancient fort or castle crowning a hilltop; some domes and minarets indicating the location of a town; but the train didn't pass near anything worth looking at until it reached Gwalior. This ancient stronghold is one of the most amazing things in all India. It was founded sometime during the sixth century of the Christian Era, and has a history at once so varied and so colorful that one might easily derive from it many months of enthralling entertainment.

There are grand old walls that follow the contours of the crests of the precipitous cliffs, while rising behind them are the picturesque roofs and quaint towers of gleaming white or many-hued palaces and temples that the traveler knows he must return to inspect. Also, the traveler knows that on the far side of the mountain are to be found some of the most notable rock sculptures in all India. His guidebook tells him all about the gigantic dimensions of them; that they are the work of father and son, Dongar Singh and Kirti Singh, and that they were completed in the year 1454. All of which is too tremendously interesting.

We were due to reach Delhi about six o'clock, but along up the road beyond Dholpur the train was sidetracked at a way station and there was a long, hot, weary wait. Chabu came along to see if there was anything I wanted and I told him I wanted to know why we were being delayed.

"Oh," said he, "we are waiting for the viceroy's train."

So that was it! I then remembered that their excellencies were making a ceremonial visit to the Nawab Begum of Bhopal and that that was the route they would have to travel. I was glad I was going to see them go by, but I did wish they had started a little earlier. We waited another half hour; then came thundering down the track a most magnificent train. It was painted white—engine and all—and it had a lot of gilt decorations, with the imperial coat of arms in all the necessary colors conspicuously displayed upon the sides of all its carriages and cars. I got quite excited about it, and watched it until it had rounded a wide curve at the base of a distant low hill and disappeared. Then I supposed that we would move on, so I settled down with my book and that sense of extreme temporariness which one almost inevitably begins to feel when nearing the end of a journey.

But nothing happened. We stayed right where we were. Another fifteen minutes went by. It was along about sunset and I was beginning to think that it was going to be rather awkward arriving in Delhi very late and not knowing in the least what arrangements had been made for me. I called Chabu, who was pacing up and down the platform, and asked him again why we were being delayed.

"Why," said he, "I told lady sahib. We are waiting for the viceroy's train."

When the Viceroy Travels

I was not going to display my ignorance by asking any more questions, so I subsided into a corner and went on reading. But I was not being really useful to myself in that regard. The viceroy's train? Well, what the —— I didn't have very long to wait! At the end of another ten minutes I had given up all thought of mental concentration and was entertaining myself with what might be described as syncopated speculations upon many amazing interests. The viceroy's train had gone by! It was like nothing I had ever seen before in my life.

It was twelve or fifteen huge, heavy cars, all white and red and gold, with gleams of glittering brass lighting up tall Sikh bodyguards in bright red and yellow uniforms standing on every platform. It was too terrifically tremendous. It was a vision of unbelievable splendor, a swift dream of Utopian magnificence! I had a passing thought of providing a train like that for the President of the United States and knew on the instant that it—could not be done! I noticed that the station guards in ordinary khaki uniform turned their backs when the train passed and presented arms hind side to.

It seemed to me to be a rather humiliating regulation, but I suppose every precaution has to be taken to safeguard the lives of the exalted. The fine little white train that had gone on before, and that had seemed to me to be quite suitable for a viceroy, was nothing but a pilot, clearing and inspecting the way.

When I arrived in Delhi two hours later I was met by one of his excellency's junior aides, who took me at once to Viceregal Lodge. It was explained to me that somebody had got his dates mixed, but that that was no fault of mine. There were kind messages from Lord and Lady Reading, who hoped that I might be able to stay on for a while after their return, and that in the meantime I might find much to interest me and to occupy my time in Delhi. And I may say parenthetically that I could find enough to interest me and to occupy my time in Delhi for forty-five years if I had that much time to give to Delhi. All India's most fascinating history radiates from Delhi.

We went up over the celebrated Ridge, which is so tragically associated in every Englishman's mind with the Great Mutiny, down along a wide, graveled drive and through an imposing white gateway. We were then in one tremendous and glorious garden of flowers. That is all I have to say about it now. We drove past the great house which is the residence of the viceroy and whirled up before the wide and many-pillared veranda of a beautiful white pavilion setting off at a short distance by itself and in a flower garden all its own. It was there that I was to live. It was the pavilion erected to house the Prince of Wales during his visit to India in 1921–1922, when he went out with a message to the people from his father which said:

> My son has followed from afar your fortunes. It is now his ambition, by coming among you, to ripen good will into yet fuller understanding. I trust and believe when he leaves your shores, your hearts will follow him and his will stay with you, and that one link the more will be added to the golden chain of sympathy which for these years has held my throne to India. And it is my warmest prayer that wisdom and contentment, growing hand in hand, will lead India into increasing national greatness within a free Empire, the Empire for which I labor and for which, if it be Divine Will, my son shall labor after me

Editor's Note—This is the fifth of a series of articles by Mrs. Egan. The next will appear in an early issue

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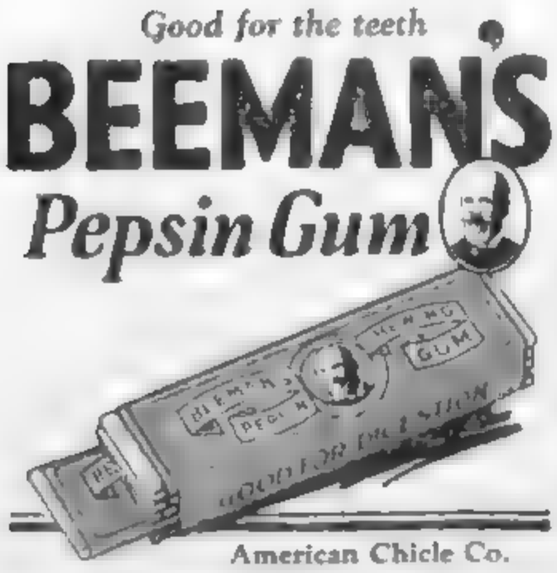

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THE NEW PRESIDENT

Continued from Page 4

These were the two pressing, immediate questions on September first, agriculture and coal, and as has been set forth, the interim idea had no place with them. They were taken up immediately, earnestly, and with the full avail of the government resources for remedies, and what has been written here accurately discovers what was then in the President's mind on the broad phases of the questions. Following these come the questions of policy on which the politicians, the agitators, the editorial writers and the proponents of special interests think the President immediately should declare himself. These are, in the main: An extra session of Congress, the tariff, taxes, railroads, foreign relations and shipping.

Naturally, in the first thirty days of his incumbency the President had considerable advice on these policies, from the politicians of his own party, both in and out of Congress, and from well-meaning friends who felt they could be of service. The volume of this advice, however, was not so great as usual from a nation of advice givers, because there was an evident disposition on the part of the people to go no further than to wish the President well and leave him to work out his own salvation, followed by their hopes and prayers. His mail was enormous, from men and women in all parts of the country, but it was largely personal, and not political mail—mail from Americans wishing their new President Godspeed.

It isn't necessary to refer here to what the Democrats think he should or should not do, or what they condemn in him for doing or not doing. That is legitimately partisan stuff, for partisan purposes. In his own party there are divergent views. The regular standpat view is that the forthcoming Congress should be a Congress of what Tom Reed called "masterly inactivity." The divergent view is that the Congress should, under the spur of the President, rush into legislative paths leading to foreign participation, to tax revision, to tariff revision, and so on.

The President's Silence

The point that most of these inciters to either activity or inactivity did not thoroughly assimilate during the first thirty days of his incumbency was that Calvin Coolidge is now President of the United States, and that his announcement on any policy, issue, contingency or condition is purely a matter of his own volition. The Constitution gives this as one of the presidential duties: "He shall from time to time give to the Congress information of the state of the Union, and recommend to their consideration such measures as he shall judge necessary and expedient." Custom has decreed that one of these times shall be at the opening of a session of Congress. Unless President Coolidge calls an extraordinary session of Congress, the first time that even custom makes any requirement on him will be a day or so after the Sixty-eighth Congress convenes on the third of next December. Until that time, unless he chooses, there is no requirement, save that of pressing importance of some situation, to say anything on these matters and, as will probably be observed, a considerable determination on his part to say nothing.

Let us take the question of American participation in the World Court, for example, because this is a subject on which, from a highly specialized and exceedingly vocal section of the population, there is loudest clamor for an expression of the opinion, purposes and plans of the new President. There are those who say to him: "You have a clean slate before you to write on it what you will, but the minute you write on it the two words 'World Court,' at that moment you go into the discard and for all time." There are those who say: "You have a clean slate before you to write on it what you will, and if you do not write at the top of it, in clear, bold letters, 'World Court,' you will go into the discard and for all time."

A moment's consideration would show these fervent persons that there is no premise in the circumstances that requires any writing, statement or definition by President Coolidge about the World Court, because it is no longer a matter for presidential or executive determination. It is out of his hands. The World Court proposition was sent to the Senate by President Harding, and it is in the hands of the Senate now. The Senate is not in session. Until the Senate is in session, and the World Court becomes active instead of passive in relation to the Senate and the Executive, there is nothing to say about it that would not be gratuitous, and gratuitous conversation is not in President Coolidge's line. He leaves that to others.

Also, he is leaving the World Court exactly where it is, in the hands of the Senate, and when the time comes for him to speak on the matter he will so speak, but the clamorant will not frighten him into speaking before that time.

As to an extra session of Congress to consider coal, wheat or any other question, he had seen no necessity for such a session up to September first. If such a necessity arises he will call Congress in extra session, but it must be a necessity and not the mere desire of certain elements in Congress to run amuck through the halls that house that verbose institution. It is entirely without his plan to give the country a recess from government to spoil that recess by letting Congress out of the leash before the Constitution looses it legally.

The Radical Bloc

The tariff and taxation may be coupled. The farm bloc of Congress, or certain members of it, have been demanding instant revision of the tariff, and so have other blocs, combinations and coalitions. And there never is a minute when there is not an insistent pressure for revision of the taxes. The present tariff was made into law by the Congress that was elected in 1920, when President Harding was elected. It is a wholly Republican tariff, made by a strongly Republican Congress, along Republican and high-protective lines. As such it suits the organization Republicans, notwithstanding some of its elastic features. The present tax laws are the outcome of both Democratic and Republican tinkering with the financial conditions and requirements that came out of the war. The tariff is justly criticized in many quarters, and that the tax laws are onerous and, in spots, illogical and discriminatory is conceded. But ——

The forthcoming Congress, instead of being predominatingly Republican, and thus usefully in accord with the Republican President, is only nominally Republican. It has contained within it a group of some twenty-five insurgent, or progressive, Republicans in the House of Representatives and a group of several similarly minded Republicans in the Senate. These have already organized into a progressive bloc, radical in tendency and disturbing to the regular organization. This group, or bloc, is utterly dissatisfied with the tariff and entirely out of accord with the present tax laws. Also, their dissatisfaction and their lack of accord are along radical lines, and they hold the balance of power in both Senate and House. Though they, of themselves, cannot pass legislation, they can prevent legislation, and they may at times, if they are solid in voting strength, compel legislation.

Wherefore, inasmuch as their radicalisms are apparent and their intent known, provided their announced plans and positions are verified by their legislative programs, the chances are that if the tariff question was reopened and the tax laws submitted to their radical manipulations, despite the efforts of the regular Republicans, what would come out of the hopper in the way of tariff and tax laws would be worse than what went in. That is, to put it bluntly, we know the evils of the present tariff and tax laws, but nobody can conjecture what sort of tariff or tax monstrosities, from the viewpoint of the great body of business men, the merchants, the manufacturers, the producers, the backbone of our country, would result from this congressional situation and its balance-of-power radicals and radicalisms. Wherefore, with this in mind, the President feels it the American and the sensible course to refrain from any discussion of either taxes or tariff until the real situation is clearly apparent to him. That, with benefit to the country, can ride too.

President Harding told me two months before he died that one of the chief concerns he had in relation to the next session

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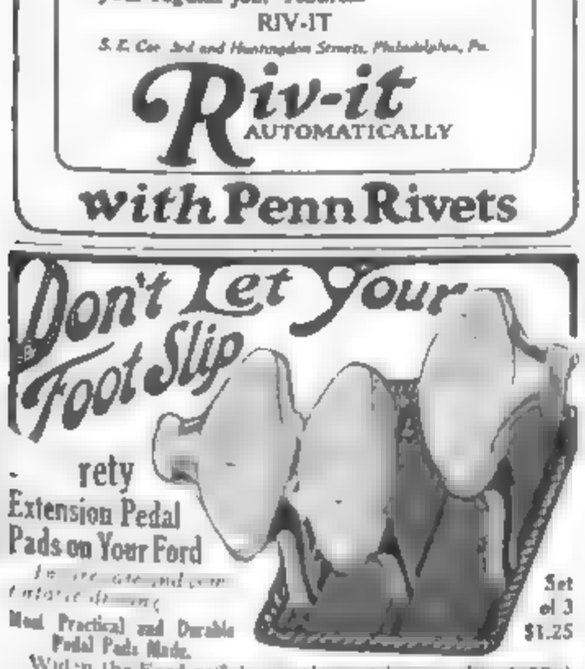
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of Congress was the railroad situation. He was in favor of the combination plan—the plan of uniting the railroads of the country in sectional systems, and thus bringing about not only an increased facility of operation but an opportunity for a readjustment of rates.

The railroad problem of this country is our greatest economic problem. Congress has legislated unceasingly on the railroads, and has in the end contrived pretty well to take the vital affairs of the roads out of their own control and to create a situation that is neither understandable nor, apparently, remediable.

Every added law, proposed to simplify and clarify, makes the position of the railroads more ambiguous and obscure, and they are the constant subject of attack from the radicals.

President Coolidge, when he was in the Massachusetts Senate, was chairman of the committee on railroads, and made extensive studies of the railroad situation as related to New England. As he expressed it recently: "We worked all session to try to do something about the railroads, and when the session ended I thought we had succeeded; but when I got home and began to think the matter over I found that, in reality, we had done nothing except, perhaps, make the situation worse."

The railroads at present, as a whole, are not only being operated more efficiently than has been the case of recent years, but more profitably. There are bad spots, such as the New England situation, but as a whole the railroads are doing fairly well. It was the thought of President Harding that with the economies incident upon a combination of various correlated systems into sectional systems the situation as a whole would be measurably improved. President Coolidge holds this view, but there again comes the question of the radical bloc and their intense hatred of the railroads and all that appertains thereto. There is not much of value in hand on which to base an opinion as to the best steps to take. In any event, no steps are imperatively necessary at the time.

As to shipping, President Coolidge is in harmony with the policy of the Shipping Board to separate the operating system utilized under President Harding into a number of subsidiary companies; to put the entire fleet into a definite number of organization units that will not only make for better operation and more economical operation but will at some future time, if desirable, make these units salable to private parties. He knows, as does everybody familiar with the shipping situation and our shipping laws, that our ships cannot be operated without government aid, but he considers the comparatively small loss that is expected to accrue under this plan will be offset by the vast advantage of an American merchant marine, and by the provision of an auxiliary arm for the Navy in case of war.

For Less Lawmaking

The demand for ships fluctuates in direct proportion with the state of trade. Just after the war, and during the war, there were not ships enough to do the business. Now there are far too many, but in the opinion of the President, if we can form these subsidiary companies, make them strong operating and organized units, we shall thereby create an invaluable trademark for the United States Lines, by which our people are accustomed to ship their goods, which will enable us to dispose of the ships when the demand increases, and write off our shipping expense.

These are the main things about which the President might have stood forth and declaimed if he had wished after he became President. These are things that excite the speculation and occupy the thoughts of the politicians and the publicists. The President did not wish to stand forth and declaim about them, and unless he changes his mind most radically he will not wish so to do for quite some time. To sum it all up, he thinks this country can do very well with less political discussion, less imposition of government, less lawmaking; and to that end it will not be surprising if we shall see him devoting himself mainly to economy of administration and the perfection of the budget, and allowing the politicians and the publicists to do the talking.

He has declared a political recess, and the political boys and girls will not reassemble officially and authoritatively until he rings the bell. Meantime, he hopes that business and the advantageous occupations of this country will get a chance.

If you were in a dark room with the President, unaware of his presence or identity, and the President began to speak you would know instantly that he is a New Englander. He has every Yankee characteristic of speech: the nasal twang, the clipping of the final *g*'s from such words as "coming" and "running" and "walking" the frequent marked emphasis of final syllables, and so on. He talks easily and concisely, with a ready choice of words and no hesitation over them. By habit of mind he is a maxim maker. Apothegms come readily to him. Without any specific knowledge on the subject I should say that he is familiar with the Stoics, knows his Epictetus, and the ancient and modern maximists. Probably his messages to Congress will not be those eight-column affairs that we used to have. Judging from his former public utterances, a couple of thousand words will suffice for his remarks. In such utterances he is a pithy person.

The President is what our grandfathers used to call a sandy-complected man. His hair has a reddish tinge to it. His skin is fair, with here and there the sign of a freckle. His eyes are a light blue. The striking feature of his face is a strong straight nose that juts out beneath a forehead from which the light hair has receded a bit. It is a big nose, a dominant nose. There are two deep lines running from the sides of his nose to the corners of his mouth, and his lips are thin and the mouth straight and seemingly severe. His chin is small, his teeth white and even, and his ears neither large nor small, nor unduly set away from the side of his head. At times he wears tortoise-shell rimmed spectacles, giving him a professorial air, and at times eyeglasses that sit straightly across his eyes.

A Chatty Ride

He is a slender man, and short, weighing about one hundred and forty-five pounds and standing about five feet seven. His hands are muscular, showing that he has worked with them; his feet are small, and his whole appearance that of a man of lean wiry strength. He ordinarily wears a square-cut, double-breasted coat, dark blue or gray, a four-in-hand tie and a turned-down collar.

He likes a good story, especially a political story, and contrary to Section VII, Paragraph 4, of the myth about his reticence, which says that the best any storyteller ever got from him was a bit of a smile at the corners of his mouth, and a twinkle of the eyes, I have first-hand information that he breaks into a hearty laugh at a witty point that subsides into a series of chuckles. And he tells a good story himself, and has some good ones to tell, mainly Yankee stories.

Not frequently. He is no raconteur. On the contrary. And when he doesn't feel inclined to be conversational he can be closer-mouthed than any other person I have known in public life. Many a dinner guest in Washington has tales to tell of conversationalists dashing up against his implacable exterior with colloquial assaults, to be repulsed with great carnage. If the President has nothing to say he says nothing. And he says nothing for hours upon a time.

A typical story of this trait is attributed to his friend Stearns, of Boston, to whom both Boswellian and Houseonian relations with the President have been ascribed. The story runs that upon a hot summer day in Massachusetts, Stearns and Coolidge went for a sixty-mile automobile ride to some interior point. Coolidge said nothing on the way out. Towards the end of the return trip they drove for a space along the edge of the ocean. After they had gone a few miles Coolidge said "Cooler here," and that was all he did say, either going or coming.

Soon after he became President Mr. Coolidge sent for a certain distinguished Republican, and he came to the White House. He was an organization Republican, and he had things on his standpat mind. It was apparent that the President desired to get from this visitor his ideas as to future procedures. The intimation was sufficient.

"Do you want me to be honest with you—or just pleasant?" asked the caller.

"Honest," said the President.

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situation, gave them eloquently and forcibly. The President sat and listened intently, looking squarely at the speaker, and with not a flicker of expression on his face.

After the visitor had finished he expected some sign, some mark of approval or disapproval, some discussion maybe. Did he get it? He did not. The President rose, held out his hand and said, "Well, I am glad to have seen you." And that was that.

Speaking about being honest with a President, one of the most renowned of our Secretaries of State of this generation said, when discussing the matter, "No person can be honest with a President beyond a certain point"; meaning that hard truths must be glossed over, softened, fitted to the circumstances of the telling. That may be true. It certainly is true that few persons try to be honest with a President, telling him mostly what they think he wants to hear. But after observing and appraising that calm blue eye of President Coolidge and looking at those thin lips shut in a straight line when listening, it seems quite probable that this unemotional Yankee President will know precisely where the honesty of his callers ends and the expediencies begin. I do not think they will fool him much.

Seers and Prophets

Naturally, the elevation of Coolidge to the Presidency has given rise to all sorts of tales about him, and all sorts of now-disclosed preknowledge. The choicest line is that of the old New England friend, or the old Amherst friend, who predicted long ago that he would be President. These predictions were usually based on the statement that the prophets knew his luck. Notwithstanding the fact that the political progress of the President has been along regular lines, from common council of Northampton up through various city offices to the state senate of Massachusetts, to the presidency of the senate, to the lieutenant governorship, to the governorship, and thence to the Vice Presidency of the United States—there's nothing to all that. It is Coolidge luck with the materialists of them, and the hand of fate with the occult ones.

Out of the high grass come the boys who ask you: "Don't you recall that when I heard Cal Coolidge was nominated for Vice President—just at that very minute—I said that he would be President? I know his luck." And thus and so. Also, the numerous ones who claim to have studied him carefully and who say with great finality: "I know him well. His motto in life is: 'What I don't say won't hurt me.'"

Mr. Coolidge's Job

A fairly good motto, it would seem: but all that aside, the facts are that this sententious Yankee who is now President of the United States isn't banking on that luck, nor thinking more than reasonably can be excused about his future. He knows as well as anyone—better than most—that his future depends upon his present, on what he does from day to day, and not on any guiding star, fate, destiny or fortuity whatsoever.

Wherefore his job is to be as good a President as he possibly can be, and to the job he is giving his calm, unemotional, close-mouthed and undivided attention. What he doesn't say won't hurt him any, nor by the same token will this lack of loose and ill-considered conversation hurt the country any.

Long ago I sold all my prophet's regalia and retired from the ranks of the political seers and prognosticators, but I return momentarily to the field and close this piece with this augury: Whenever Calvin Coolidge has anything to say he will say it, and say it in a manner that will be clearly understood by all concerned.

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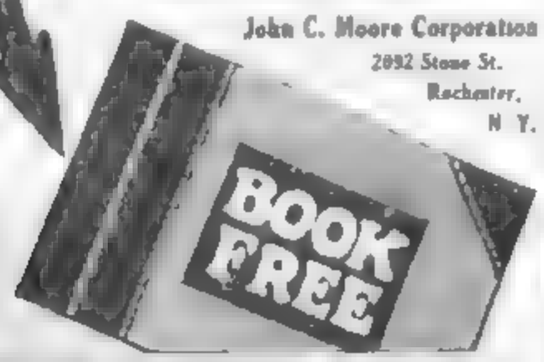

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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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* * *

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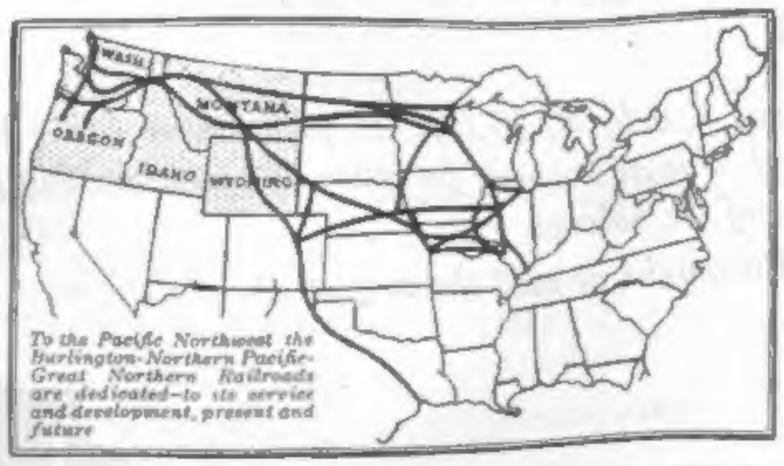

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	Single-faced		Double-faced	
Mother Machree (from "Barry of Ballymore")	64181	$1.00	768	$1.50
A Little Bit of Heaven	64543	1.00		
Old Refrain	64559	1.00	752	1.50
Cradle Song, 1915	64606	1.00		
Thank God for a Garden	64900	1.00	786	1.50
Venetian Song	64549	1.00		

GLUCK—Victor Artist

That Alma Gluck has made as many as ninety-eight Victor Records speaks volumes. She herself has said she is proud to be a part of the great work the Victor is doing. Hear these records and you'll know why:

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The Brook	64324	$1.00	664	$1.50
Hark! Hark! The Lark	64627	1.00		
Carry Me Back to Old Virginny (with Male Chorus)	74420	1.50	6141	2.00
Old Black Joe (with Male Chorus)	74442	1.50		
Elégie (with Zimbalist)	87513	1.25	3004	2.00
Swedish Cradle Song (with Zimbalist)	87566	1.25		

RACHMANINOFF—Victor Artist

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	Single-faced		Double-faced	
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